



THE
GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XLIX
NEW SERIES, VOLUME XII

CONCORD, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY
1917

CONCORD, N. H.
THE RUMFORD PRESS
1917

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIX, No. 1

JANUARY, 1917

NEW SERIES, VOL. XII, NO. 1

SAINT PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CONCORD

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary Observed—Historical Address

By Burns P. Hodgman

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church of Concord, originally organized as a mission church, under the name of "Saint Thomas' Chapel," January 5, 1817, was duly observed the present month, the principal event being a banquet at the Memorial Parish House, held on the evening of Wednesday, January 3, for convenience sake, with Hon. Edward C. Niles as toastmaster; while appropriate religious services in the church were held on Friday and Sunday evenings, January 5 and 7, with sermons by Rev. Brian C. Roberts and Rev.

F. Hill, who spoke of the late Dr. J. H. Eames, a former well-known rector, and the city and parish in his time; Edward K. Woodworth, Esq., who spoke of the late Dr. Daniel C. Roberts, the first vice-rector; Hon. Samuel Eastman, whose subject was "Bishop Niles as a Rector"; Rev. Samuel S. Drury, D. D., who spoke of "The Daughters of the Parish"; Gen. H. H. Dudley, who discussed "Parish Finances"; Rev. W. Stanley Emery, present vice-rector, whose subject was "The Present Parish" and, last, but not least, Rt. Rev. Edward M. Parker, D. D., Bishop of the New Hampshire diocese.



Saint Paul's Church

William Porter Niles, respectively.

The speakers at the centennial banquet included Burns P. Hodgman, Esq., who gave an historical sketch of the church; Rev. Howard

The historical address by Mr. Hodgman is of general interest, not only to members of the denomination, but the people at large, and is presented, in full, as follows:

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

The student of the ecclesiastical history of Concord finds, of record, little to specially characterize or otherwise distinguish its early days from other New Hampshire townships of the same period.

As in all other colonial towns, I assume that, among the earliest settlers of Concord, there were those, if the truth were known, who were inclined to regard religious questions from a worldly point of view, still I have no doubt that, with rare exceptions, they were religious people, and, if not actively associated with some religious body, nevertheless were reasonably tolerant of the views of others and treated religious matters with becoming reverence.

When it is remembered that the Protestant Episcopal Church, or the English Church, as then styled, was the first to arrive and be established on this continent, and in particular along the coast from the Kennebec southward; when we have in mind that in 1605, on the coast of Maine, at the time of the Weymouth Expedition, the Indians met with the English at their daily prayers, and that, as early as 1607, at Sagadahoc, in that state, the first church building erected by the English on the North American continent was established within the walls of Fort St. George, where the Rev. Richard Seymour, a priest of the English Church, ministered thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock; when we recall that the first church edifice erected in Portsmouth for religious worship as early as 1638, was an Episcopal Church; when we recall the close alliance between the English Church and the royal government in its efforts at colonization; and when we bear in mind that the Episcopal Church organization at West Claremont was complete as early as 1770; at Cornish in 1793; at Holderness in 1788; and at Hopkinton as early as 1803, it is not remarkable if the inquiry be made why the church

was not organized in Concord until 1817.

But when we look further, and remember that the Merrimack Valley was settled largely by Massachusetts families; that the Puritanical ideas of the Massachusetts brethren were not conducive to the further extension of the English Church in the territory coming under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay; and when we ponder over the recorded instances of bigotry, cruelty and spiritual blindness of the Massachusetts authorities, and the Puritanical defiance, intolerance, and failure to treat kindly those who differed from them in religious beliefs and practices; and when we learn of the treatment accorded the ministers and members of the English Church at Portsmouth, it is, indeed, not difficult to realize why the Church was so long in gaining a footing in this particular section of New Hampshire. If there were, among the early settlers of Concord, those inclined to believe in the doctrines of the established church of their native land, it is little wonder that temerity, and perhaps reasonable satisfaction with religious conditions as they found them, may have had a restraining influence until they had so increased in numbers, both within and without the confines of this township, as to give them courage, both spiritually and financially, to publicly declare their allegiance to the principles enunciated in the Book of Common Prayer.

Then, too, it must be remembered that the nominal supervision of the colonial church by the Bishop of London was a very unsatisfactory arrangement. The long and perilous voyage of 6,000 miles on the part of candidates for Holy Orders kept many from applying at all, and of the few whose zeal impelled them forward, some perished by shipwreck, or died abroad, with the result that it was practically impossible to obtain an adequate staff of native-born clergymen, so the Church was therefore de-

pendent upon English recruits. And, unfortunately, of the few who came, many were ill-adapted for the purpose. It is true that the clergy in the New England colonies, generally speaking, were of the most exemplary character, but they were few and suffered much persecution from the Puritans, "who assumed the right of taxing all for the support of their ministers and meeting-houses; and, wherever they could gain over the local governor to their persuasion, proceeded to enforce their claims with signal violence."

And again, it must be remembered that when the Revolutionary War commenced, there were not more than eighty clergymen of the Church to the northward and eastward of Maryland, so that the comparatively small number of churchmen may be in part attributable to this fact. And again, after emerging from the troubrous period of the Revolutionary War, in many instances, small groups, faithful to the Church, were financially unable to support a clergyman, if indeed he could be found. Then, too, after the War, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel withdrew its support and, followed as it was by the long drawn out controversy over the Episcopate, conditions must have been such as to practically postpone for the time being any special activity in church work.

However far the Puritanical doctrines of Massachusetts were carried, so far as Concord is concerned, its church history demonstrates that greater toleration in religious matters prevailed than was, perhaps, manifest elsewhere. But in those days when the titles to the lands of the early settlers were at stake, as exemplified in the Bow controversy, when a unity of interests was necessary for the advancement of economic pursuits, when it was essential that the number of factions of any sort should be reduced to the smallest degree, it is now easy to perceive that there might well have been opposition, not

only to denominational churches, but to the Church of England.

In studying the history of the parish, it has occurred to me that there are certain periods into which it is logically divided, the first embracing the organization period, when we were known as St. Thomas' Chapel, extending from January 5, 1817, to 1835; the second, extending from July 13, 1835, when St. Paul's Parish was definitely established, to 1857; the third, commencing with the pastorate of Dr. Eames, and embracing the ministrations of Bishop Niles, and Dr. Roberts, and the last commencing with the accession of Edward Melville Parker to the Bishopric, and running to the present.

I shall present the earlier periods for your consideration in greater detail than the more modern history, as others will consider the historical facts of the present day parish and the story of those great prelates who have been more recently associated with St. Paul's.

I have mentioned some of the handicaps under which the churchmen of this early period labored, but eventually they did actively assert their religious beliefs, and steps were taken whereby a meeting for organization purposes was held January 5, 1817, at the home of Albe Cady (probably Albemarle Cady) then standing where the Phenix Hotel is now located, at which time the basis of an association was presented by a committee which had been appointed for that purpose, and which was subscribed by the following persons: Albe Cady, Samuel Green, Arthur Rogers, Isaac Eastman, Issac Hill, John D. Bailey, Arveen Blanchard, Walter R. Hill, Augustus H. Odlin, John West, Jr., Daniel Greenleaf, Jeremiah Blanchard, and Artemas Blanchard. St. Thomas' Chapel was the name selected for the association. In 1821, the names of Sampson Bullard, Thomas Waterman, Eben LeBosquet, Hosea Fessenden and William Kent were added, thus making eighteen names, eleven of

whom were heads of families. For a portion of 1817, such services as were conducted, were held in the Masonic Hall over the old Concord Bank, and subsequently in the Town Hall, but in January, 1821, a commodious hall having been fitted up by Mr. Isaac Hill in the upper part of a store occupying what is now the site of White's Opera House, services were conducted there.

On March 24, 1818, at the first annual meeting of the society, held in the school-house on the lot now occupied by the Grammar School, Rev. Charles Burroughs, rector of St. John's Church at Portsmouth, was chosen rector of St. Thomas' Chapel, and Samuel Green and John West, Jr., were elected wardens, while Messrs. Isaac Hill, Isaac Eastman, John D. Bailey, and Daniel Greenleaf were selected as vestrymen. Although it does not appear that Mr. Burroughs ever accepted the rectorship of St. Thomas' Chapel, still he frequently officiated here, and it was through his advice and kindly assistance that the parish was sustained in its early days. During the first four years of its existence, St. Thomas' Chapel had no permanent rector, but occasional visitations were made by the Rev. Messrs. Andrews, Searle, Herbert, and Marshall. The greater part of the time, however, services were conducted by lay readers.

In passing, it is fitting to mention the fact that in 1820 Christmas was observed for the first time by the Church in Concord, the Rev. Mr. Searle preaching a sermon in the town hall.

Development of the Church was necessarily slow, and so we find that in 1819 there were but thirteen families and only ten communicants in the parish.

In April, 1821, Rev. John L. Blake, who was conducting a female academy in the hall referred to as used by the Church on Sundays, was chosen rector, and he remained with the parish for about two years, resigning in the spring of 1823, when he removed from

town. During this time Mr. Blake also officiated at St. Andrew's Church in Hopkinton.

During these years several ineffectual attempts were made to build a church, and at one time, although subscriptions to the amount of three thousand dollars were contributed by twelve individuals, the necessary amount of six thousand could not be secured, and the plan failed.

During the life of St. Thomas' Chapel, it is interesting to note that there were seven confirmations and about twenty baptisms.

We now approach what I term the second period in our church history.

Although church services were occasionally conducted after Mr. Blake's removal from town, yet for the twelve years prior to July 13, 1835, it may be truthfully said that for all practical purposes the Episcopal Society had been shattered, so that when on that date the faithful Albe Cady met with Isaac Hill, Leavitt C. Virgin, John West, John Whipple, and Ralph Metcalf, the name of St. Thomas, Chapel had been obliterated, and the name of St. Paul's Parish was then agreed upon, thus becoming definitely and permanently established. Subsequently associating themselves with Mr. Cady and the other gentlemen I have named, were Aaron Morse, Jacob Rogers, John W. Moore, John Miller, Abraham Duncklee, Joseph I. Wallace and Jacob Carter.

Rev. Moses B. Chase, then rector of St. Andrew's, Hopkinton, was elected rector of St. Paul's, and he held services in Concord once each month from May, 1835, to March, 1836, and Sunday evenings during July and August of the latter year.

In October, 1836, the domestic committee of the Board of Missions made St. Paul's a missionary station, and assurances were given that financial support would be accorded it.

At a parish meeting held November 1, 1836, it was voted to raise one hundred and fifty dollars by voluntary subscription for the support of a

clergyman, and the wardens were authorized to extend to Rev. Petrus Stuyvesant Ten Broeck an invitation to accept the appointment as rector, which was then understood to have been tendered him by the domestic missions committee. Mr. Ten Broeck accepted the rectorship on December 3 of that year, and entered upon his duties. At this time, services were being held in the Court House building on North Main Street, the site of the present County Court House. There were ten communicants under Mr. Ten Broeck's care.

Apparently the question of compensating the new pastor proved troublesome, because we find that the wardens, when they notified the committee on domestic missions that Mr. Ten Broeck had accepted the rectorship, in pleading for a liberal donation from the committee, as an aid to the one hundred and fifty dollars to be raised in Concord, said: "Boarding in this place for a clergyman, including room rent and fuel, would be not less than three dollars a week. Rent for a suitable house for a small family from eighty to one hundred and fifty dollars. Annual salary requisite for the support of a clergyman's family from five hundred to eight hundred dollars, including rent."

Notwithstanding this appeal, the Board of Missions apparently looked upon the situation from a practical standpoint, and appropriated only two hundred and fifty dollars by way of assistance. Not satisfied with the allowance made by the Board of Missions, the trustees of the Eastern Diocese were appealed to, and further assistance to the extent of one hundred dollars was received from that source, thus giving Mr. Ten Broeck an annual salary of five hundred dollars.

This particular financial question having been determined for the time being, the society enterprisingly undertook to secure a church building of its own, and in the summer of 1836,

Mr. John West attempted to raise funds for this purpose, but a beginning had hardly been made when his death intervened.

In June, 1837, the parish was admitted into union with the Convention of the Diocese of New Hampshire.

At a meeting of the wardens and vestry held on October 13, 1838, the subject of erecting a church was again considered, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Cady, Virgin and Hill, was appointed to draft a plan for a suitable building, estimate its expense, and to ascertain the cost of a lot, and, having divided the whole amount into one hundred shares, to report at a future meeting. On December 17 of that year, this committee reported that more than one half of the shares had been taken, and other donations having been received, the society was so encouraged that it voted to purchase a lot of land immediately east of and adjoining the lot which we now occupy, paying Nathaniel G. Upham one thousand dollars for the same. Mr. John Miller's plan of a church building was accepted, and the firm of Virgin & Miller was awarded the contract for its erection. The work was completed the latter part of 1839, and on January 1, 1840, the Church was consecrated by Bishop Griswold of the Eastern Diocese, of which New Hampshire was then a part, and on the following day the Bishop instituted Mr. Ten Broeck as rector of the parish.

For something more than nineteen years, this building remained the house of worship of the parish without structural change. It was 54 feet long by 40 wide, and contained 52 pews. The land and building were appraised at \$4,120. The building appears to have cost \$2,976.58, exclusive of the lot. Eighty-one shares, amounting to \$3,240 had been subscribed, which, with sundry donations, amounted to \$4,045.15, but, inasmuch as \$775.94 remained unpaid at its

completion, it thus appears that the society started in debt, which hung over it for many years, occasioning some very earnest letters from Bishop Chase upon what he regarded as the wickedness of consecrating to the service of God a house of worship which was not paid for. The mortgage debt was finally discharged in 1852. In the meantime, in 1843, the society received a donation of \$500 from Edward B. Little, of New York City, for the purchase of an organ.

Mr. Ten Broeck remained with St. Paul's until October, 1844, when he retired because of ill health, and removed to Danvers, Mass., in which place he died January 21, 1849.

Mr. Ten Broeck was a gentleman of refinement and culture and was strongly devoted to the interests of the Church. While the parish was never large during his pastorate, yet the number of communicants had increased from ten, when he took charge, to about forty, when he retired.

Upon the death of Bishop Griswold in the early part of 1843, and the selection of Rev. Carleton Chase as Bishop of the Diocese of New Hampshire, late in the fall of that year, active efforts were made by this parish to induce him to make Concord his residence, and in order to effectuate this, Mr. Ten Broeck offered to resign his rectorship in behalf of the Bishop-elect, so that he might serve both as rector and Bishop. This proposition met with favor at a meeting of the standing committee held December 28, 1843, but upon the condition that the parish should pay Bishop Chase a salary of five hundred dollars as rector, which amount was, however, subsequently reduced to four hundred dollars. Pledges amounting to three hundred fifty-two dollars were received, and it was confidently expected that the required sum would shortly be in hand, and the standing committee was so advised, but before receipt of this information by the standing committee, the Bishop had

already selected Claremont for his home.

The successor of Mr. Ten Broeck was the Rev. Darius R. Brewer, whose services were engaged at an annual salary of \$500. Mr. Brewer remained with the parish until November, 1846. At the end of his first year, the parish raised six hundred dollars for salaries, including a contribution of thirty dollars towards the salary of the Bishop.

At the Diocesan Convention held in June, 1845, Mr. Brewer reported that in his parish there were forty-five communicants, thirty families, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons attending Divine worship. Mr. Brewer resigned after two years of service, and on December 20, 1846, the Rev. Thomas Leaver, of Newport, R. I., to which place Mr. Brewer had gone, was invited to become the rector of St. Paul's at a salary of \$570. His pastorate was terminated by his death on December 23, 1847.

It seems entirely fitting to briefly refer to the fact that Mr. Leaver, who was an Englishman by birth, and whose parents had been members of the Church of England, in early youth became connected with the Baptist denomination, at the age of twenty entering Stepney College to prepare for the missionary field. In 1837, at the age of twenty-two, he went to the Bahamas to join the Baptist Mission. In two years he came to Newport, R. I., being settled over a Baptist Church. There he remained until 1846, when he entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and almost immediately came to Concord to St. Paul's Church. He is buried in the Old North Cemetery. Over his grave has been erected a suitable monument by the Baptist Church at Newport, that church claiming the privilege as an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of his services.

The next pastor to be called to St. Paul's was Rev. Newton E. Marble, to whom the invitation was extended

February 27, 1848. Upon his arrival he found thirty families in the church, and forty-four communicants. During his pastorate of nine years, the number of communicants increased to seventy-two, and a Sunday School was organized which, in May, 1857, had eight teachers, and fifty scholars. Mr. Marble resigned April 1, 1857, to take charge of Trinity Parish, New-town, Conn.

During the next year, St. Paul's being without a rector, services were conducted for two months by Rev. Henry A. Coit and Rev. Francis Chase, his assistant at St. Paul's School. For the remainder of the year, Rev. Edward Ballard, then residing in Hopkinton, filled the position. During this time, calls were extended to at least two clergymen, Gordon M. Bradley, of Quincy, Mass., and Darius R. Brewer, the former pastor, but both declined.

At a meeting of the wardens and vestry held June 29, 1857, a committee, consisting of Dr. J. E. Tyler and Horace A. Brown, was named to confer with Rev. James H. Eames, then of Providence, to ascertain if he would accept the rectorship of St. Paul's. The results of the conference with Mr. Eames were satisfactory, and the formal invitation to accept the rectorship at an annual salary of one thousand dollars was immediately extended. Mr. Eames visited Concord in September, and then communicated his acceptance of the position, provided the Church could wait until Easter, 1858. This request was unhesitatingly complied with, so that on Easter Day, 1858, Mr. Eames entered upon a pastorate extending over a period of nearly a fifth of a century.

I think it may fairly be said that the pastorate of Mr. Eames commences the third period of the history of the parish, embracing not only the long and successful ministration of Dr. Eames, but the years of faithful service rendered by Bishop Niles and Dr. Roberts.

When Dr. Eames came to Concord, he probably found seventy-two communicants and a Sunday School consisting of eight teachers and fifty scholars, because such were the figures transmitted by the parish to the Diocesan Convention in May of the preceding year.

St. Paul's parish had been steadily gaining in numbers until, under the rectorship of Dr. Eames, it bid fair to outgrow its church accommodations. On May 24, 1858, a committee was appointed to consider the advisability of enlarging the old church, or erecting a new building. The latter course was adopted, and a committee having been instructed to obtain subscriptions, a report was made on July 19, 1858, that seven thousand two hundred dollars was in hand and assurances had been received that at least three hundred dollars more would be forthcoming. A building committee, consisting of Ebenezer Symmes, Augustine C. Pierce, George Minot, John M. Hill, and Abel Hutchins, was appointed, with authority to select a lot, determine upon a plan, erect a church, and to make such disposition of the then house of worship as should be thought proper. On January 29, 1859, this building committee reported, and a vote was taken providing for the erection of a brick church and for the rescission of all former votes limiting the expense.

The lot selected was just west of the old location. About April 1, 1859, the old church building was vacated, and services were held in the City Hall until the new church was ready for occupancy. In this connection it is interesting to note that during the life of the parish, all of its church buildings have been located on what is now Park Street, opened as a street in 1834.

The cornerstone of the present church was laid May 25, 1859. There was a large attendance at this ceremony as the Diocesan Convention was then being held in the city.

These services were exceedingly impressive. They were opened by a procession from the American House to the Church lot in the following order: Edward Dow, the architect; Henry M. Moore, the builder; the wardens and vestry, boys from St. Paul's School; thirteen clergymen in vestments, and the Rt. Rev. Carleton Chase, Bishop of the Diocese, in his Episcopal robes. Bishop Chase officiated, and two important addresses were delivered, one by the Rev. Dr. Burroughs of Portsmouth, and the other by Josiah Minot.

Work on the new church had progressed so rapidly that on December 13, 1859, it was ready for occupancy, and on that day was consecrated by Bishop Chase, Rt. Rev. Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, preaching the consecration sermon. The original cost of this church and its furnishings was about seventeen thousand dollars, leaving a debt of about five thousand five hundred extinguished by the sale of pews and certain land in the rear of the church.

Such impetus was given to the Church work by Dr. Eames that on Easter, 1860, at his request, the yearly aid received from the domestic missionary board was withdrawn.

Dr. Eames remained with the parish until his death December 10, 1877, in the Harbor of Hamilton, Bermuda, where he had gone under leave of absence, in search of health.

During the incumbency of Dr. Eames, to be exact, on September 21, 1870, William Woodruff Niles had been consecrated Bishop of this Diocese. After the death of Dr. Eames, and on April 24, 1878, Bishop Niles was invited to accept the rectorship of the church, which he held until his death on March 31, 1914. Subsequently the Bishop, having nominated Rev. Daniel Crane Roberts, of Brandon, Vt., to the vice-rectorship, that gentleman accepted the position, and entered upon his duties in June, 1878, remaining with us until his death on October 31, 1907. During the last

two years of Dr. Roberts' ministration, he had the faithful assistance and co-operation of Rev. F. J. K. Alexander, of Hartford, Conn., as his curate.

The last period of our history embraces the ministrations of Bishop Parker, from his consecration on February 9, 1906, and W. Stanley Emery, who was called from Tilton on November 1, 1908, to accept the vice-rectorship. The faithful devotion of each to his work is known by all of us, and needs no other comment.

Before completing this historical sketch, mention should be made of the organization of St. Mary's at Penacook, in 1881, Grace Church at East Concord in 1883, St. Timothy's in 1900, and St. Luke's in 1910, and the magnificent results accomplished by Rev. A. W. Saltus, Rev. John Knox Tibbetts and Rev. Richard W. Dow in connection with these Missions.

I should also refer, simply in a general way, to the vested choir, and its first appearance on September 23, 1883; the generosity of Hon. Josiah Minot, John M. Hill, and others, in the erection of the chapel in 1882, which served for twenty years; the chime of nine bells placed in the church tower, in 1868; the splendid gift in 1902 of the Parish House by Miss Susan G. Perkins in memory of her nephew, Col. Roger E. Foster; the gift of the organ by Mrs. Larz Anderson; the gift of the rectory and its endowment fund of \$5,000 by Mrs. Marion Thompson Shepard; the interior decorations and improvements of the church and large endowment provided by the will of Mrs. Frances K. Lane Roberts, in memory of her husband, the beloved Dr. Roberts, to say nothing of all the other lovable things she did for the church; and other gifts of memorial windows, pulpit, alter hangings, Eucharistic vestments and various large endowment funds in memory of departed churchmen.

With all these facts of spiritual and financial advance thus arrayed, is it

unbecoming or immodest to contrast merely in point of numbers those ten faithful communicants who came together for the first time in 1817 with the eight hundred and more who are today communicants of St. Paul's and its allied Missions? Does not the mention of these figures alone absolutely demonstrate the tremendous spiritual power for the betterment of religious conditions in the community, and is there not held out for us the promise of glorious things for the future?

The passing of the first century of St. Paul's history finds her men and women cheerfully taking up the burdens laid down by those who have already passed to their great reward. Through their faith and ceaseless efforts, we have fallen heir to all they loved and hoped for. The heroism that blest them inspires and impels

us. But for their magnificent fortitude, their wonderful strength of character, their sublime faith in the ever-living God, St. Paul's Church would not stand where she now does, a predominating influence in the religious and civic life of the city and state. With the example before us of those self-sacrificing, valiant churchmen, whose labors and prayers have brought St. Paul's to that high eminence she now occupies, let us pray that we shall not merely content ourselves with the glories of the past, but rather let us march into the future with an unbroken, unified front, strong in the conviction that when another century shall have passed, our successors can as truthfully laud the work accomplished in the twentieth century as we are tonight rendering praise to those who have preceded us.

IN DREAMS

In dreams I see my mother's face,
Her pleasant tones I hear;
While sleeping, often I retrace
The paths we trod for years;

And waking, I have sought to hold
Her fading image, clear,
Alight with human love and life,
And full of hope and cheer.

And I try to find a meaning
For her frequent presence here—
Find the reason I am dreaming
She is ever, ever near.

Can it be that she is yearning
For earth-ties? Is she content?
Or perhaps I'm slow in learning,
Some sweet message that is meant.

Then suddenly I seem to see
The scroll of Life unfurled
And know her coming proves to me
The nearness of another world.

Safe in my heart's deep mysteries
This message ever shall abide—
Hope turns to Faith that life eternal,
Awaits us on the other side.

E. P.

REV. THOMAS COBBET

And His Grant of Land, in 1662, on Cobbett's Pond in
Windham, N. H.

By William Samuel Harris

The first grant to an individual of any land lying within the limits of what is now Windham, was made in 1662 to Rev. Thomas Cobbet, then minister of the First Church of Ipswich, Mass., to whom the General Court of Massachusetts Bay Colony laid out a farm of five hundred acres, afterwards adding twenty more. Closely associated with his grant was another of seven hundred acres to his neighbor, Rev. John Higginson of Salem, Mass.

This was more than two hundred and fifty years ago, and about sixty years before any permanent settlement was made within the bounds of this town, and more than seventy-five years before New Hampshire was finally separated from Massachusetts and the boundary line between the two provinces definitely established, substantially where it is now.

Let us first see what kind of man this Mr. Cobbet was. Thoreau says in "Walden," speaking of the naming of ponds: "If the fairest features of the landscape are to be named after men, let them be the noblest and worthiest men alone." We feel that the fair pond which is the pride of Windham is not unfortunate in the name by which it has been known for almost two hundred years, or from the earliest settlement of the town, and that the Rev. Thomas Cobbet was a man not unworthy of having his name and memory perpetuated by so beautiful a namesake.

The following sketch of his life and character is derived chiefly from the History of Ipswich, Essex, and Hamilton by Joseph B. Felt (published 1834), with additions from a History of Ipswich by T. F. Waters, the

History of Lynn by Lewis and Newhall, and other authorities.

He was born in Newbury, England, in 1608, of poor parents. He entered the University of Oxford, but left during the great sickness, the plague, in 1625, and became a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Twiss of his native town.

He prepared for the ministry of the Established Church and was settled in a small place in Lincolnshire. It was not long before he was called on to comply with ecclesiastical conditions which he could not conscientiously approve. Consequently, like many other servants of Christ, he was under the necessity of seeking a refuge in the New World. He arrived here June 26, 1637, and was soon invited by his former friend, Rev. Samuel Whiting, to be a colleague with him at Lynn.

The settlement of Lynn had been commenced eight years before, and there must have been a considerable population there by 1637, to support two ministers; but perhaps the number was superior to the quality, as only the November before Mr. Cobbet came, when the church was organized and Mr. Whiting installed, only six persons had been found, besides the minister, to join in the membership of the church. The next year, 1638, Mr. Cobbet was allotted two hundred acres of land in Lynn.

Mr. Whiting and Mr. Cobbet continued colleague pastors for nineteen years, the former being styled the pastor and Mr. Cobbet teacher, and as Felt says, exercised themselves harmoniously, ably, and efficiently to further the cause of pure religion. Mr. Cobbet was no loiterer, but did whatsoever his hands found duti-

fully to do. On account of insufficient support in Lynn, Mr. Cobbet, in 1656, accepted a call to become pastor in Ipswich, where he remained for the rest of his life and where he died and was buried twenty-nine years later. Felt says: Though he came to a new place, he retained his old desires and industry to do good.

The talents, attainments, piety and usefulness of Mr. Cobbet were of no ordinary rank. He was justly ac-

because of timidity and inaction. He might ever be found with the armor of godliness girded about him and awake to encounter the foes of Zion. He neither watched nor strove in vain. The divine blessing rested upon his efforts and many souls were saved through his exertions. So far as human imperfection permitted, he was a pastor after God's own heart.

In October, 1676, his son Thomas, who was a seaman at Portsmouth,



Cobbett's Pond, Windham, N. H.

counted by his brethren and by the principal civil characters of the Colony as among the most prominent divines of New England. He was a skillful writer. He spared not himself in using the pen to defend both church and state in their respective claims. He was a man who could be depended on by the friends of righteousness, when the storms of adversity beat upon the land. Then he was seen under no shelter than that founded upon equity. He suffered not the tares of error and iniquity to spring up and grow under his feet

was taken prisoner by the Indians and carried to the Penobscot region and Mt. Desert. He was detained several weeks and harshly treated. Public prayers were offered in many congregations for his release, and he was liberated by the sachem, who received a red coat as a present.

As to the publications of Mr. Cobbet, few if any clergymen of his day had more or better than he. They were chiefly of a controversial character. The following are some of the titles: *A Defense of Infant Baptism* (1645). *Tolerance and the Dut*

ties of the Civil Magistrates. A Vindication of the Government of New England against their Aspersions who Thought Themselves Persecuted by It. The Civil Magistrate's Power in Matters of Religion Modestly Debated. The Duty of Children to Parents and of Parents to Children (1656). In 1649 and in 1666 he preached the "Election Sermon" at the opening of the General Court of the Colony. His best-known work is, A Practical Discourse on Prayer (1654). Of this, Cotton Mather says: "Of all the Books written by Mr. Cobbet none deserves more to be Read by the World, or to Live till the General Burning of the World, than that of Prayer. And indeed Prayer, the Subject so Experimentally, and therefore Judiciously, therefore Profitably, therein handled, was not the least of those things, for which Mr. Cobbet was Remarkable. He was a very Praying Man and his Prayers were not more observable throughout New England, for the Argumentative, the Importunate, and I had almost said, Filially Familiar, Strains of them, than for the wonderful Successes that attended them."

Cotton Mather composed an epitaph on Mr. Cobbet, in Latin, which, though probably not placed on his tombstone, is worthy of note as showing how the greatest and best people of his time regarded him. A literal translation is: "Stay, passenger, for here lies a treasure, Thomas Cobbet, of whose availing prayers and most appre^d manners, you if an inhabitant of New England, need not be told. If you cultivate piety, admire him; if you wish for happiness, follow him."

In 1654, Mr. Cobbet was appointed by the General Court as one of the overseers of Harvard College. Among the many official and semi-official services which he rendered in the colony, there was one occasion when in 1668 he was one of six prominent ministers appointed by the General Court to argue with several Baptists in Boston

against their particular tenets. We are not told what the result was; nor whether it was on the subject of baptism or some other point that one of his parishioners, John Hewes, in 1644 had charged Mr. Cobbet "with falsehood in his doctrine," for which disrespect he was presented at the Quarterly Court and enjoined to make a humble confession at Lynn at a public meeting.

The best and greatest of men are not always appreciated by everybody. Whether there was something lacking in the attractive qualities of his preaching, or whether the remark was due to a difference in opinion on some controverted point, or whether it is to be set down to innate depravity, the record shows that in 1643 Henry Walton of Lynn was brought to the bar of the Quarter Sessions Court for saying that "he had as Leave to heare a dogg Barke as to heare mr^r Cobbett preach." He was acquitted, however, for want of proof.

A man in those days, if he did not like the minister or his preaching, did not have the privilege of staying at home from the Sunday service. The summary manner in which people were assisted to do their duty is illustrated by a case which occurred during Mr. Cobbet's pastorate in Ipswich. (Mass. Colony Records, Vol. 4, part 2, p. 7.)

"May 22, 1661. Henry Batchiler & his wife, by an act of Ipswich Court comended to this Courts consideration, hauing binn formerly presented, for theire absenting themselves from publicke worpp, &c, whither y^e toune of Ipswich might not dispose of him & his farme, so as he may liue in the toune, & enjoy his estate & y^e publick worpp of God, the Court judgeth it meete hereby to impower the County Court of that sheire so to dispose of the persons aboue mentioned & theire estates as they shall judge most conduceable to theire present & future good."

We may well believe that Mr.

Cobbet, like the other ministers of that day, was reverenced and feared, even by those who did not love the truth because their deeds were evil. The History of Lynn (Lewis and Newhall) preserves the following story: Some women of his neighborhood were one day attempting some trick of witchery, when their minister appeared: "There," said one of them, "we can do no more; there is old crooked-back Cobbet a coming!"

Mr. Cobbet died in Ipswich on Thursday, November 5, 1685, aged 77, leaving a wife Elizabeth who died the next year, a daughter Elizabeth, and sons Samuel, a graduate of Harvard College in 1663, Thomas, and John, having previously buried three other children. His estate was £607-1 s.-6 d. C. H. Pope in "Pioneers of Massachusetts" says: "His Will, neither dated nor witnessed, was proved November 22, 1685. In his cramped chirography it carries a copious creed and essay on life, showing his fine habits of mind and heart. (Essex Files, 45, 30.)"

The town assumed all the expense of Mr. Cobbet's funeral. The selectmen met on the day after his death and made the following among other arrangements: (From Waters.)

"That Deacon Goodhue provide one barrill of wine, and half a hundred weight of suger, and that he send it to Mr. Cobbits house next second day of the week in the morning.

"That Mr. Rust provide if he can against the funerall gloves suteable for men and Women to the value of five or six pounds . . . & some spice and ginger for the syder.

"That some be taken care with the Corps be wrapt up in the Coffin in Tarr with Canvass.

"That some persons be appoyned to look to the burning of the wine and heating of the syder, against the time appointed for ye funeral next Monday at one of the clock, & such as will be carefull in the distribution."

In the expense items it appears

that "Deacon Goodhue" was paid for thirty-two gallons wine, £6-08 s., Edward Dear for Syder 11 s. (Some accounts say two barrels was provided.) Nathaniel Lord was paid for "makeing the Coffin, 8 s., Mr. Wilson, Digging the Grave, 2 s. 6 d." Various other items bring the "summa totalis" to £17-19 s.

An elegant school building erected on Franklin street in Lynn in 1872 was named the Cobbet school, as a memorial of this early and esteemed minister.

It is hard to imagine the condition of this wilderness two hundred and fifty years ago, when in October, 1662, the surveyors came through here and laid down the bounds of Mr. Cobbet's farm, in the primeval forest, unbroken by any settlements, roads, or openings except those made by the ponds and natural meadows. At that time, no town in this vicinity had been established except Haverhill, which was first settled in 1640, and whose western limits reached a short distance into the eastern side of what is now Windham.

Dunstable, a large territory on both sides of the Merrimack river, having its principal settlement in what is now Nashua, was incorporated by Massachusetts in 1673, and reached to Beaver brook on the southwestern limits of the present town of Windham; and Dracut, incorporated in 1702, included a strip of what is now Windham, about one and one-half miles wide along our southern border.

In the tract of unoccupied land back on the wilderness borders of these three river towns of Haverhill, Dracut and Dunstable, a settlement was planted in the spring of 1719 by a colony of people from the vicinity of Londonderry, Ireland, who described themselves (Londonderry Records, Vol. 1, p. 378) as "being descended from and professing the Faith and Principles of the Establist Church of North Britain"—that is, Scotch Presbyterians.

Their settlement was first called Nutfield, and its center was at what is now East Derry. Its incorporation was delayed by the doubt as to which province the land lay in. In the fall of 1719 the settlers obtained title to the land by a deed from Col. John Wheelwright of Wells, Maine, whose grandfather, Rev. John Wheelwright, the founder of Exeter, was supposed to have purchased from the Indians in 1629 a large tract between the Merrimack and Piscataqua rivers.

Colonel Wheelwright's deed to the proprietors conveyed a tract about ten miles square, bounded in part by the lines of Dunstable, Dracut, and Haverhill. But when the settlement was incorporated as the town of Londonderry, June 21, 1722, by the General Court of New Hampshire, these Massachusetts towns were not named, although it was provided that the boundaries of the new town were not to infringe on any land which might afterward be found to be in Massachusetts. As a matter of fact the line did overlap considerably the line claimed by Haverhill as its west boundary, as it did also the Dracut and Dunstable limits. From the first settlement of Londonderry, there was a great deal of controversy and litigation between the settlers of that town and those of Haverhill, over lands along the border, until the decision of the king in 1740 that the line between the two provinces, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, should be three miles north of the Merrimack river, and the actual running of the line the next year, practically where it is now.

This decision had the effect of cutting Dunstable into two towns, one on each side of the province line, and of depriving Dracut, Haverhill, and Methuen (which had been organized in 1725 out of the western portion of Haverhill and a mile-and-a-half strip of "country land" between that town and Dracut) of large tracts in their northern parts. In 1742, the year after the settlement of

the province line dispute, Windham, forming the southern part of Londonderry, was set off as a separate parish or town. But few farms in Windham had been occupied before 1728 or 1730.

Let us now consider the location of Mr. Cobbet's tract of five hundred acres, granted to him in 1662, just outside the western borders of Haverhill.

The "Records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," printed by order of the Legislature in 1854, say (Vol. 4, part 2, p. 50): "In ans^r to the peticon of Mr. Thō Cobbet of Ipswich, the Court *Court* [sic] judgeth it meete to graunt him five hundred acres of land where he cann find it according to lawe." This was under date of May 7, 1662.

Whether this grant was made in recognition of any special service rendered by him, there is nothing to show. But when, the year previous, his neighbor, Rev. John Higginson of Salem, Mass., had petitioned the General Court, "humbly desiring the favo^r of this Court in the graunt of some lands," the record shows it was "in relation to service by him donne in being a scribe to the synod in sixteene hundred & thirty seven." This request was acted on favorably May 22, 1661. "The Court judgeth it meete to graunte the sajd Mr Higginson seven hundred acres of land in some free place & not prejudicall to *to* a plantation," and chose a committee of three to lay it out, which apparently was not done until after Mr. Cobbet's grant had been laid out.

This Rev. John Higginson had been installed pastor of the Salem church in 1660. He was the son of the noted Rev. Francis Higginson, who had been the first "teacher" (with Rev. Samuel Skelton as "pastor") of the same church from its formation in 1629 until his death the next year.

John Higginson's grant of seven hundred acres, the layout of which was

approved by the Court Oct. 21, 1663, lay in what is now Windham, being, as the record says, north and by west from Mr. Cobbet's farm, and about half a mile from it. Its south bounds were on a brook, and it was "bounded upon the west lne from the head of a pond that lyeth at the head of the abouesajd brooke." This must refer to Mitchell's pond and the brook which flows out of it.

Mr. Higginson was dissatisfied with his farm, and any one who knows the character of the land to the east of Mitchell's pond will not blame him. In 1668 he petitioned to have four or five hundred acres of the upland on the south side of his meadow exchanged for a like amount "in the wilderness." It appears that the whole was exchanged for a tract of seven hundred acres adjoining the first grant, upon the south. This second grant was bounded upon the east side by the Haverhill line and in part upon the west by Mr. Cobbet's farm, and by the northeasterly part of "a great pond, formerly called Haverhill Bound Pond," now known as Canobie Lake; so that it helps very much in determining the location of Mr. Cobbet's farm.

The southeast corner of the Cobbet grant was at "a swampe that joynes vpon Hauerill bounds." Without considering in detail at this time the interesting question of the location of Haverhill's west line previous to the setting off of Methuen in 1725, it will be sufficient to sum up the results of careful study as follows: It appears that previous to Cobbet's grant, and probably at some time between 1650 and 1660, the Haverhill people had in some way established their western boundary far enough west to cross a portion of "Haverhill Bound Pond"; that in the survey ordered by the General Court in 1666 the line was laid a little east of the easternmost point of the pond, as shown by the description of Higginson's second grant; but in the completion of this survey in 1674,

the line was again made to cross the easternmost cove of the pond, as there is evidence that it did in 1715.

The description of Mr. Higginson's second grant is found in the Colonial Records already mentioned, Vol. 4, part 2, p. 441, under date Oct. 12, 1669. Its south boundary ran west from Haverhill line to "the south-east corner" of "a great pond formerly called Hauerill Bound Pond," and the tract was thence "bounded by the sajd pond vpon the west vntill it cometh cleare of the ponds east end, & then rangeth westward by the side of the sajd pond, to the land of Jeremiah Belchar, & is bounded by the land of sd Belchar on the west, vntill it comes to the land of M^r Cobbet, there being . . . a white oake tree marked next M^r Cobbet, which white oake was the auntient bound marke of Hauerills perpendicular lne, & thene raingeth east cleere of M^r Cobbet & bounded upon Mr Cobbets vpon the west, to a stooping white oake tree, marked wth T C & I H; & ffrom thence running northerly to a black oake tree, marked on the north side of a brook, commonly called the westermost branch of Spicket Riuver . . . & from thence it rangeth easterly [bounded by Higginson's former grant, now relinquished] vntill it comes to Hauerill lne."

Although no distances are given in this description, it seems most probable that the swamp, in which was located Haverhill's "ancient bound" and Mr. Cobbet's southeast corner, was the low ground near the present Searles schoolhouse in the Canobie Lake district of Windham.

The following is the description of the bounds of Mr. Cobbet's five hundred-acre grant as found in the Massachusetts Colony Records, Vol. 4, part 2, p. 78, the date being June 6, 1663.

"The bounds & extents of Mr. Cobbetts farme: Being bounded as followeth, vpon the south lne from a swampe that joynes vpon Hau-

erill bounds, so rainging vpon a west & by north point vntill yow come to a great rocke vpon the north side of a long pond, called Deane Pond. Vpon the sajd south lne it rangeth twenty score rod, and from the great rocke it rangeth, vpon a north & by west point, sixteene score rod. That west lne is bounded by a swampe; and from a tree marked in the sajd swampe it raingeth eight score rod to the corner of a peece of meadow of about eight acres, that is wth in the bounds, vpon an east & by south point; & from a great white oake tree, wth a great rocke neere the sajd tree, by the sajd peece of meadow, it rangeth sixteene score rod vpon a south east and halfe point easterly, vntill yow come to the abouesajd swampe, adjoyning upon Hauerill bounds.

"This is a true accompt & description of the bonds & extents of the farme abouesajd accompted, to our best judgment, as attests our hands, who lajd it out, October, 1662.

JOSEPH DAUIS.

JEREMIAH BELCHAR.

SIMON TUTTEL.

"The Court judgeth it meet to allow of this returne of Mr Cobbetts farme layd out, being fие hundred acres."

Starting, as we suppose, from the low ground just east of the Searles schoolhouse, the south line of this tract ran for a distance of one and one-fourth miles in a direction described as "a west and by north point," that is, one "point" of the compass, or eleven and one-fourth degrees, north of west. Judging from the position of lines which were described as running due north and south, we conclude that the surveyors of those days ran by the compass needle, without making any allowance for its declination. This is confirmed by a record of a survey in 1674 (Mass. Colony Records, Vol. 5, p. 40): "Wee ran due north west, according to the compasse, not allowing any variations," etc.

Without knowing what the magnetic declination at that period would be, we may consider the south boundary of Mr. Cobbet's tract as practically an east and west line, which would bring it to some "great rocke vpon the north side of a long pond"—the pond which now bears his name. As this rock is described as upon the north *side* rather than upon the *shore* of the pond, it is difficult to say whether it was some one of several large bowlders at the water's edge, or a great cliff-like ledge a number of rods back from the shore near "Indian rock." From this corner, at or near the pond, the boundary ran in a direction west of north, a distance of one mile, bordered on the west by a swamp. The north side was a half mile wide and then the line ran southeast back to the swamp near Haverhill bounds.

Twenty acres of meadow was soon added, as appears by the following record (*Ibid.*, p. 137):

"Oct. 14, 1664. In ans^r to the peticon of Mr. Thomas Cobbet, humbly desiring the favor of this Court to grant him a peece of meadow, being ab^t twenty acres of meadow, as an addition to his farme layd out nere Hauerill bounds, formerly markt wth the letters T C, & lyeth neere his five hundred acres on the west lne thereof, the Court grants his request."

Morrison's History of Windham says that the bounds of this farm were renewed May 2, 1728, by Jonathan Foster, John Jacques, Thomas Gage, and David Haseltine. This was about the time the Londonderry proprietors began to lay out some of this same land, and other land farther south between the ponds, into a range of farms forming Windham Range. The heirs of Rev. Mr. Cobbet (he having died forty-two years before), were in danger of losing their land, as indeed they did, thirteen year later, when the settling of the province boundary dispute threw this land out of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and rendered its grant void.

But in the former year, 1728, a granddaughter of Rev. Thomas petitioned the General Court for permission to sell her share of the Cobbet farm. The interesting record explains itself. (Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, Vol. 11, p. 323.)

"A Petition of Waitawhile Hubbart one of the Children of John Cobbet of Boston Deed Shewing that her Husband William Hubbart has been gone to Sea above three years & wholly neglects to do any thing for her Support or the Support of her Child, & has not so much as written to her since he left her, so that she is reduced to great Straits for Necessaries of Life, Praying that she may be impowered to make Sale of her Right (which is one fifth Part) of a Farm, which belonged to her said Father John Cobbet, lying in the Town of Haverhill that so she may be enabled to support her self & Child.

"Read [and Accepted] &

"Voted that the Prayer of the Petition be granted, & the Petitioner is allowed & impowered to make Sale of one Fifth Part of the Farm within mention'd for the support of herself & Child.

"(Passed June 14) 1728."

If she sold her share it was probably to the other heirs.

When in 1741 this tract was decided to be in the jurisdiction of New Hampshire, Nathaniel and Ann Cobbet, grandchildren of the original grantee, petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts for an equivalent, and they were allowed fifteen hundred acres near Charlemont in western Massachusetts. (Felt's History of Ipswich.)

Thus passed out of existence the Cobbet farm on the shores of the "long pond" which had already assumed his name. His grant was repeatedly called a *farm*, but we are not to suppose that any part of it had ever been cleared or occupied by him or any of his heirs. We can only conjecture whether the busy

preacher ever feasted his eyes on the blue gem set in primeval forest, which was destined to perpetuate his name hundreds of years after he had passed from earth.

It will be noticed that already in 1662 the pond had a name—Deane Pond, as it appears in the printed Records, in the description of the layout of Cobbet's grant. Morrison in his History of Windham (p. 39), quoting the same passage without stating whence he derived it, gives the word as *draw*. The Commissioner of Public Records of Massachusetts, after a critical examination of the word in the original record, decided it to be Draue. Whether this means Draw, or whether, as the letters u and v were at that period interchangeable, it was meant for Drave, is but a matter of conjecture, as is the significance of any of these terms as applied to the pond. There is a Scotch word, *draive*, meaning "a haul of fish," also "a shoal of fish." Possibly some connection may be traced with "Drawcutt," an early form of the name Dracut, the northern boundary of which town, as incorporated many years later (1702), actually crossed this pond.

Only one other name has been found which has ever been applied to Cobbett's pond, and that is Goldings pond, found in the town records of Dracut (Vol. 1, p. 285) in the record of the perambulation of their northern line by the Dracut selectmen in December, 1733—although Londonderry by its charter of eleven years before had overlapped it a mile and a half. This record shows that the Dracut line crossed the southern portion of "Goldings' pond otherwise called Cobets pond," then crossed Goldings brook, which is the outlet of the pond. This name was derived from Peter Golding of Boston who in 1682 purchased two hundred acres on this brook in Pelham where he established a mill. The name has now become Golden Brook.

When Methuen was incorporated in 1725, its boundaries included the Cobbet farm, together with all the central and eastern parts of what is now Windham; but as this was three years after Londonderry had received its charter, it is not likely that the Methuen claim to this region was ever seriously regarded.

The first mention of Cobbett's pond in the records of Londonderry is found under date of October 29, 1723 in the following record (Early Records as printed, Vol. 2, p. 84): "Laid out by order of the town afarm Given in the Charter to the Rev^d m^r James mcGregore Containing two

hundred and fifty acres of land lying and being to the northeast of Cubages pond so Called."

Between this date and the setting off of Windham eighteen years later, the Londonderry records mention the pond about thirty times, with various spellings, of which Cobats, first found in 1728, is the most common.

The first mention of Cobbett's pond in the town records of Windham is in the warrant for the March meeting of 1754. (Vol. 1, p. 72.) "3ly. To See if you will Chuse a Cirveyer to Plan the parish in its former Bounds as also Cobbats Pond & the Meetinghouse."

THREE LAST LEAVES

By Bela Chapin

Like leaves still clinging to the tree,
While wintry winds sweep by,
We are the last remaining three—
Two aged kin and I.

Our own dear loved ones dropped away,
And friends we knew so well;
They left their tenement of clay,
In paradise to dwell.

Departed souls, they are at rest
Upon the heavenly shore,
And there in mansions of the blest
They live forevermore.

Our spring of life soon passed away,
Our summertide of flowers,
Our autumn came but could not stay;
Life's winter now is ours.

And we rejoice that length of days
Has been our lot to bear;
That we have been in all our ways
In God's paternal care.

So will we bide, good kin of mine,
The time of our release,
And murmur not in our decline,
But go in joy and peace.

To meet again departed friends
Where storm-winds never blow,
To be where pleasure never ends
And streams of gladness flow.

THE PISCATAQUA MAST FLEET

By Oliver L. Frisbee

The mast fleet, to and from the old world and the Piscataqua in the seventeenth century, was the forerunner of the great fleets crossing the Atlantic in the twentieth century. These ships were built especially for the mast trade. They were of about four hundred tons burthen, and carried from forty-five to fifty mast. These ships had the privilege of wearing the King's Jack, and had a special convoy. When ships could not be found for this trade they sent large rafts of mast and lumber, shaped like a vessel, and rigged like a ship, across to Europe. One of these rafts made the passage in twenty-six days.

The mast fleet were the couriers of the sea, the surest and quickest means of communication between the two continents.

No colonial product commanded so much attention in Europe as the masts, and pipe staves and other lumber from the Piscataqua.

New Hampshire was the great cutting ground for mast and lumber, and Piscataqua the great shipping port. Cartwright and other commissioners in 1665, found "7 or 8 ships in the large and safe harbor of Piscataqua and great stores of mast and lumber." As early as 1631 the Piscataqua had its first sawmill, and gundalows to carry the lumber down the river.

The British government paid a premium of one pound per ton on mast and yards and bowsprits. The mast were not to exceed thirty-six inches at the butt and be as long as the mast was inches in diameter. In 1664 they were worth from ninety-five to one hundred fifteen pounds per mast.

The broad arrow of the King was

placed on all white pines twenty-four inches in diameter three feet from the ground. It was especially stipulated in the Royal grant that pine trees fit for masting the royal navy were to be carefully preserved, and the cutting for any other purpose led to the forfeiture of the grant. They were as tall as the giant trees of California are today. To fall these pines from thirty-three to thirty-six inches in diameter and from two hundred to two hundred seventy feet in length, was a business in itself, and called for the exercise of great care in falling them or they would break. It took forty cattle to move the massive load to the shore to start it on its mission to the Royal navy.

Ships even came to the Piscataqua after the battle of Lexington (May 17, 1775) for masts which were ready for them, but the people kept them for their own use. The broad arrow remained on the trees. Many of these trees took new growth from republican soil. They even served in equipping the stout cruisers of 1812, that fairly beat the great navy that took all the great trees of the subject colony.

The mast and lumber industry of the Piscataqua contributed to the glory of England, as much as the gold of the New World did to the glory of Spain. Spain was the mistress of the world, the queen of the ocean, the terror of the nations. England saw the only way to overcome these was to build ships and send them all over the known world, filled with sailors and adventurers. These outstripped the French, conquered the Dutch, and finally put herself at the head of the world, and the lumber and masts from the Piscataqua enabled her to do it.

IN A BEDFORD PEACH ORCHARD

By Norman C. Tice

Pursuing our course along a sandy road, we finally reach the lane that leads to the farmhouse. We pass through a rustic gate, and, walking up the narrow pathway, enter the peach orchard. As we stand upon the hilltop we look around us. The distant landscape is bathed in the mystic blue haze of a September morning. Toward the north the verdure crowned slopes of Uncanoonuc Mountains can be seen, partly enveloped in a mantle of purple gauze. Below us in the valley, and far down the river plain, are the woodlands of pine and scrub-oak, with masses of laurel clustering beneath.

The orchard is hemmed in by long walls of rough stonework, and half-sheltered on two sides by large apple trees. Through the rifted branches comes the odor of the sweet fern, which grows luxuriantly in the pasture lands. Pound Sweets, Greenings, and Porters hang from the heavy laden, pendulous branches of the apple trees. They seem like gigantic gems, wrought in an emerald setting of green leaves, as the bright September sun flashes upon their polished surfaces.

As we enter the rows of peach trees we utter exclamations of great delight, for the trees are fairly blushing in their wealth of ruddy fruit. Baltimore Belles, are beautiful in their delicate coloring, while the Albertas are more striking in their rich, purple velvet. We pluck the ripe fruit from the branches and perceive that the taste is delicious, far more so than those we have eaten from an imported basket.

We roam at leisure among the sun-lighted aisles of peach trees and when our pockets are laden with promising ovals, we lounge beneath a Pound Sweet tree and enjoy the September morning. Near the distant city the bells of St. Anselm's College are ringing. The echo of their chimes accentuates the peacefulness of the scene. We lie upon the orchard grass and gaze skyward through the rifts in the apple tree roof.

The sun rises higher in the blue as we linger here and the warm, fragrant air from the peach orchard is wafted towards us. As the morning vanishes speedily away we are loath to leave the fruit grove and take the path that leads homeward.

REMEMBER TO FORGET

By Georgia Rogers Warren

Yes—"Remember to forget."
I've seen nothing like it yet
To make one sleep at night
And, if you will, an appetite.

It seems a simple thing,
And meaningless, perhaps,
But when the worries come, and fret,
Just—"Remember to forget."

You'll have more time to write and read,
Or plant a little flower seed,
And visit with a friend a bit—
And say—"Remember to forget."

OUR SOLDIERS ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

By Sarah Fuller Bickford Hafey

Hurrah! for the soldiers, of them we are proud,
So three cheers, three times, and hurrah long and loud;
They've proved love of country is bred in the bone,
So laud them and cheer them, down in that hot zone.

They'll follow the flag, though they drop by the way,
And always are ready commands to obey.
We think of them, pray for them and proudly tell,
How bravely they act and all duties do well.

They've left home and loved ones, to struggle and fight,
For love of their country e'er guides them aright;—
Their lives they would give, for the *red, white and blue*,
So, God bless the soldiers, so noble and true.

THE SILENCE OF THE WINTER WOOD

By Mary C. Rolofson

O deep, calm stillness of the winter wood!
 No leaves to rustle in the restless breeze,
 No birds to carol in the empty trees,
No brooks to laugh and sing in merry mood.
Silence, snow-sandaled, in white cape and hood,
 Walks in these aisles and with her crystal keys
 Such sounds as she may find in haunts like these
Locks in their sources as to her seems good.

The timid rabbit, noiseless, white as snow,
 Elusive as a ghost goes on his way,
Or sits erect to listen for a foe,
 While silence listens, too, through all the day.
Let neither speech nor laughter, man, be heard
Where is forbidden voice of brook and bird.

NOCTURNE

By H. Thompson Rich

Move slow, move slow across the endless night,
 Gold figures of the multitudinous stars:
There's no apotheosis in your sight,
 Nor freedom from your imperceptible bars.
Whither you're bound you know not any more
 Than we below know whither we are bound:
Mystery holds from us its ancient lore,
 And mystery envelops you around.
Fixed in our puny orbit we abide,
 Helpless to modify our destiny;
And fixed in the affluxent, tireless tide
 You swirl and sweep to your eternity.
Nothing can tell us, we can never know . . .
Move slow, O multitudinous stars, move slow.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

ANNETTE M. A. CRESSY

Annette Marian Ring, wife of Frank Cressy and daughter of the late Edmund J. Ring of Bradford, where she was born seventy-five years ago, died at her home in Concord December 5, 1916.

Mrs. Cressy was a woman of unusual accomplishments, a gifted writer and prominent social and church worker. She was an active member of the Concord Woman's Club, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Shakespeare Club, the Woman's Alliance of the Unitarian Church, and various other organizations. She is survived by her husband, Frank Cressy, two sons, Will M. and Harry, the former the well-known comedian and playwright—and a daughter, Miss May Cressy.

DR. M. B. SULLIVAN

Miah B. Sullivan, M. D., a prominent physician of Dover, died in that city, December 25, 1916, aged fifty-nine years.

He had been prominent in public life, had served in the State Senate and been his party's candidate for mayor. He was the founder and first exalted ruler of the Dover Lodge of Elks.

CHARLES W. BARTLETT

Charles W. Bartlett, who died December 6, 1916, was a prominent Boston lawyer, and a native of that city, born August 12, 1845, but generally regarded as a New Hampshire boy, from the fact that his parents removed when he was quite young to the town of Lee, the old family home, and that his early life was spent there and in Durham; while his education was completed at Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1869, having meanwhile served an enlistment in a Massachusetts regiment, in the Civil War. Taking up the study of law, he graduated from the Albany (N. Y.) Law School in 1871, and was for a time associated in practice with the late Hon. Samuel M. Wheeler of Dover. In 1874 he removed to Boston, where he was for a dozen years or more the partner of the late Hon. Napoleon B. Bryant, a prominent lawyer and a New Hampshire native. Later he was prominent in other firms and successful in practice. He was a Democrat in politics and was the nominee of his party for governor in 1905, against Curtis Guild, the successful Republican candidate, and served as judge advocate general on the staff of Gov. William L. Douglas. He was a 32d degree Mason and past commander of John A. Andrew Post, G. A. R.

General Bartlett in 1871 married Mary L. Morrison of Franklin, N. H., who died in 1882. There were born to them two children, Joseph

W., associated with his father in business, and Marie L. On August 7, 1897, Mr. Bartlett married the second time, his bride being Miss Annie M. White of Acushnet, for several years official stenographer of the Superior Court. He is survived by his wife and by the children of first wife.

GEN. JAMES MILLER

Gen. James Miller, grandson of the hero of Lundy's Lane, for whom he was named, died at his home in the town of Temple, December 11, 1916.

General Miller, who was well known in this state, was born in Boston, February 11, 1844, and enlisted as a private in Company B, 50th Massachusetts Infantry in 1861, when he was but seventeen years old. Before he was honorably mustered out in 1865 he had risen to the rank of first lieutenant. On February 23, 1866, he was appointed second lieutenant in the 16th United States Infantry, and was raised to first lieutenant the same year. His promotions continued at regular intervals until he was made brigadier-general, August 11, 1903. He was retired at his own request, August 12, 1903, after forty years of service.

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Charles S. Brown of Boston and New Ipswich; one niece, Miss Mary Miller Higby of Boston, and a nephew, Philip Brown of Boston.

JOSEPH A. COCHRAN

Dea. Joseph A. Cochran, a prominent citizen of Concord and a native of Plymouth, born March 10, 1835, died at his home in that city, November 28, 1916.

Deacon Cochran had been a resident of Concord about sixty years. He was long engaged in mercantile pursuits and for some time in partnership with the late Frank Coffin in the wholesale flour trade. He was chosen city clerk of Concord in 1879 and continued in that office twenty-four years, having previously served in both branches of the city government.

He was an Odd Fellow, a member of the Wonolancet Club, and an active member of the South Congregational Church, of which he was a deacon at the time of his death, and for many years previous.

Deacon Cochran married, first, Elizabeth H. Rounds, who died in February, 1877. In May, 1878, he married Edna A. Bean, who survives, with a daughter by the first wife, Alice G.

MARY MORRISON

Miss Mary Morrison, a native of Milton, Mass., but a long time resident of Peterborough, died at her home in that town, January 7, 1917.

She was the daughter of Rev. John H. Morrison, long pastor of the Unitarian Church in Peterborough, and was born April 30, 1851. She was educated in private schools in Boston, and while living in that city was interested with the late Miss Anna Ticknor in the work of the Society for Study at Home, a forerunner of the modern correspondence school. She was vice-president of the Women's Educational Association and served long as chairman of the library committee which started and carried on a system of circulating libraries throughout the state. She was the organizer and chairman for twenty years of a volunteer committee on fiction, to assist the librarian of the Boston Public Library in selecting books for library circulation.

Since establishing her home in Peterborough nearly twenty years ago, Miss Morrison had been actively interested in promoting the welfare of the town, in various directions. She was a trustee of the public library—the oldest in the country—a member of the Progressive Club, the Colonial Dames, the Edward MacDowell Memorial Association, and the Peterborough Grange, of which she was lecturer last year. She also conducted a model dairy farm and took great interest in agricultural progress. She was a member of the standing committee of the Peterborough Unitarian Church. She is survived by a brother, Rev. Robert S. Morrison of Cambridge.

WILLIS G. C. KIMBALL

Willis G. C. Kimball, long a prominent citizen of Concord, and New Hampshire's best known photographer, died at his home in that city January 1, 1917.

He was born in Manchester, June 4, 1843, son of the late William H. and Sarah M. Kimball, who soon removed to Franklin where he spent his early years and obtained his education. The family removed to Concord in 1854, where he resided through life, commencing as an employee in the Kimball studio, to whose business he succeeded in 1867, having meanwhile served in the 18th New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War, enlisting as a private and being mustered out as a lieutenant-colonel.

Mr. Kimball was much interested in music, and was at one time organist at the Unitarian Church, where he was a regular attendant. He was deeply interested in all matters pertaining to the welfare of his city, and had served many years on the Park Commission. He was a member of E. E. Sturtevant Post, G. A. R., of Granite State Council, Royal Arcanum, and the Wonolancet Club.

Mr. Kimball married, May 31, 1863, Ella, daughter of the late Nathan W. Gove, and their four children were born in Concord: Harry Gove, who died October 17, 1883, aged nineteen years; Richard Hazen, who died October 27, 1909, aged forty years; Edith M.,

wife of R. M. Baker of Boston and W. G. C. Kimball, Jr., of Swampscott, Mass. Mrs. Kimball died April 7, 1909.

DR. ABNER L. MERRILL

Abner Little Merrill, M. D., a native of Exeter, died in Boston, Mass., December 20, 1916.

He was the son of Abner and Sarah (Leavitt) Merrill and was born at Exeter, January 23, 1826. He attended the public schools at Exeter, was graduated from the Phillips Exeter Academy, entered the sophomore class at Harvard in 1843 and was graduated from Harvard in 1846. He was the last surviving member of his class and, next to his fellow townsman, Dr. Nicholas E. Soule, who was graduated in the class of 1845, was the oldest Haryard alumnus. He attended the Harvard Medical School and was graduated from there in 1849. He practiced medicine but a short time, and then went into business, first in Newburyport, and later in Boston as a member of the firm of Merrill Brothers, paints and oils, in which he was most successful. He was always greatly interested in his native town and its academy. He made large donations to its public schools, to the First Church and was one of the Phillips Exeter Academy's largest benefactors. He established the Merrill Course of Lectures at the academy, which has been in existence for several years.

In 1859 Doctor Merrill married Miss Harriet M. Robinson, daughter of the late Jeremiah L. Robinson of Exeter, who died in February, 1894.

HON. ROBERT G. PIKE

Hon. Robert G. Pike, chief justice of the New Hampshire Superior Court, a native of Rollinsford, son of Amos W. and Elizabeth M. (Chadbourne) Pike, born July 28, 1851, died in Dover, January 9, 1917.

Judge Pike was educated at Berwick Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1872. After leaving college he engaged in civil engineering and taught for a time before turning to the law, which he studied with Judges Charles Doe and Jeremiah Smith. He was admitted to the bar in 1881, and began his practice in Dover. For a time he was associated with Hon. John Kivel, later his colleague on the Superior Court bench. In 1877 he became city solicitor of Dover, serving till 1889. In 1893-96 he was judge of probate for Strafford County. He was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court in 1896, and five years later, upon the reorganization of the court, became an associate justice of the Superior Court, succeeding to the post of chief justice upon the death of Chief Justice Wallace in 1913.

Judge Pike, during his long service upon the bench, gained a high reputation for fairness, ability, dignified bearing, and strong grasp of legal principles and their proper ap-

plication. Politically he was a Republican, but never a partisan. He had served as a trustee of Berwick Academy and visitor of the Chandler Foundation of Dartmouth College. He was a Mason, a trustee of the Strafford Savings Bank, and a member of the Bellamy Club of Dover. He had been president of the State Bar Association and at its meeting in New Castle last June he delivered an address of great interest to his fellow members of the bar on his personal recollection of Judge Doe.

He was never married, and made his home in Dover with his sister, Miss Lilla J. Pike.

HON. JAMES H. TOLLES

Hon. James H. Tolles, mayor of Nashua in 1866-67-68, died at his home in that city, January 13, 1917.

He was born in Nashua October 17, 1846, a son of the late Horace C., and Sophia Ann (Wright) Tolles. He was educated in the public schools, and in early life was deeply interested in music, to which he gave much attention. After serving some years as a clerk in different mercantile concerns, he entered the lumber business with his father-in-law, John Cross, and the firm of Cross & Tolles, afterward J. H. Tolles & Co., did an extensive business for many years.

Politically he was an active Democrat, and in religion a Congregationalist, being a member of the First Congregational Church of Nashua, and one of the active working com-

mittee in the building of the present splendid edifice.

He was married July 8, 1872, to Mary Ellen Cross, who survives him. Besides his widow he is survived by two brothers, General and former Mayor Jason E. Tolles and X. D. Tolles, both of Nashua.

AMANDA B. HARRIS

Amanda Bartlett Harris, a well known writer of Warner, died at her home in that town, January 15, 1917.

She was born August 15, 1824, and was the daughter of Harrison Gray and Mary (Bartlett) Harris. She had been a writer since girlhood and had contributed to the *Christian Union*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Congregational Review*, *Appleton's Journal*, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, and other periodicals. She had been a book reviewer for the *Literary World* since 1874. Much of her earlier work was done under pen names or was anonymous. Miss Harris was the author of several books, beginning with "Christ Our Friend," which was published in 1866 as a booklet. One of her last books was "The Luck of Edenhall," published in 1888. Miss Harris was a descendant of Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

She is survived by a sister, Mary Bartlett Harris, librarian of the Pillsbury Free Library at Warner.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Bound volumes* of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, for 1916, are now ready for exchange with subscribers for the unbound numbers, at 50 cents per copy.

The next issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* will be the February and March numbers combined. It is expected to contain an extensive, illustrated sketch of Laconia, the "Lake City," and to appear about the first of March.

Subscribers in arrears will confer a favor, not only upon the publisher but upon the readers of this magazine, if they will promptly remit the amount due. The amount of reading matter presented necessarily depends largely upon the receipts of the office. Printing bills have to be paid.

A new administration, with Henry W. Keyes at its head, is now in power at the State House. The legislature is in session, with

Arthur P. Morrill of Concord, Speaker of the House, and Jesse M. Barton of Newport, President of the Senate. There is the usual talk about a "short session" while the probabilities are that it will cover the usual number of weeks or months. With about two days of actual legislative work per week, short sessions are hardly to be expected.

The selection of Sherman L. Whipple, leader of the Boston bar, as counsel for the Committee on Rules, of the National House of Representatives, in its investigation of the alleged "leak," in connection with President Wilson's "peace note," whereby certain stock gamblers were enabled to reap great profit, as claimed, brings conspicuously to the front another brilliant son of the old Granite State, as in the case of the selection of George W. Anderson to conduct the "high cost of living" investigation, Mr. Whipple being a native of New London and Mr. Anderson of Aeworth.



MARY C. EASTMAN
The First President of the Friendly Club

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIX, Nos. 2-3

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1917

NEW SERIES, VOL. XII, Nos. 2-3

THE FRIENDLY CLUB OF CONCORD, N. H.

By Harriet Carleton Kimball

The Friendly Club of Concord, New Hampshire, is a club for girls and women.

Its object is to form a social center for mutual service and education of women, which shall provide for self-improvement, recreation and friendly intercourse.

Its sphere of interest and action is unlimited. It is non-sectarian. It embraces all classes, the adult woman, the very young woman, the employed woman and the woman of leisure.

By the woman of leisure is meant that woman who is unattached to any salaried or wage-giving occupation which demands schedule time, and it is largely through this unit of women, that the Friendly Club had its conception of thought, and by its unrestrained and unceasing concerted effort, that the club was organized, and is now so efficiently managed, with the sympathetic assistance of various committees.

To write in detail, the club originated through the coöperative efforts of the Woman's Club and the Charity Organization Society. Committees respectively from each of these organizations collaborated with various other societies, the District Nursing Association, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, school teachers, Board of Education, and people, individually influential, whom it was desired to interest, and from whom it was hoped contributions of money would be obtainable.

All religious denominations, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, became deeply interested. Meet-

ings were held at which was explained the general object of the club, and at which also were stated by appointed committees results of preliminary work, in soliciting public opinion regarding the formation of a club for comprehensive communism.

In reading different letters from various clubs, the chairman of information summarized the opinions which had been received. In concluding, she grouped the ideals of a girls' club in the probable order of their development.

"First, social intercourse; second, self-development; third, coöperation for common interests; fourth, service for others; fifth, self-government; sixth, self-support."

Finally she said, "The ideal club should be not a mission or a charity, but a democratic medium of social exchange, with each member feeling her social obligation to the welfare of the whole."

After meetings of committees had been held, and a coöperative consensus of opinions regarding the ideal type of club had been submitted, definite plans were decided upon.

A small apartment, centrally located, was secured for the home of the club.

A public meeting, which was widely advertised, was called at the Parker School so it might be established on a civic rather than on a religious basis.

The meeting was managed, so that practically every employment plant in the city was represented, including stenographers, clerks, saleswomen, teachers, nurses, and those in house-

service. The young women were much interested in the project and were particularly eager to form a club, having rooms with a secretary in charge, and forming classes. A gymnasium affording physical culture seemed the immediate goal of interest.

On the twenty-seventh day of February, 1911, the club was organized. The question of membership was first discussed. It was voted to have it unlimited.

In the main only older women had become interested during the preliminary meetings. It was now desirable to enlist the attention of younger

The chairman of this committee, also of the membership committee, chose her associates from the young women.

During its first year the club membership increased from a little over three hundred to nearly eight hundred. The membership fees are ten dollars for sustaining, five for patron, two dollars for associate, and one dollar for active members.

Patron and sustaining membership open to men, who wish to help the club by their money and influence.

The Woman's Club gave a hundred dollars, enabling the club to organize.

The growth of the club had increased the running expenses and even with careful management these could not be met by dues alone. A plan had to be devised by which money might be raised.

By this time the club had nearly doubled its membership since its organization, and new members knew very little about its management or cost of maintenance and felt no responsibility. In order to bring them into touch with the club, and to decide what means would be best to levy money, a meeting of the club was called to consider finances.

A ways and means committee, formed of energetic business women was appointed to canvas the club, to see if the members would take higher membership fees, to get new members and to solicit gifts, but with the aim of working towards a self-supporting club. This committee succeeded so well that the club was able to pay its expenses the first year. It also desirably brought members of the club into closer touch with the board and gave them a more vital interest in the club.

The officers of the club are a president, three vice-presidents, a recording secretary, a treasurer and an auditor, each of whom serve one year. These officers with eight directors, four of whom are elected annually, constitute what is known as an executive board, which has entire charge



Friendly Club House

women and girls. Leaflets were distributed among them with the following message:

"We want you in our club! The Friendly Club of Concord has been organized for the purpose of establishing a social center for women, which shall provide for friendly intercourse, mutual service, education of women, self-improvement and recreation."

Then followed a description of the rooms, the privileges and method of joining. This developed successfully.

In the young days of the club several socials were held, in charge of entertainment committees, at which were games and different amusements. This gave the members an opportunity for a broadening acquaintance.

of the management of the club. It holds regular meetings on the second Monday in each month. This club is the largest club in the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs. Two delegates are regularly chosen by a committee of girls to attend the state federation. The annual meeting of the club is held in April, the second Monday.

Members of the board are chairmen of various committees. They choose for their associates, young women who are interested in the department of which they have charge, membership, entertainment, gymnasium, etc.

The various classes when in formation are under observation by some member of the board who has charge of a department.

By the will of the late Mary Clifford Eastman, first president, the club received the sum of ten thousand dollars, with which it was possible to purchase the present home. The club had far outgrown the accommodation of its original apartments.

Acting upon advice of men interested in the success and duration of the club, the board by vote of the club were directed and empowered to purchase the Norris estate at 20 South Main Street. The club claimed possession April 19, 1915.

A committee was appointed with authority to make repairs necessary, and furnish the house adequately. The new home was formally opened to the public with a tea. This home now owned by the club offers many pleasant opportunities for home life. It is very centrally located at a short distance from the railway station and the electric car junction at Pleasant and Main Streets. The house represents one of the older types of architecture. A verandah on the north side offers an approach to the main entrance into a hall, extending through the main portion of the lower floor.

Here is placed a bulletin board to which are attached all notices of classes, meetings, and events interest-

ing to club members. A register is in the hall in which it is desired that names of all members and visitors be recorded.

The club furnishes a telephone which may be used free of charge by members.

At the end of the hall is a settle, which gives an atmosphere of comfort and is often used for friendly talks by the club girls.

From the hall opens the spacious reception room by two entrances. The furnishings are subdued and show artistic taste in choice and arrangement. One portion of the reception room is equipped with writing desk and library table, upon which may be always found current magazines and daily newspapers.

Another part has a piano and Victrola. This room may be easily closed for two separate rooms, as is desired occasionally for club or committee meetings.

Opening from the reception room is a rest room, comfortably and generously supplied with lounging chairs and a reclining couch.

This room is in part a library, containing many books both of history and of fiction. It has bath room and toilet connections.

Opening both from rest room and hall is the dining-room. This room has mission furnishings, consisting of several small tables and chairs. It is in this room, that centers one of the most unique and hospitable privileges of the club.

On all week days between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. may be seen many women having lunch. The lunch may be brought by them individually, or the club serves soup, broth, tea, chocolate and coffee at a nominal price. Each one serves herself at table, and is responsible for returning the dishes clean to the serving table in the kitchen adjoining.

Besides employed women, school-girls and women shopping may use this privilege. Any club member with guest at any time may also enjoy

the dining-room service. It is often a very merry group of chatty girls one may watch, continually going and coming between lunch hours at noon or night. To young women who like to prepare a light, warm lunch, the kitchen service is available.

The kitchen is very spacious with gas range, large serving tables, and hot and cold water. A large pantry opens from kitchen. This is liberally furnished with dishes and cooking utensils which are at the disposal of club members, restricted only that they must be replaced as they were found.

A laundry also adjoins the kitchen; this is spacious and modernly equipped.

Any club member may use the gas range for light cooking. It is this little domestic service which the club permits that appeals to so many girls who are unable to be at home for lunch or to those whose homes are out of town.

Opening from the kitchen is a large storage room.

On the second floor of the club house are the office, the secretary's room, the guest room (this room is rented to sojourners in town for a brief time), three rooms regularly leased to persons making their home at the club, and a bath-room.

This floor is approached by two stairways, one from the front entrance and one from the side entrance.

The third floor comprises four sleeping rooms which are always rented, the housekeeper's room, lavatory and toilet.

The hall on this floor is furnished with a reclining couch. During the winter a Victrola is at the disposal of those staying on this floor. A gymnastic apparatus for exercise is also installed on this floor, and is much appreciated.

At the rear of the club home is a large open grass court.

Many of the furnishings and appurtenances of the club have been given by interested friends.

Many club activities center within the club home.

Monday, evening, fortnightly, is a current event talk followed by a sewing circle for charitable societies of Concord. Many interesting remarks regarding current thought may be heard during the passing conversation.

Every Wednesday evening is given an educational talk by some representative person, who is specialized in his sphere of theme. These talks prove their popularity by the generous attendance of club members.

Friday afternoons, during the winter months, a musicale and tea is given. The program is of standard tone and always pleasingly rendered. The services of the artists are tendered gratuitously. The musicale is held in the reception room. Tea and sandwiches are served in the dining-room for a small fee. Different members of the club are invited to pour. In the main they are well attended, because on afternoons of the Concord Woman's Club a pleasant opportunity is given members to visit the club house and have a cup of tea on the way home after a club meeting.

All board meetings and committee meetings are held at the club house, on regular specified dates.

Sales for the benefit of the club are frequently held at the club house rooms. The sales may be of bags, laces, cakes or any article which it might be possible to suggest. Several rummage sales on a large scale have been held outside for the benefit of the club. These usually net a tidy sum for the treasury.

It is the privilege of a club member to entertain any small club of which she may be a member. Card parties either private or for the benefit of the club are frequently held, either afternoon or evening. In fact there is seldom a week that some special event does not take place at the club rooms.

On the Governor's inauguration day open house is maintained and tea served to all legislative members and families.

A mutual free agency for employment service of any kind is maintained at the club office.

Outside rooms may also be secured through the office of the Friendly Club.

Information regarding many phases of life is obtainable. The club cheerfully coöperates with social welfare work.

Volunteer Red Cross work has been instituted in the club life.

Women who have rooms at the club, to whom in fact the club is a home, have opportunity of enjoying many privileges which the ordinary apartment or household would be unable to afford.

The laundry and kitchen alone present those little domestic economies which are enjoyed and appreciated often by those living at the club.

The residents of the club suggest one harmonious family, so free from friction and misunderstandings, does it seem. There are always the little pleasantries and social amenities of home life. This we think reflects strongly upon the coöperative efforts of the management. Not one feature suggests institutional restrictions.

There are numerous games and entertainment devices, always at the disposal of the members. At any time one may see young women building puzzles, using the queechee board, playing billiards, enjoying a game of cards or taking a cup of tea.

Tea, chocolate, coffee, sandwiches may be served at any hour, when the club is open, at small expense.

Sunday nothing is served by the club, although one may wait on oneself.

The Victrola, with many expensive records, which was a munificent gift from one of the board, during her last days of life, is a perpetual source of pleasure to the members, who pay frequent visits to the club.

Many of the young women have learned to recognize the opera and oratorio selections, by repeated play-

ing, as well as the voices of the artists made famous and associated with some individual selection.

This feature alone stands for an educational uplift, upon the musical minds of girls who otherwise perhaps have no opportunity of hearing the higher grade records.

It may be stated that in addition, there are many popular song and dance records, which the girls enjoy to the limit, during relax hours. Records are a popular donation to the pleasure department.

The club has its annual occasions:

A donation day, May nineteenth, the anniversary of the birthday of the first president and founder of the club. This occasion always means a liberal remembrance of necessary and desirable articles. A club of this nature, affording the home privileges as it does, of necessity is constantly in need of ordinary domestic utensils, and linen which gradually wear out by continued use.

To replenish the treasury, in addition to the membership dues, an entertainment is annually given. In previous years there have been given, a minstrel entertainment, an operetta, a musical comedy, and a drama.

Last year a cabaret was given. Locally it was a very representative affair socially, and its success and popularity shows how cheerfully the town at large coöperates in anything that vitally concerns the Friendly Club.

During the winter is the annual sleighride. This is financed by those going and is anticipated as one of the jolly events of the winter club life.

Whenever any civic event occurs in which it is desirable for societies to be represented, the Friendly Unit is always a credit unto itself, noticeably in the flag day parade of last June, when a large number of the young women marched.

This winter has seen organized a company of Friendly Club Cadets. The company has met once a week at the state armory, and drilled under

efficient instruction. It is expected many hikes may be taken during the spring and summer. This feature has a marked tendency towards good fellowship and democracy, the popular cry of the day, and the elimination of class spirit.

Another pleasant club feature is the annual singing of Christmas carols, in different sections of the town. The club house itself is joyously trimmed with Christmas greens, candles are liberally displayed in the windows, and lunch is served after the girls return to the club rooms. The usual Christmas good cheer is dispensed on Christmas day.

House parties are given during the year on special days, All Hallowe'en, St. Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday, in fact any day suggesting a merrymaking.

Many impromptu revels occur which only those permanently staying at the club attend. So suddenly and joyously do they develop, it is often wondered, "How did it happen?"

The one continual hopeful ambition and desideratum of the club is a gymnasium. The lot is already owned by the club. The committee in charge is untiring in its effort to interest the public and in devising ways and means by which to accumulate the necessary funds. Already a portion of the amount has been furnished by entertainments, and personal contributions of members and friends of the club.

It is the earnest wish to continue the interest in the gymnasium until it is an accomplished purpose, and it is only by making it a never ceasing and vital issue that the young women will have what they so intensely crave. May the gymnasium germ develop and broadly and unrestrainedly germinate in fallow fields.

In closing, may it be asked that if every one who is not a member, or if one is a member but does not closely see the club activities, the club spirit, inspiring club interest of the officers and many members, giving unstintingly of their time and energy, may one be urged to join if one is not a member; if a member, be active, be interested not passively but strenuously. The club has so many spheres of interest and viewpoints of life. Drop in occasionally, informally, to read a bit, knit a bit, chat a bit over a cup of tea.

Help to create the spirit of common commutes. The general secretary and house assistants always delight to have the rooms enjoyed to the limit.

The club owes its present popularity and foundation to those, who in the past have labored earnestly and with vigor for its formation and management.

There will always, we trust, be those to whom the responsibility may be confidently passed, for the continued and never ending success of the Friendly Club of Concord, New Hampshire.

PINEHOLM ON THE CONTOOCOOK

By Helen Rolfe Holmes

Just lay aside your busy cares, leave the noisy, dusty streets with the hustling of daily life and come with me to a delightful spot where we may be refreshed by rest and nature. We are going to visit Pineholm, the summer home of the Friendly Club.

Its situation is ideal and just far enough away from the city to find rest from our daily routine of life.

We can go there all the way by automobile, ending the ride at a point on the river road just opposite Pincholm. By calling, some one from the house will come over with a boat and take us across in a very few minutes. Or we can come from the city in electric cars to Contoocook River Park, and there take a motor boat up the river to Pincholm. Perhaps we will be for-

tunate enough to have some friend who will bring us up in a canoe.

The trip up the river is delightful. Dotted along its banks are many pretty cottages and bungalows. As we go farther along up the river, these lessen in number and the scenery becomes more attractive on either side and the river winds more. At last we come around quite a bend and here on our right, peeping out from the birches and pines, Pineholm greets us. Our first glimpse inspires us with a welcome and out of our boat we jump to the landing, and up the wooden steps, over the bank we go, to deposit our luggage. The house is but a few steps from the top of the bank.

We can never cease to be grateful to her through whom this lovely home came into our possession. Pineholm was formerly the summer home of Miss Mary C. Eastman, the first president of the Friendly Club. She had endeared herself to all the girls and the welfare and progress of the club were uppermost in her thoughts. We know now that she had long been planning that Pineholm should some day become ours. After she had been called from her earthly home, we found she had willed it to us. This was in 1914 and directly her father, Mr. Samuel C. Eastman, passed the deeds into our hands.

There are about twenty acres of land. The house faces a southerly exposure and the view of the river in front and the opposite shore form a picture that one can not tire of looking at. The birches in front of the house are just thick enough to give a seclusion, yet not enough to prevent the girls from looking out on the river to see all the passing of boats and getting a good view across the river. Each summer we have had a matron to preside over our home and we have been very fortunate in having such congenial ones who have done much to make us all feel at home, and to look out for our comfort so well.

The house is well built and is conveniently arranged. On the front we

have a broad open piazza the full length of the house. On one side we have a wire-screened porch, where we can have beds made up and sleep, breathing the exhilarating scent of the pines. We have a good sized table on this porch where we can eat when we wish and enjoy our meals with an outdoor relish. We sometimes hang hammocks in this porch. It is delightful to lie in a hammock here and perhaps read a book, but more likely lie and listen to the birds, the soft paddle sounds of the passing canoes, or the "chug-chug" of the motor boats as they announce their coming, long before they appear in sight.

We have a splendid large living room which bespeaks solid comfort



Pineholm Cottage

from every corner; reclining chairs, rockers, cozy seat, a large center table with books on it, a book case with magazines, a sewing machine, a rare and valuable Japanese cabinet, a Victrola and many bits of relics and bric-a-brac which Miss Eastman had gathered to make the room look like home. When evening comes and the dark creeps upon us so we must come indoors, it is like a family picture to see the girls sitting clustered about the open fireplace (if it is cool enough for a fire) some reading, some embroidery and others just relaxing in the reclining chairs.

Off from the living room is a good sized room which has a couch bed in it to use when needed. The sleeping rooms on second floor are all airy,

comfortable and neatly furnished. Our bedding is well cared for.

Our kitchen is well equipped. We have a range, fireless cooker and two small oil stoves. We have a built-in



Screened Porch

ice chest and a movable one. Our china and tin closets are filled with dishes, tins and cooking utensils for our convenience. Each girl is expected to take the best of care of all she uses, and to wash them and put away properly when done using them. The ice is provided by the club.

We can telephone grocery, meat and provision orders to a store below us on the river bank and they will deliver daily. Many of the girls bring a quantity of food from home if they prefer, rather than to buy from the store. Adjoining our property is a farm where we can buy milk and sometimes eggs and vegetables. We all enjoy the walk to the farmhouse to get our milk, just as the sun is going down, and we follow the banks of the river,—or perhaps we paddle up in a canoe.

In the warm summer evenings the girls enjoy canoeing or rowing. At present we have only one canoe, one skiff and one dory. The club is so large we need more to give more of the girls this pleasure. In berry time, we can go up through our pasture lot (as we call it) just beyond the grove and pick quantities of blueberries and blackberries.

Back of the house and close to it, is our woodshed, which is kept filled with

wood for our fireplace and range. Our house is lighted with electricity and we have a telephone. We have rural free delivery of mail and the Sunday papers are brought to our landing by motor boat, so we are not at a loss to know what goes on in the outside world.

On one side of the house and running a long way back of it, is a beautiful grove of tall, stately pines and other evergreens. At the top of the ridge are some younger pines and ash trees that Miss Eastman bought from the state and she herself set them out.

We have a tent which we put out in the grove near the river bank, so if any of the girls wish, they may make up beds in it. We often find shady nooks to hang the hammocks in out in the grove.

A ramble through this beautiful grove with its great strong pines keeping guard over the tangled vines and shrubs and beautiful wild flowers is a most fascinating pleasure. In June, the lady's slipper in dainty shade of pink peeps out from among her companions of green. Then July brings us the wild lily of the valley not as fragrant as her hothouse kin, but just as pretty, as she spreads modestly under the great pine trees.



The Boat Landing

When August comes, you will find our girls bringing in bunches of queer looking white flowers on white waxy-looking stems. These are called Indian pipes and can be kept

in water or earth indoors a long time. As September comes along, the beautiful ragged golden rod and purple frost flower (sometimes called wild aster) begin to bloom, their rich colors adding to the beauty of their background. Yet these flowers make us feel that the season is getting late and October is hurrying September away all too fast. If our club opened its summer home early in May I am sure we should find the fragrant trailing arbutus wandering through our woods, for we find many leaves of this plant. The bright red bunchberries with their pretty green leaves just cover like a carpet many parts of our grove. They are so pretty and they vie in brightness with the little red partridge-berry whose vine darts in and out of the pine needles.

I could go on telling you of the many other beautiful wild flowers we find hidden in our grove, but I must not forget the many kinds of birds who live in the trees and sing their choruses.

My favorite room is on the back of

the house where as I retire at night, I can hear the different birds softly calling their good-night notes to their mates. Then in the early morning I love to hear the bright cheery notes and songs as if to wake us all up. Then through the trees the glorious sunlight comes pouring in and the odor of the pines is so sweet. I am so glad to be awaking at Pineholm.

For diversion we have boating, swimming and walks through the woods and country about. Or, if we wish quiet, we can find it with naught to intrude upon our idle thoughts. We can sit down on the landing and watch the river as it lazily flows along. We can be as idle or as active as we wish.

Our matrons have carefully kept a register and this past summer the number of names reached fully six hundred. Every year it is growing in popularity and more girls in the club are realizing what a wonderful privilege it is to have such a lovely place to come to for a week end or vacation.

A PRAYER.

By E. P.

We've wandered on together far, dear heart,
Our lives untouched by railing discontent;
Thy love—not of thy life, a thing apart
My whole existence—willing recompense.

Now we are old, we soon must reach the goal
Which beckons ever as the hand of Fate;
The less'ning years will claim one weary soul,
While one devoted heart's left desolate!

God, let the final summons come for me,
While yet my earthly mate may with me stay
To hold me in his shelt'ring arms, till free,
And guide me toward the great unknown, I pray.

There, with our souls still wedded, I'll await
The glory of a reunited love;
And when the vexing chains of life shall break
My heaven then, a paradise will prove.

THE STONE FACE

Translated from Charles A. Koehler's Maerchenstrauß aus dem Weissen Gebirge

*By Ellen McRoberts Mason**

Between the bordering heights of the White Mountains, picturesquely arrayed along the banks of a river, lies the village of Franconia. Turning from it toward the south, a splendid panorama lies before one. Heaven-high, granite cliffs around whose heads a mysterious veil of cloud is almost continually floating, bound the horizon, and slope in hills surrounded with rustling woods, to the valley.

A well-kept carriage road leads, gradually ascending, to the base of one of the border mountains to which local speech has given the name "Baldhead."

If one does not mind the labor of the climb, he will be richly rewarded by the incomparable view which one enjoys from the summit. In the northeast stands the imposing Presidential Range, towering dim-outlined in blue haze in the distance; to the north, the mighty Starr King looms above his fellows; the Green Mountains bound the horizon on the west. But, all about, lie lovely landscapes in the valley, with a multitude of farmsteads, villages and towns, which, with their setting of green fields and luxuriant groves, form a delightful contrast to the glorious, deep blue of the heavens. Everything blends in a complete picture, full of harmony and compelling beauty that finds its culmination in an idyllic, narrow valley to the southward. This is formed by mighty mountains that with their wood-lined sides enclose,

at their base, a silver-shining lake as if it were a jewel.

Should one stroll along by the mysterious Echo Lake, whose rock walls fling back musical tones in pure, celestial accord like spirit voices, he comes to the entrance of the lovely Franconia Notch. Here one's eyes are astounded by an extraordinary image. From a wood-embowered lake that seems almost uncannily black, rises almost perpendicularly a high mountain from whose granite top a giant head with distinct, clean-cut, human features looks out. Turned southward, the almost awful face seems to cast its solemn yet tender gaze over the wide landscape.

Full many a traveler gazing wonderingly at the scene has longed to fathom its affinity with the baffling Stone Face and none could ever furnish an explanation. But an old hunter who had lived many, many years in the forests of this region, rehearsed for me the following tradition:

Long ago, the country was peopled with red men. The forests, which sheltered innumerable deer, the rivers and lakes that swarmed with finny tribes, the flowery meadows on which bustling bees gathered their sweet fare, supplied them with nourishment in abundance; and so lived these simple children of nature (for they did not know of other and wider needs) happy and care-free and harmonious here, and only seldom had their chiefs

* The principle of homeopathy caused the present writer to translate into English, this gruesome imagining of the origin of the "Old Man of the Mountain." Knowing of his threatened destruction, she re-read late at night, this little German tale, hoping for release from continually recurring memory-pictures of flames bursting from the roof of her home—destroying hoarded treasures, not alone of her personal collecting, but of several generations of her husband's family and her own family—destroying a valuable library and many valuable paintings, and withering the beautiful trees that embowered the place—one of the loveliest in lovely North Conway.

The "Old Man" is rejuvenated, they say: one may ponder the possibility of a new, modern house, new books, and stores of new "things" compensating for the destruction of the old possessions; may determine to assume the virtue of reconciledness—knowing there could be no reconciledness so long as woman loves home and the household gods (goods) sheltered by its walls!

—wise, experienced men—occasion to settle disputes between them.

One day, the chief who at the time of this history was their leader—a very old and venerable man with flowing, white locks—assembled his people around him, and he began and spoke:

"Rich and happy is this our land; the Great Spirit has blessed it with woods and waters, with animals and wild fowl so that clothing and food never fail us; peace and unity have continuously reigned among us; proud and brave are our young men; beautiful of face, and nimble as hinds, are our daughters, bloomed to our joy. With honor am I grown old among you. Now is the hour come that I must depart from you; my body has become weary and feeble, and the Great Spirit calls me from hence, to the eternal hunting grounds. Farewell all!"

"But yet take a word of caution, an admonition and warning from the departing one who has turned the leaves of the book of the past, and has a glimpse into the future.

"Be, and continue a united people. Be forbearing and forgiving among yourselves and never defile yourselves with crime or shameful deed. So long as you follow my precept, will, as hitherto, happiness and peace smile upon you. But if you burden yourselves with wrong-doing, so will harm and ruin come upon you and your downfall is sure. Then will another kind of men force into these valleys and drive you from them and destroy your race. If this, however—a dreadful thought to me—should come to pass, I will give a sign to you. My likeness will show forth before you, there above, upon that cliff, and prove to you that I have spoken truth and that the time of your downfall is come."

After a last farewell, their revered chief disappeared from the midst of his encircling folk, and was seen no more.

His colleagues took to heart the words of their wise chief and, mindful

of the warning given them, lived many years upright in conduct and in peaceableness, cherishing in the serene content of their existence, the happy lot that had become their part.

Now there were in the tribe, twin brothers; they were handsome and powerful in aspect, and mighty warriors and huntsmen. Since earliest infancy they had been united with ardent affection; one did for the other everything for love of him—divining only from each other's eyes; neither was to be seen without the other, pain and pleasure they shared with one another, and so it was not strange that their comrades believed them inseparable.

It came to pass that both the brothers were inflamed with violent love for the selfsame maid. But how could it be otherwise? Beautiful was the maiden as no other. Her slender, stately form delighted the eye, in all her movements a gracious charm expressed itself, her enchanting little face, framed in raven black locks, was a picture of loveliness itself, the dreamful, musing, glowing eyes heightened the winsome expression that played round her coral lips. No wonder that all the young men were to love inclined towards this bewitching creature.

And so had it befallen both brothers. Both strove for her favor, each one sought to win her love and, as his wife, to take her home. The maiden, who felt friendship for both, could make no choice; she was not able to decide in favor of either of the two brothers, and as neither the one nor the other was willing to withdraw, so it soon came to violent strife between them. They who before had lived so unitedly with one another, no longer looked in each other's faces. Rage and hate blazed in their eyes when they met, lonesome and alone they now roamed through the forest, where in lamentations and imprecations they gave vent to their distress.

But one day the brothers met on a shaded grass-plot that lay in the

midst of the deep forest, directly below the rock which the chief on his departure had pointed out to them. This little spot had been chosen by the maiden for her favorite retreat. Daily she passed some hours here in sweet solitude, absorbed in contemplation of beneficent nature and in prayers to the Great Spirit. Even today she had come, and with anguish and fright became aware of the approach of the hostile brothers. They glowered blackly into each other's face, as they suddenly stood opposite each other; the red of anger rose in their faces and baleful fire flashed from their eyes. A violent dispute began, each one seeking to force the other to relinquish his wooing of the maiden.

In vain! Ever hotter they raged against each other, and in a trice there was inflamed a frightful life and death struggle. With their battle axes they rushed upon each other, and with mighty blows each sought to destroy the other. Even at once, they had bloodily mangled each other and their arms were grown weary from swinging in amazing, lightning-like circles; and then one of them, spending the last of his strength, raised his axe, and with a prodigious blow cleaved the head of his antagonist; uttering a fearful curse, the mortally wounded Indian breathed his last; but his adversary also—spent to death—fell lifeless to the ground.

On the moment there came as it were groans of rancor, and howlings and moanings from the depths; in the air and in the woods, from the bowels of the mountain it roared, hollow and awful, like the roll of thunder—down sank the spot where the hideous fratricide had taken place, and a fathomless lake of black water

broke forth, pouring its gloomy flood over the place of the terrible deed.

The maiden, who had looked upon the combat with terror and despair, sank lifeless to earth—the grief and the fright had killed her. A blood-red flower grew there, where the sweet creature had breathed out her life. From that originated the red blossoms that here in the woods spring in so great number from the mossy ground.

But from the top of the mountain at whose foot lay the place of horror, there grew out—to the awe of the valley-dwellers—the sorrowful, earnest Stone Face, as one sees it today. The race that hitherto had lived so happily in the peaceful valleys understood now, with terror, that their time was come and that the prediction of the old chief was to be fulfilled.

They lost their serene carelessness; melancholy and discouragement entered their hearts. From that hour, peace fled from the wigwams; all the evil qualities of the tribe seemed to be roused, and quarrels, broils and conflict prevailed like an evil dispensation among them. In continual feuds among themselves, they destroyed each other, and—as their wise chief foretold—soon another kind of men pressed in, and drove out or destroyed all that were left of the race.

Only the purple-red blossoms and the Stone Face are reminders that here once happy children of nature have lived; these are reminders of the two inseparable brothers, of their hostility and terrible estrangement, of the lovely maid, and the combat that took place for sake of her; and “it is said,” so concluded the hunter, “that when one day the Stone Face disappears, then every trace of the red men who inhabit this continent will have disappeared.”



EARLY SETTLERS OF EAST NORTHWOOD

By J. M. Moses

Who are the nobles of the earth,
The true aristocrats,
Who need not bow their heads to lords,
Nor doff to kings their hats?
* * * * *
Who are they but the men of toil,
Who cleave the forest down,
And plant amid the wilderness
The hamlet and the town?

The above lines were written before these days of forest conservation, with their schemes for turning improved land back to forest by throwing forest taxes on the farms, and protecting wild animals to drive the farmers out. Forest clearing was the first condition of civilization. Agriculture must remain its foundation if New Hampshire civilization is to be permanent. Even our cities would decline if left isolated in the wilderness, unsupported, as they would be, by mineral or other local resources. Under present food prices farming may be getting more approval.

The state evidently means the Northwood Turnpike to be eternal, now that it has adopted it as a boulevard. Our beautiful hills and lakes we trust will continue to hold and attract a cultivated rural population, who will love their fields and pastures, and not be insensible to a sympathetic interest in the pioneers that made them, so far as they were made by man.

First, names and locations. Our first married settler was Moses Godfrey, who was employed to assist the Batchelders in starting the settlement. His first house was on Batchelder land. His wife was a sister to Davis Batchelder, and cousin to John and Increase. His farm lay between the factory and the east end of the Back Road, which was the first road. It was sixty rods wide, and extended about half a mile from the road down into the valley of Great Brook. His house was probably in that valley, as

a vote of March 18, 1783, directed the workers on the road to "go in and help Moses Godfrey plow down that hill that goes down to his house." He sold, about 1790, to Increase Batchelder.

His neighbor on the west was Daniel Hoitt, who is said to have built the fourth house. He had the Smyth, now Dame place, with land extending a mile southwestward. He acquired land on the north, as in many other parts of the town.

North of Godfrey, at or near the Ira B. Hoitt place, was William Wallace, as early as 1771. He removed to Pittsfield in 1799, selling to John Tenney of Rowley, Mass. His neighbors on the west were Green and Benjamin Morrill, who did not come till near 1790. Green was probably in the vicinity of Hoitt's Hall. Benjamin and family are buried on the Demeritt Hotel lot.

East of Godfrey, going down the main road to Nottingham line, the first settlers in order were John and Increase Batchelder, first settlers, west of the church, William Blake for about 1767-1780 on the corner east of the church, Abraham Batchelder by 1774 on the Edgerly farm, Davis Batchelder about 1770 next east, Benjamin Johnson, perhaps in 1768, on the Cate farm, then Jonathan Jenness and Nathaniel Garland about 1780. Garland sold the lot of the Furber mansion to Joshua Furber in 1782. Davis Batchelder removed to Bow Street a little before 1790, selling to his son Henry and to Benjamin Shaw, who came from North Hampton. William Blake came from Epsom, and removed to Barrington, selling to Increase Batchelder. Doctor Weir lived on that corner for many years, coming soon after 1790.

The Pillsbury Road was laid out July 2, 1773, and was called the "road

to Caswell's"; from Richard Caswell and sons, Elijah, Timothy, Joseph, Samuel, and probably Thomas, who settled for a time on the upper end of this road on both sides of Strafford line. Timothy and Joseph settled in Strafford; the former for life on the Boody farm, the latter on Blue Hill.

At the time the road was laid out the eastern side of the Pillsbury farm was occupied by Israel Hodgdon, from Dover, the west side by Richard Garland, and the land to the north by the Caswells. Nathaniel Twombly owned on the east side of the road from William Blake's to Strafford, and probably lived about halfway up the hill. About this time he sold the land opposite the Pillsbury farm to Stephen Rollins, from Candia. Hodgdon sold before December 17, 1790, to the Caswells, who then sold fifty acres to Rev. Edmund Pillsbury. Richard Garland left in 1782, having sold thirty-one acres to Joshua Furber, whose son Moses had them in 1797. The rest of the Caswell farm was sold in 1793 to Reuben Morrill of Salisbury, Mass., who lived there till 1821, then succeeded by Samuel Crockett.

Nathaniel Twombly died between 1778 and 1782, leaving a widow, mentioned in 1785, and perhaps a son Andrew, who was taxed in 1783. Most of that farm was bought by Solomon Buzzell in 1785. Stephen Rollins and wife Hannah sold in 1788 to Joseph Cate, in whose family that farm remained till recently.

The Mountain district was first settled in the region west of the Pond. Joshua Furber was there in 1767, having the lot south of the schoolhouse, and a blacksmith shop at the Curtiss Giles place in 1774. Jonathan Knowlton was on the Daniel Mason place in 1768, and his brother Thomas on the Harrison Knowlton place a little later. Daniel Sawyer was probably on the Morrison farm by this time, as he had it given him March 9, 1767, by his grandfather, the original proprietor, Daniel Sawyer

of Newbury, Mass. He sold to Robert Morrison in 1781. John Durgin lived near the late residence of Martin W. Hoitt, having bought that lot in 1772.

The leading man at the Mountain was Joseph Demeritt, Captain of the Parish in 1776, later Justice of the Peace. He had the Bennett farm, next Nottingham line, where his father had bought in 1767, and deeded to him in 1771. His son-in-law, Eliphalet Taylor, was probably with him in 1775, earlier and later of Lee, at East Northwood in 1790, in old age at the Mountain, where he was probably the "Old Mr. Taylor," that died March 5, 1828. "Old Mrs. Taylor" died April 18, 1837.

West of Demeritt settled John Chesley; west of him his brother-in-law, Richard Hull, both coming between 1785 and 1790. Joseph Shaw lived a little north of the schoolhouse in 1782 and onward. Jedediah Weeks settled north of him before 1794.

Now a little genealogy, which, if not very thrilling, will be worth the paper, as it is probably not in print anywhere else. Moses Godfrey's wife was Mary Batchelder. According to history he had only two children in his family in 1765. They are supposed to have been the James and Simon that petitioned from town in 1785. James married, October 25, 1781, Betty Caswell, and Simon, January 4, 1784, Hannah Caswell, all of Northwood. Simon married, February 23, 1786, Molly Evans of Barnstead. Moses and sons removed about 1790 to Vershire, Vt., where presumably their records may be found.

William Wallace, leading townsman, Revolutionary soldier, born about 1740, died in 1812, was son of William and Comfort (Cotton) Wallace, grandson of Samuel³ (William², George¹), all of Rye. His wife in 1771 and 1799 was Mary, said to have been a Brown. His children:

Comfort married, December 19, 1780, Joshua Atwood. Molly married,

July 18, 1784, William Knowlton, son of Jonathan; she died September 9, 1825, aged about 58. William, Jr., married, February 9, 1794, Betsey Drew of Northwood; removed to Orange County, Vt., where he married a Comstock. Sarah married, January 28, 1790, Joseph Morrill of Chichester. Anna married, January 5, 1792, as his second wife, Silas Burnham of West Nottingham, and went with him to Chelsea, Vt. Abigail married Josiah Sanborn of Hampton and Parsonsfield, Me. Betsey married Edmund Sanborn of Prospect, Me. John married, January 5, 1811, Phebe Rand; was of Barnstead in 1812, then the only son living in New Hampshire. See History of Sanbornton. There is said to have been a son Moses, who married Susan Lucas.

Green Morrill died July 31, 1832. (*N. H. Patriot.*) His poll tax was discontinued in 1825. As deeds show that he came from Salisbury, Mass., I conclude he was the Green Morrill born there November 13, 1754, son of Archelaus; this, although his gravestone says he died July 28, 1832, aged 81 years and two months. Probably he knew his age better than the inscriber of his gravestone. He married December 9, 1779, Nancy Carr, who died, if her gravestone got it right October 4, 1840, aged 81 years, 11 months and 6 days. They had sons, John and Benjamin, and probably an Archelaus, who was taxed here 1821-1826.

John Morrill married, March 23, 1826, Polly York of Northwood. He died October 1, 1836, aged 53 years. Archelaus married, December 25, 1822, Hannah Doe of Northwood. Benjamin married, January 12, 1812, Nancy Batchelder, daughter of Samuel of Northwood. Benjamin died April 21, 1879, aged 92 years, 5 months and 22 days. Nancy died November 4, 1864, aged 74 years and 8 months.

The graveyard back of the Demeritt Hotel has gravestones inscribed:

Benjamin Morrill died April 14,

1834, aged 79 years, 7 and $\frac{1}{2}$ months.

Love D., his wife died June 28, 1847, aged 82 years and 8 months. Samuel D. Morrill died September 2, 1853, aged 77 years and 9 months. Polly, his wife, died April 23, 1868, aged 90 years. Lydia, wife of Jacob Swain, and daughter of Samuel and Polly Morrill, died January 27, 1827, aged 29 years. Also graves of children of Levi and Almira Blaisdell.

Samuel Morrill had married Polly Johnson, both of Northwood, July 14, 1796.

Almira Y. Morrill married Levi Blaisdell of Dunstable August 3, 1826.

Reuben Morrill was born June 7, 1767, son of Abraham and Sarah (Joy) Morrill of Salisbury, Mass. He married, October 24, 1792, Betty Carr. Children: Nancy, born December 24, 1792; Abraham, November 4, 1794; Burnham, July 17, 1796; Hannah, February 9, 1798; Reuben, Jr., November 19, 1800; Betsey, August 25, 1802; Jemima, August 28, 1804.

William Blake was, by tradition, the first white boy born in Epsom. He was born about 1741, son of John and Jemima (Locke) Blake. His wife in 1762 and in 1780 was Sarah, daughter of John and Sarah (Dearborn) Taylor of Hampton. They had children, the first three born in Epsom: John, born June 20, 1762; Jemima, March 14, 1764; Molly, May 27, 1766; Abigail, March 12, 1768; Hannah, March 30, 1770; Elizabeth, May 12, 1772; Bathsheba, April 14, 1774; William, May 14, 1777; Simon, September 12, 1779. This Abigail married, August 6, 1787, Timothy Foss of Strafford.

Nathaniel Garland's wife was Susanna (Young), who died February 7, 1861, aged 101 years, 3 months and 19 days, according to her interesting gravestone, which adds that

She travelled a hundred years the moral road
Without her Savior and her God.
Then one short year of prayer and praise,
And she was called to end her days.

One wonders how long she would

have lived if she had kept on in the even tenor of her moral way.

Joshua Furber was son of Deacon Moses and wife Hannah Furber, and grandson of William and Sarah (Nute) Furber of Newington, this Sarah being daughter of James and Elizabeth (Heard) Nute. William was son of William², William¹.

The Caswells of Northwood and Strafford descend from Robert and Mary Kerswell of Star Island, who had children born there: Sarah, July 29, 1711; Robert, May 15, 1713; William, July 13, 1716; Richard, December 28, 1721; Mary, November 4, 1724. This Richard is believed to have been the same that had children, not named, baptized at Dover April 11, 1753, and was later of Strafford and Northwood. He married, July 12, 1795, a widow Meiabah Marshall, and removed with her to Barnstead. He was brought back here for burial.

He had sons: Elijah, born September 14, 1748, died in 1815; Timothy, born December 16, 1751, died February 1, 1827; Joseph, born November 9, 1753, died February 9, 1846; Samuel, who lived in Barnstead, where he died April 26, 1866, having reached the age of 108 years, according to a mention of his death in the *New York Herald*. Another son was probably a Thomas taxed in Northwood, 1790-1814, who lived adjoining the others near Strafford line.

Timothy Caswell married, March 24, 1776, Rose Tuttle, born at Dover November 14, 1754; died March 17, 1841. They lived in Strafford near Northwood, where no buildings are left now, only the graveyard. Their children were: Esther, married July 14, 1796, Daniel Hill of Barrington; Elizabeth, married a Chapman; Mary married Eleazar Watson of Northwood; Silas, unmarried; William, married Elizabeth Tasker and lived at Northwood Center on the Willard Caswell place; Sally, married a Caverly; John, born September 15, 1790, married Lois Durgin; Nancy, married

a Dame; Levi, married a Hall; Enoch B., married Joan Boody; Timothy.

Elijah and Joseph Caswell married sisters, daughters of Stephen and Phillis Evans of Dover. Elijah's wife was Sarah, born March 16, 1755; died in Northwood December 22, 1848. Their children: Joseph, married February 9, 1805, Susanna Hull; Enoch, married an Emerson; Robert, married a Greeley; Hannah, married a Cate; Elijah, married a Prescott; Sarah, married, August 4, 1808, Reuben Swain, son of Phinehas; Jonathan, married a Caswell; Betsey, married a Buzzell; Deborah; Mary, married a Shannon.

Joseph Caswell, Revolutionary soldier, married Lydia Evans, born in 1757; died July 14, 1850. They settled on Blue Hill; lived later near Bow Lake. They had children: Thomas (1801-1875), Israel, Isaac (of Northwood; died in 1862), Samuel, Olive, Huldah, John, Stephen (1789-1862, of Northwood), Edmund, Andrew and Anne.

Samuel Caswell of Barnstead had a large family, among them Enoch, who had a son Samuel; Nancy, married a Pierce; Lavinia, Sally.

Of the sons of Joseph, Thomas married Sally Evans; lived on the south side of Blue Hill; had sons: David, Dearborn, Clinton, Joseph Orrin, Edmund O., Charles C. Isaac married Lucy Witham, lived in Northwood; had children: William Andrus, Asa, Lydia M. Stephen married Lydia Starbird; lived in Northwood; had children: Mary Jane, Azariah, David, Samuel, Adaline, Eliza.

Of the sons of Timothy, William of Northwood Center had children: Hannah, Sidney, Nathaniel, Elizabeth, Timothy, Willard and Alfred. Enoch had children: John, Jane, Alonzo, Melissa, Mary F., Enoch I. and Henry I., whose son, Arthur H. Caswell of Manchester is the historian of this numerous family.

Joseph Cate's father, William, was son of William and Elizabeth (Sherburne) Cate, and grandson of Deacon

John and Joanna (Johnson) Cate, all of Greenland; facts recently discovered.

For the Demeritt, Taylor and Johnson families, and many others, see especially the Runnells Genealogy, also the new History of Durham, and those of Rye, Hampton and Salisbury, Mass.

Richard Hull was son of Richard and Patience Hull of Portsmouth, where he was baptized in St. John's Church September 21, 1740. He was in the last French war, in Lee in 1776, of Nottingham in 1786, of Northwood in 1790 and till his death August 28, 1832, at the age of 92 (*Patriot*). His wife was Hannah, sister of his neighbor, John Chesley. She died September 22, 1834, aged about 90.

They had six children. Sarah married Davis Batchelder, Jr., November 28, 1787. William married, May 6, 1790, Betsey Knowlton; lived first on the southern part of his father's farm; went to Gilmanton Iron Works. Lovey married, October 9, 1793, Lemuel Chesley of Lee, who died in Deerfield in 1855; she died in Northwood March 5, 1868, over 100 years old. See History of Durham.

Richard Hull, Jr., lived in Northham, where he is said to have married three times. Samuel married, January 27, 1803, Sally Burnham; lived in Northwood, where he died, June 3, 1856, aged 80. Susanna married Joseph Caswell.

Great is genealogy; but it would be a pity if these founders of our civilization should come to be valued chiefly as links in genealogical chains. They challenge our admiration for their intelligence and earnestness of character, which made them a religious and educational center for four towns.

In 1772 they built their house of worship, nineteen years before the town built one. In 1773 they organized the Baptist church, twenty-five years before any other. In 1774 they built their schoolhouse, eighteen years before the town built any. In 1775 seven of the eight minutemen

were from this end of the town, as in 1790, were five of the eight highest taxpayers, namely, Daniel Hoitt, Joseph Demeritt, Increase and John Batchelder and John Johnson, the other three being at the Ridge, Jonathan Clarke, Levi Mead and John Nealley.

The first schoolhouse stood on the rangeway, east of the Ira B. Hoitt place. In 1792 or 1793 the location was changed to the present one, the town paying Abraham Batchelder a pound and a half for "the privilege to set the lower schoolhouse upon." A new building was probably erected at this time.

The religious earnestness of the settlers at East Northwood was in contrast with the general sentiment of the town, which was orthodox in so far that nearly all preferred to support orthodox preaching if they must support any. Minister taxes were dropped during the Revolution, and it was hard getting them started after its close. Only eleven were excused from the town minister tax before the Revolution, namely, Moses Godfrey, John, Increase and Abraham Batchelder, Jonathan and Thomas Knowlton, John Durgin, Daniel Sawyer, Eliphalet Taylor, Caleb Clough and Nathaniel Morrill; the last two living at Jenness Pond. These were our pioneer Baptists. In 1800 eighty-six people were exempt from minister taxes, including every man at the Mountain and all but eight at East Northwood, while those who had minister taxes numbered only eighty-nine.

Mr. Pillsbury must have been a very good and effective pastor; but his influence with his fellow townsmen seems to have waned after 1790. There has been preserved among the papers of the Israel Huekins family of Strafford, bearing date August 29, 1794, a list of the members of his church, one hundred and five in number, only thirty-six of them living in Northwood. Among these thirty-six we do not find any of the men

that had started the church; though all of them that were living here signed the petition in 1797 for incorporating the Baptist Society. (*State Papers*, 13-99.) The petitioners were all Northwood men, forty-six in number, Mr. Pillsbury not among them. Incorporation was granted June 13, 1798. Mr. Pillsbury's pastorate is said to have ended that year.

The records of the present church go back less than one hundred years, having nothing of Mr. Pillsbury's time. From this and other circumstances I gather that the first church went to pieces in the doctrinal dissensions of the early part of the last century. Free Will Baptist churches sprang up on all sides. There is tra-

dition of a Christian Baptist church, or meetings, at Jenness Pond. The conservative remnant at East Northwood effected a new organization under the name of the Calvin Baptist Church.

The list of members is of interest as probably the only record now, to be found of our first church. As I have rearranged the names, the first thirty-six were probably Northwood people, the next twenty-five, beginning with William Welch, mostly of Nottingham, the last forty-four, beginning with Israel Huckins, probably of Barrington, which then included Strafford.

Members of the Baptist Church of Northwood August 29, 1794.

Rev. Edmund Pillsbury	Molly Knowles	Sarah Foss
James Pillsbury	Polly Knowles	Sarah Foss
William Wallace	Lydia Knowles	Sarah Foss
Benjamin Morrill	William Hull	Elijah Tuttle
Lovey Morrill	Benjamin Kelley	Elijah Tuttle Jr.
Jeremiah Morrill	Jonathan Cauley	Lydia Tuttle
Davis Batchelder	Thomas Rollins	Esther Tuttle
Davis Batchelder Jr.	Moses Johnson	Richard Critchett
Sarah Batchelder	Charity Johnson	Molly Critchett
Sarah Batchelder	Sarah Allen	John Garland
Sarah Batchelder	William Welch	Hannah Garland
Sarah Jenness	Susanna Marsh	Mary Buzzell
Abigail Shaw	Joanna Davis	Phebe Buzzell
Joseph Cate	Richard Garland	George Seward Jr.
David Knowlton	Lydia Garland	Mary Seward
Ruth Knowlton	Margaret Bracey	Jeremiah Berry
Drusilla Knowlton	Lois Meservey	Sarah Caverno
John Knight	Abigail Durgin	William McDaniels
Benjamin Stokes Jr.	Hannah Runnells	Ephraim Daniels
Hannah Stokes	Margaret Norris	Anna Daniels
Richard Hull	Lois Brown	Aaron Hayes Jr.
Hannah Hull	Sarah Twombly	William Tasker
Joshua Drew	Peggy Butler	Hannah Tasker
Lydia Weeks	Zaccheus Sawyer	Comfort Tasker
Simeon Knowles	Israel Spencer	Benjamin Evans
Mary Knowles	Gideon Mathes	Betty Parsley
		Mehetabel Stiles

SUNSHINE—AFTER 'WHILE.

By Alida M. True

What if heavy clouds hang low,
Honey chile', don' cry!
Sun still shines behin' dat cloud,
Peep out by and by.
Too bright light ain' good for sight—
Blinds us—honey chile'.
We'd better count our blessings till
The sun shines after-while.

TOM'S ADVENTURE

By Lucy H. Heath

"All the cattle in the neighborhood have come home, Grandma," exclaimed Tom Saltus, as he rushed into the house with a flushed face and threw himself down on the freshly sanded floor at her feet and laid his head against her knee.

"So early as this," replied Grandma. "What can be the trouble?" and the garment she was mending slipped from her lap to the floor while her hands rested lovingly on Tom's head as though she would protect him from harm.

"Mr. Ambrose thinks they must have fled from the Indians for they acted scared and wanted to go right into the barns. Everybody is frightened and they are all talking about what to do. Mrs. Ambrose thinks we had all better stay in the garrison house tonight and she wants to know what you think about it."

"Surely if there is any danger of an attack from the Indians we had better stay in the garrison," replied Grandma. "I have been through one Indian massacre, and I never want to see another," and Grandma shivered as she looked out across the garden at the rough headstones which marked the resting place of her only son and his wife.

"When was that Grandma?" asked Tom springing excitedly to his feet.

"It was when you were a baby, Tom, and I ran with you and hid, but I broke my hip and have always been lame, and the awful fright turned my hair white."

"O," said Tom, "is that what makes you lame? Why did you not tell me about it before?"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Saltus," interrupted a pleasant voice. "What do you think about the cattle's coming home so early?"

"How you startled me, Mrs. Ambrose," replied Grandma, "I did not

see or hear you coming. I think the cattle must have seen something to frighten them, from what Tom says."

"They wouldn't have been in such a hurry to go into the barns this nice summer day," replied Mrs. Ambrose, "if they hadn't, I am sure."

"But John thinks we needn't be frightened. He says they may have seen Indians, for parts of tribes often wander through the woods for plunder. They are afraid of firearms, and he says they probably know that we have a military company at the village."

"One never knows what they will do," replied Grandma. "They have attacked a great many settlements this year."

"I know they have," responded Mrs. Ambrose. "What could we do if they should attack us?"

"I don't know," replied Grandma. "It is dreadful to imagine. Hark! Isn't that thunder?"

"Yes," exclaimed Tom. "There is going to be a shower. The clouds are awful black in the west."

"Perhaps that was what sent the cattle home," said Mrs. Ambrose. "John thinks they know when it is going to shower. I must go before it rains," and the pretty little woman hurried down the road towards her home, which John Ambrose had built and furnished with great care, and only one year ago had brought her there a bride.

The shower burst and it continued to rain until after dark. Therefore the people living on the outskirts of that small New England town gave up all thought of going to the garrison: but it was later than usual when they sought repose in their homes for another night.

Grandma Saltus sat by an open window, watching and listening for any unusual sight or sound until the

silence became so oppressive that it was almost unendurable. Shortly before daybreak, the murmur of the river, and the hum of pine needles became drowsy music and she slept; but in a short time was awakened by the warwhoop.

The men rushed out and fought desperately for their homes and families; while the women and children sought refuge in the garrison house. There were mothers, with babies in their arms, and children clinging to their skirts; groups of boys and girls, their eyes wide with fear, and their bare feet keeping no manner of time as they quickened their pace to a run.

When the warwhoop sounded, Tom Saltus was on his feet in an instant; but bewildered by the glare of light, he hardly knew at first whether he was awake or dreaming. He soon realized the awful truth, however, and hastily dressing went to his grandmother's room.

She met him at the door. Her face was grave and serious, and had the look of a warrior saint as she said in a firm voice, "Tom, can't you run down to the village and ask Captain Spinney to come and help us?"

"Yes," replied Tom, "but you must not stay here, Grandma, and you are too lame to go to the garrison. I'll help you over to the cornfield and you can hide there."

"I'll be safer here than I will in the corn," replied Grandma.

"I'm afraid they will burn the house and then what could you do?" In Tom's voice there was a strange mixture of tears and love, and his deep set gray eyes were black with strong emotion, as he looked up into the face of the dearest object in his world. Her eyes caught the look and shone back with a tender light, and without another word she rested one hand on his shoulder, while with the other she grasped her cane and together they went out and hurried across to the cornfield.

When the tall stalks of corn screened

them from view, she sank upon the ground saying, "Now run for help and I'll creep as far away from this fiendish noise as I can."

Tom looked at her with pitying eyes and for a moment hesitated.

"Go!" she cried with a wave of her hand, and he obeyed, looking over his shoulder to say: "I'll come back as soon as I can."

The corn grew rank and tall and covered his flight. On he sped, faster and faster; the yells of the Indians and the light of burning buildings spurred him on, nor did he slacken his pace until he reached Captain Spinney's dwelling a mile away.

Captain Spinney, being an early riser, was standing at the door of his mill when he saw a boy with a white, scared face running towards him.

"The Indians! the Indians!" cried Tom as soon as he was near enough to be heard. "They are killing them, and burning the buildings."

"The red devils!" exclaimed Captain Spinney. "We saw about fifty of them going up the river in their canoes day before yesterday, but had no idea that they meant mischief. We'll soon rout them; a taste of powder will teach them a lesson."

Captain Spinney was six feet and a half in height, with broad, square shoulders, a man of might, and a giant in strength and in a short time he was marching his soldiers towards the scene of action.

Tom remembered his promise to Grandma and as soon as he had given the alarm, started for home. But just as he reached the cornfield and felt that he was out of sight, therefore safe from the Indians, he heard a low growl, the protest of a savage, and was seized by a hideously painted and feathered warrior, tomahawk in hand, and marched off into the woods. With another savage growl the big brave stood him up against a tree; then he said something in quick, excited tones to the Indians who were keeping guard over several other prisoners, and started in the direction

of the settlement. A little later he returned followed by others; noiselessly they came, one by one, and some of them had bloody scalps hanging from their belts. Tom espied one with long white hair like his grandmother's. A deadly fear clutched his heart. Could they have found her?

The warriors talked together for a few minutes, then marched the captives off through the woods, with the long, gliding lope of the forest bred. Tom had to run to keep up with them. He ventured once to look back. His captor was close behind him; and his fierce, fell eyes, like those of a beast of prey, were fastened on Tom, which made him feel as though he were doomed.

When they had travelled about four miles they stopped on the brow of a hill to eat their breakfast. Tom was glad of an opportunity to rest, and he wondered where Captain Spinney was, and if his grandmother was still alive. He felt almost sure that the white hair was hers. He could not keep his eyes away from it. Once when the warrior passed near him, he smoothed it with his hand and it was fine and silky like hers. Tom was seated where he could look across the stretch of field and forest, which they had just traversed, and he wondered if he could slip away unnoticed and find his way home; but every time he moved, the wary eyes of his captor were upon him. Presently he thought he saw something moving among the trees. Could it be possible that Captain Spinney was coming? Yes, he was sure it was the soldiers for he could see their guns. Nearer and nearer they came. Tom almost held his breath for he was afraid the savages would see them. But they had placed their captives in a position to receive the first effects of a discharge of guns should they be attacked by the soldiers; therefore they did not think it necessary to watch. But Captain Spinney did the unexpected. With his soldiers

he rushed upon them, seized the captives and retook the plunder; but the savages escaped. They hid themselves in the swamp until night and then went away in their canoes.

"Tom, what makes you look so solemn?" said Captain Spinney. "I should think you were going into captivity instead of going home."

"Have I got a home now, captain? Did you see my grandmother?"

The captain looked down at the white face of the boy with pitying eyes and replied, "No, Tom, I did not see her. I did not stop to see anyone; but followed as best I could the way I thought the Indians had taken, for there was not a red man in sight when we reached the plains. Evidently they knew you had given the alarm. But I saw their hellish work, and I wanted to give them a taste of powder. But they outwitted me by placing the prisoners in the front ranks."

It was an awful scene which met Tom's eyes when he reached the settlement. His home was smouldering in ashes. Nearly half of the houses were burned to the ground and the dead and dying were being cared for in the garrison house.

Tom glanced around. His grandmother was not there, but Mrs. Ambrose was. Quickly he sought her and asked, "Have you seen Grandma, Mrs. Ambrose?"

"No, Tom, I have not seen her," replied Mrs. Ambrose. "I thought both of you must have been burned in the house. Were you one of the captives? and—"

Tom waited to hear no more, but started on the run for the cornfield. It was barely possible that she was there. He had no trouble in finding the place where he had left her and saw where she had crawled along to get farther away from the fiendish noise, as she called it. He followed the trail and on the farther side of the cornfield he found her, sitting with her head in her hands. She was praying and Tom heard her say be-

tween her sobs, "O Father spare my boy. He is all I have," and throwing his arms around her said, "Here I am, Grandma." Then he burst into tears and they wept for joy in each others' arms.

THE MOUNTAIN*

By Stewart Everett Rowe.

On Learning's lofty height
We stand within our might
 Firm and secure.
Upon that topmost ground
We proudly gaze around
While countless gifts abound
 For us so pure.

So pure for us and sweet,
For there beneath our feet,
 The world it lies.
We scan the books and then
We glimpse the darkest glen,
The Whither, Whence and When
 No more defies.

We may be poor in pence,
But rich in Learning's sense,
 Forevermore.
The climb is free for all
If we will heed the call,
And will not mind the wall
 That seems to soar.

Because it only "seems,"
For yonder are the dreams
 All sure to be;
If we will cease to mope,
If we will cease to grope,
If we will climb and hope,
 Yes, you and me.

So let us hope and fight
To stand upon the height
 Of Learning grand.
For books,—they rule and reign,
In gladness and in pain,
In losses and in gain,
 They guide the land.

* (This poem was sung to the tune of "America" at the Linder Library Banquet—having been written for that occasion—held in Otis Hall, West Barnstable, Mass., February 28, 1913.)

HIRAM'S SUCCESS

A New England Legend

By Frank A. Aiken

As you probably all know, Dartmouth College started as a medical school and for a number of years the study of medicine and kindred subjects made up the principal part of its courses. The members of the first class to be organized in order to gain practical knowledge which would fit them for practicing physicians were much in need of a human skeleton. In those days there were only a few crude pictures and diagrams in their books, and to learn their profession a genuine skeleton was almost a necessity. This story does not tell how these struggling students solved this gruesome problem but if any one wants to know I presume it may be on record how they obtained their first skeleton. I have heard that they at last got one by fair and honorable means, but let us leave this class of college students as they are racking their brains over the subject and take our next scene some fifteen miles from Hanover and across the line into Vermont.

It is the fall of the year and there is to be a party at Eben Johnson's the following Friday night. Hiram Bussell has asked Priscilla Pierce to accompany him to the party, and she would have accepted but Hiram, although honest and industrious, is not one of whom much is expected. His father is a common laborer who works for the neighboring farmers. Hiram is one of a large family, and, with what little he can earn, he helps in the support of his brothers and sisters. Hiram has great hopes, however, that Priscilla will favor him although she is the daughter of one of the more influential farmers. Hiram has been counting on this party very much, and looks very downcast when she tells him she cannot accom-

pany him. She notices his sad look, and, as a hint to show him how he might be more acceptable, she guardedly compares him to Jim Wincum. Jim has better clothes, better manners, and best of all he has a horse and buggy. She expects to go to the party with Jim. Hiram grabs at the last straw. If he could get a nice horse and buggy would she not let him take her home from the party? There were no livery stables within practical distances and all the teams in the countryside would be used by their owners that night in getting their families to and from the party; besides, Jim Wincum had almost the only nice rig in the community. Jim's popularity depended upon it, as he had no real sterling qualities, but Priscilla expected to go to the party with Jim. She promised Hiram, however, that if he could only get a horse and buggy he might take her home after the party. He knew it would be impossible, but there was no use saying so until he had tried.

He planned and searched but there was no chance for him to have a horse and buggy for Friday night, so he goes to the party alone and discouraged. He is late and from the shelter of the hallway looks into the rooms filled with jolly people. Priscilla and Jim seem to be one of the popular couples. He clenches his fists and shuts his mouth tightly. He is so jealous he cannot stay. When he is outside he begins to walk slowly up the road. It is quite chilly. The moon is covered by fleeting clouds yet there is still enough light to distinguish objects at some distance, only, when, at intervals, denser clouds nearly obscure the moonlight. Hiram has nearly reached the top of the low hill, where, on one side of the road, is

the cemetery. He changes his thoughts from Priscilla and Jim to one Jonathan Brown who has died a few days before and who is buried in this graveyard which he is now approaching. Jonathan Brown was a middle aged man of fine stature, a very good friend of Hiram's; in fact, Hiram had had a confidential talk with him only shortly before Mr. Brown's death. They talked of Priscilla, and Mr. Brown, who had never married, confided to Hiram the reason. It was Priscilla's mother who would not notice him, but had chosen the dashing young fellow named Pierce.

Hiram, coming nearer the graveyard looks up, and as the moon shines out for an instant he notices the hemlock tree, beside the road in front of the graveyard. Its long thick branches, shutting out the moonlight from beneath it, makes it a very ghostly sight. Looking closer it startles him to see that a team is tied under the tree and at the same time he hears the quick grating of shovels. A stream of light from the moon also shows him a dark object leaned against the wall. He thinks quickly and advances noiselessly. He hesitates and is nervous but an instant thought of Priscilla gives him courage and he advances. The dark object is a corpse. Carefully he lifts it and lets it down on the other side of the wall. He then places himself in the same position it had been. Presently, two men go to the small hearse-house in the corner of the yard and return the long-handled shovels to their place beneath it and then come toward the hemlock tree. The one who first starts to lift the supposed corpse jumps back with horror gasping,

"He's warm!"

"I'll warm you," it threatens, and lo! the two men run for their lives.

Hiram collapses for an instant but when he gets back his strength he unties the horse and, getting into the nice buggy, drives back to Johnson's where the party is almost ready to break up. He quickly gets to Priscilla's side and in a low voice announces that he has a nice rig waiting for her. She is incredulous but she keeps her promise and they are soon started toward her home. She is anxious to learn how he secured such a nice outfit. He refuses to tell but promises to explain all about it if she will let him call on her some night the following week. As he leaves her she gives her consent for him to call. This gladdens poor Hiram's heart, otherwise his work for the rest of the night would have been unbearable.

He first drives to the graveyard and, getting a shovel from beneath the hearse-house, reopens the fresh grave and buries with care and reverence the remains of his friend, Jonathan Brown. I think we will pardon him if he did not dig deep enough to return the corpse to the coffin.

He suspects where the team belongs and by driving until nearly daylight he reaches the village where the team might have come from. He ties it in front of a house and carefully blankets the horse then starts on foot for his home.

He has had quite exciting times for a country boy, and takes quite a lot of rest in the next day or two. On Tuesday night he gets up courage to call on Priscilla. She welcomes him graciously, for, Jonathan Brown, by his will, has left his farm to Hiram.



THE PROBLEM OF THE PROVINCIAL STAGE

By Edward J. Parshley

One of the problems that must be solved by those who are working for the regeneration of the stage in America is that of properly meeting the demands of lovers of the drama in the smaller cities out on the road. Admittedly, I am writing from the viewpoint of one who has to get most of his theatrical entertainment from the provincial stage, but as the great majority of the playgoers of the United States are in the same predicament it can hardly be said that I am taking a narrow view. Rather will this charge lie against those whose sole concern is for the metropolitan playhouse.

Whatever hopeful signs of the times may be described by the observer in the big city, few of them have yet appeared above the horizon in the rural districts. Time was when we dwellers in the small cities saw with reasonable frequency a great deal of the best that the American stage had to offer. Without leaving the confines of the little municipality where I have my home, I have enjoyed performances by such celebrities as Edith Wynne Matthison, Viola Allen, John Drew, Robert Mantell, James A. Herne, William H. Crane, John Mason, Ethel Barrymore, William Collier, Robert Edeson, Henrietta Crosman, Wilton Lackaye, Lawrence D'Orsay, E. M. Holland, Guy Bates Post, Arnold Daly and others to the number of a score or two. More than this, in the good old days, it was the custom to send out excellent "second companies," giving the people living far from the big centers of population a chance to see the better plays before they had become identified with ancient history. Then, the small city theater was an institution of some importance and the theatrical season, in a modest way, meant just as much

to the one night stands as it did to New York, Boston, Chicago or Philadelphia.

In those days, a theater in a small city was a paying investment. It gave its owner a good income and helped materially to swell the profits of player and producer. That in more recent years, it has been an elephant on its owner's hands and a "dead one" from the producer's standpoint is wholly due to the latter gentleman's penny wise and pound foolish policy. Just what happened, I am in no position to know with certainty but the unavoidable inference is that some one acquired control of the booking offices who had the idea that that part of the country beyond the limits of greater New York was peopled by a strange, uncultured race known as "Rubes" and that anything would go on the road. The good actors either stopped coming or came so seldom that we had to be faithful readers of the dramatic departments of the magazines to remember their names. There were "shows," of course, but ninety-five per cent. of them were so bad that it was almost an insult to your friend's intelligence to ask him to go to the theater with you. Even those producers whose names we had been accustomed to accept as a guarantee of quality seemed to go crazy and a good many of the companies they tried to foist upon the road would pretty nearly stand as models for what a theatrical troupe should not be.

As a natural consequence, business "on the road" went all to the bad. People refused to go to the theater as a matter of principle. Once "stung," they were three times shy and the lack of confidence in advance promises became so complete that it was hard to convince them, when a

well known star was advertised to appear, that he would appear in actual fact.

In all this may be found the reason for much of the popularity of the moving picture. The picture show might or might not be good, but if it wasn't its patron had lost little money in finding it out and if it was he had been given something for very little more than nothing. The picture house might have drawn crowds in any event but it would not have put the "legitimate" theater practically out of business if the latter had been given a square show.

The plain fact seems to be that the theatrical business fell into the hands of men who believed that people on the provincial circuits could be fooled into paying a dollar and a half for a fifty cent show and it took them a long time to learn that the bunco steerer finds his victims only on Broadway. When those responsible for this policy discovered their mistake or gave place to persons with more knowledge of the situation there was about as much life in the theatrical game as in the mummy of Rameses II, so far as the road was concerned.

It is evident that if there is to be a real American dramatic literature

interpreted by capable American players it must have the support of the whole country. New York and the eight or ten other cities of the first class cannot or will not maintain such an institution unaided. Naturally, the producing houses will have their offices in the big cities but they must be in control of men who know something about the rest of the country, men whose vision extends beyond the Tenderloin.

There is no dodging the fact that it will be a hard task to restore its old time prestige to the small city theater, but the task is not impossible of accomplishment. If the towns on the road are given good plays with good companies they will patronize them—only they must be convinced that they will get what they pay for. Every good show helps the next one; but a bad show, every time, ruins the business of the good one that follows it. There may be a public in the big town for the play with little or no merit, but there is no such public in the towns listed among the one night stands. If the men who send out the shows will get this idea into their heads, their attractions on tour will return much larger dividends and the theatrical business generally will know fewer panic years.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

By Anabel C. Andrews

Think you the man is happiest who labors not?
Which prize you most, the good you earned, or found?
I tell you, friends, the man who earned his plot
Of ground, and little home, doth more abound
In truest dignity, and honest worth
Than he whose home is his by any right of birth.
The smallest, humblest work that any man can do—
If done as in the sight of God and man—
Will evil thoughts, and passions dark subdue;
And lift him nearer heaven. In God's plan
He made no place for sloth, or indolence;
And he who labors, lives his life in truest sense.

ROCK RIMMON IN WINTER.

By Carl Burell

Like an Ancient Matron,—
Our Saint and Patron,
With a white mantilla over her head,
Gracefully crowning
Her crags so frowning,
Brooding over her nameless dead.

Over the city
Her wordless ditty,
Midnight or noon tide—sunshine or drear,
For ever silent
Yet never silent
Reaches the poet's and prophet's ear.

For ever calling
In terms appalling,
Warning or comfort, as the case may be;
“Lo, the Great Manitou
Calls in Love unto you—
Come back, my children, come back to me.”

“From sin you borrow
But grief and sorrow,
Stop while you may and then sin no more;
Like winter's winds sighing
Nature's God is e'er crying
Come back to me children, come back I implore.”

“In sin e'er begotten
You all have forgotten
The God of your fathers and His holy ways.
E'er standing before you,
In Love's name I implore you
Come back, come back to the Ancient of Days!”

'BOUT TEN O'CLOCK

By Frances M. Pray

Come now, chile, git down from off thar,
Yo' ain't hungry. Guess I know.
Yas, I'se watchin'. No tricks now, boy.
Not one mouthful. Come now, go!

Coas dey smell good. Doan dey always?
Yo' might jus' as well git down.
I cayn't 'ford ter feed yo' spice cake.
Dinner time 'l soon come roun'.

Yo' sho got de mos' insistence.
Wal now, tak it an' git out.
Of all hungry boys I know 'bout,
Yo's de wors' one, ain't no doubt.

MEDITATION

By Mary Alice Dwyre

Some day I'll launch my snow-white barge,
 And go across that unknown sea,
 Across the waves of crystal white,
 And to the land that is to be.

I'll leave behind the friends I know,
 And all that my heart holds most dear;
 But 'tis the journey that all must take,
 So why be there room for fear?

And whether I pass at the height of day,
 At morning or set of sun,
 It's the same alway, and I'll get my reward
 For the good that I have done.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM

Ex-U. S. Senator Henry Eben Burnham, Manchester's most distinguished citizen, died at his home on North Elm Street in that city, February 18, 1917.

Senator Burnham was a native of Dunbarton, son of Henry L. and Marice A. Burnham, born November 8, 1844. He graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1865, studied law, was admitted to the bar in April, 1868, and immediately commenced practice in Manchester, where he continued, with success. An active Republican, he served as county treasurer, representative, ballot law commissioner, delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1889, judge of probate for Hillsborough County, and was elected United States Senator, to succeed William E. Chandler, by the legislature of 1901, was reelected in 1907, completing a service of twelve years in 1913, only exceeded in the history of the state by John P. Hale, William E. Chandler and Jacob H. Gallinger.

He was prominent in Masonry and Odd Fellowship, had been commander of the Amoskeag Veterans, a member of the Manchester School Board, president of the Mechanics Savings Bank, director of the Second National Bank and of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company.

Senator Burnham married, October 22, 1874, Elizabeth H. Patterson of Manchester, who survives, with three married daughters. An extended sketch of the deceased appeared as the leading article in the GRANITE MONTHLY for December, 1913.

EDWARD T. FAIRCHILD

Edward T. Fairchild, president of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, at Durham, a native of Doylestown, Ohio, and educated at Ohio

Wesleyan and Wooster Universities in that state, died at his home in Durham, after a long illness, January 23, aged sixty-three years.

President Fairchild had been an educator all his life. He taught some years in Ohio, but removed to Kansas in 1885, where he was superintendent of schools in Ellsworth, state superintendent of public instruction, and regent of the Kansas Agricultural College. In 1912, just before his selection as president of the college at Durham, he was chosen president of the National Educational Association.

While connected with the College he rendered most valuable and devoted service, as evidenced by the remarkable growth of the institution, the attendance having doubled in the four years' time, and the standing of the college gained in full proportion. In his death the cause of education in New Hampshire suffers a loss not easily repaired.

He leaves a wife, two sons and two daughters.

GEN. DANIEL C. REMICH

Daniel Clark Remich, born in Hardwick, Vt., January 15, 1852, son of Samuel R. and Sophia (Cushman) Remick, died at Littleton, January 28, 1917.

General Remich, whose military title came from service as Judge Advocate General, on the staff of Gov. John McLane, graduated from the Law Department of the University of Michigan in 1878, and located in practice that year in Colebrook, as a member of the firm of Dudley & Remich. Four years later he removed to Littleton, where he was associated with the late Hon. George A. Brigham and his brother-in-law, Edgar Aldrich, now U. S. District Judge, in the firm of Brigham, Aldrich & Remich. Upon the retirement of the senior partner, the firm of

Aldrich & Remich continued until 1889, when Mr. Aldrich became Judge of the U. S. District Court. He was then for a short time associated with his brother, James W. Remick, later of the N. H. Supreme Court, but soon retired from practice to pursue other interests.

General Remich was a Republican in politics, but became an ardent Progressive, and in 1912 supported the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for President. He was also, for many years, a zealous Prohibitionist, as well as an advocate of woman suffrage. He had served in both branches of the legislature, and took a deep interest in public affairs, local and state.

He first married Belle Loverin of Colebrook in 1879. She died in 1895, and in the following year he married Mrs. Elizabeth K. Jackson, daughter of Benjamin W. Kilburn and widow of William Jackson, Jr., whose death preceded his by a little more than a year.

HON. CYRUS A. SULLOWAY

Hon. Cyrus Adams Sulloway, better known as the "Tall Pine of the Merrimack," on account of his gigantic physical stature, died in Washington, D. C., March 10, 1917, from pneumonia.

Mr. Sulloway was born in Grafton, N. H., June 8, 1839, was educated in the public schools and New London Academy, studied law with Pike & Barnard at Franklin, was admitted to the bar in 1863, located in practice in Manchester the next year and there continued. He was more of an advocate than lawyer, was endowed with remarkable power of invective, and as a Republican campaign speaker was in great demand, though he broke away from that party for a time, joined the Greenbackers, and later supported Grover Cleveland for the presidency, against James G. Blaine. He returned to the party fold in season to have been eleven times elected to Congress before his death, missing only the 1912 election since 1894, and having previously served four terms in the state legislature.

Mr. Sulloway had been twice married, the last time to a Salvation Army "lassie" with whom he lived but a short time. He leaves one daughter, by his first wife, Miss H. Belle Sulloway of Manchester.

HORACE N. COLBATH

Horace N. Colbath, a leading citizen and prominent Democrat of Barnstead, died January 25, on the farm where he was born, October 13, 1834.

He was the son of George and Ann (Nutter) Colbath, and followed the pursuit of agriculture all his life, but also did a large amount of probate business. He was a ready writer, a forcible speaker, and held many town offices, serving as representative, and delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902. He was for many years clerk and deacon of the

Congregational Church, was a Mason, and the first Master of Barnstead Grange. He was also one of the organizers of the Barnstead Mutual Fire Insurance Company and was clerk and director of the same for twenty-nine years.

In 1860 he married Lucinda I. Nutter, who died in 1906. One daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Morrison, survives,

DR. GEORGE C. BLAISDELL

George C. Blaisdell, M. D., born in Goffstown, November 23, 1844, son of Stephen and Amanda (Marshall) Blaisdell, died at Contoocook, February 5, 1917.

He was educated in the public schools and Harvard University Medical School, from which he graduated in 1867, and soon after settled at Contoocook, where he remained, establishing a wide and successful practice. He had served many years as surgeon for the B. & M. R. R. in Contoocook and vicinity. He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society.

He is survived by two brothers, Edwin A. Blaisdell, who has served as town clerk in Goffstown for many years, and Dr. Frank Blaisdell, also of Goffstown.

OSCAR A. BEVERSTOCK

Oscar Albert Beverstock, born in Sullivan, October 20, 1874, died at his mother's home in Keene, January 23, 1917.

He was the son of Oscar D. and Sarah (Nims) Beverstock, and graduated from the Keene High School as valedictorian in 1892, and from Amherst College, with Phi Beta Kappa rank, in 1896. He taught some time in Connecticut, and was head-master of the Carteret School at Orange, N. J., from 1906 until 1916, when he retired on account of ill health.

He was a member of the Court Street Congregational Church in Keene, the New England Society of Orange, N. J., the Civics Club and the Schoolmaster's Association of New York. He traveled extensively during vacation periods, having visited European countries three times in the past few years.

He leaves a widow, who was Miss Elizabeth Montgomery of Washington, Pa.; a mother, Mrs. Sarah E. Beverstock, and four brothers.

REV. EDWARD S. FLETCHER

Edward S. Fletcher, son of Stillman and Pamelia (Spencer) Fletcher, born in Newport, December 21, 1842, died in that town, March 3, 1917.

Mr. Fletcher was educated at Colby Academy, New London, and was for a long time engaged in religious work in Boston, having been for eight years associate pastor with Rev. R. G. Seymour of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, and, later, serving the Harvard Street Church in the same capacity. About fifteen years ago he returned to the old homestead in Newport, and was actively

associated with the Baptist Church of that town, serving several years as superintendent of the Sunday School.

- He leaves a wife, who was Miss Laura T. Wilber, and one son; also two sisters and three brothers.

DR. ALBERT C. LANE

Albert C. Lane, M. D., born in Chichester, N. H., November 20, 1851, died in the Massachusetts General Hospital, February 1, 1917.

He was the son of Anthony K. and Sally (Yeaton) Lane. He attended public schools in his native town and in Pittsfield, N. H., and received his medical training at the Long Island College Hospital, New York. He began to practice in Billerica, Mass., in 1878 and after many years there he removed to Woburn, in 1900, and in that place had built up an extensive practice. He was a charter member of Thomas Talbot Lodge of Masons, in Billerica, and belonged to various medical societies.

Dr. Lane is survived by his wife, a son, Dr. C. Guy Lane, and a daughter, Miss Sadie B. Lane.

CAPT. JOHN S. SMITH

Capt. John Stearns Smith, who was born in Peterborough in 1837, died at St. Paul, Minn., December 19, 1916.

Capt. Smith prepared for college at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, but did not enter. He enlisted as a private, in the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War,

took part in fifteen engagements and was three times wounded. After the war he engaged in the railway mail service and became assistant superintendent. He made his home in St. Paul, where he was chairman of the board of trustees of the Unitarian Church; but retained his love for his old home, and visited it every year as long as health and strength permitted.

LEONARD P. FOSTER

Leonard P. Foster, born in Gilsum, December 7, 1855, died in Manchester, February 7, 1917.

After attending Keene Academy, he became interested in the drug business and acquired a partnership in the firm of Bullard & Foster of Keene, now Bullard & Shedd. Because of his health Mr. Foster was later obliged to relinquish his partnership at Keene, and ultimately went to Manchester where he engaged in various banking enterprises. He was associated with the late Gov. James A. Weston, Elijah W. Topliff and Hiram D. Upton, in banking interests. He was a director of the New Hampshire Trust Company and was its treasurer. Since 1900 he had been the Eastern representative of Season-good & Mayer, a prominent municipal bond house. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Mary Hammond Foster, and one son, John W. Foster, of Cambrdfdge.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

"PASACONAWAY IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" is the title of a handsome duodecimo volume of 342 pages, by Charles Edward Beals, Jr. As might be gathered from the title, the book deals with Indian history and White Mountain scenery, and is intensely interesting in both particulars; while sixteen full page half-tone illustrations enhance its attractiveness. The author has spent his vacations, since childhood, in the heart of the White Mountain region, on which his school-day themes were based, when they were not devoted to the history of the Indians, who formerly roamed over this portion of the country. The publisher, Richard C. Badger of Boston, very pertinently speaks of the book as "A charming volume for lovers of mountains, depicting the unsurpassed scenery of a secluded nook in the heart of New England's Highlands, written from a viewpoint of human interest. A twenty-peaked skyline, experiences of pioneers, up-to-date bear stories, and the most comprehensive and vivid account of the New Hampshire Indians now in print, are among its varied features." Price, \$1.50 net.

"WORCESTER POEMS, 1915-1916," by Ernest Vinton Brown, Author's edition; Wilmot, N. H., 1916," appears on the title

page of an elegant brochure of verse, recently issued from the Rumford Press, of Concord. The poems embraced—some fifteen in all—were mostly written during a brief business sojourn of the author, in 1916, in the city of Worcester, Mass. Hence the title. A few later ones have been added, including the striking "Old Home" poem—"A Race of Men"—read at the Old Home Day celebration in the author's native town of Wilmot last August. They are all characterized by originality of conception and power of expression seldom manifested by present day writers of verse.

The New Hampshire legislature, which organized on the first Wednesday in January by the choice of Jesse M. Barton of Newport as President of the Senate, and Arthur P. Morrill of Concord as Speaker of the House, is still in session, with no present prospect of immediate adjournment, notwithstanding the talk about "a short business session," with which the people were regaled by some of the newspapers at the outset.

The illustrated Laconia number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, in preparation, is necessarily deferred for a time, but will appear later.



GOV. HENRY W. KEYES

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIX, No. 4

APRIL, 1917

NEW SERIES, VOL. XII, No. 4

THE N. H. LEGISLATURE OF 1917

By James W. Tucker

On April 19, the New Hampshire legislature was prorogued by Governor Henry W. Keyes after a session of sixteen weeks, extending from January 3. Probably more work was accomplished with less time wasted in oratory and debate than at any previous session. Harmony appeared to be the keynote and the legislative machine ran smoothly because partisanship was, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence.

Following the declaration of a state of war with Germany by Congress, a flood of legislation was introduced for the purpose of safeguarding the state's every interest during the trying ordeal which would ordinarily follow. There was reflected in New Hampshire a view of the situation which confronts the nation and the New Hampshire law-makers were keen to note the vision and all that it portends. Legislation necessary to better protect the state's citizens and property, and bearing the seal of approval of the energetic and tactful Governor Keyes, was passed with the same alacrity which marked the methods of General John Sullivan and other New Hampshire patriots in procuring the powder and shot which were used to defend Boston and the colonies against the invaders, at Bunker Hill.

Included in this class of preparedness measures, were the authorization of a million dollar bond issue, the reorganization of the National Guard, which establishes universal liability to military service in this state, the creation of a State Guard under the

supervision of a Military Emergency Board, new laws carrying heavy penalties for the malicious damaging of growing foodstuffs, of public property or the property of public utilities during war-time; bills providing state pay for New Hampshire soldiers in the service of nation or state, and also providing aid for dependents of such soldiers, laws regulating the sale and use of firearms and explosives, the registration of aliens and sundry other acts framed to conserve, during the period of war, New Hampshire's agricultural and other resources. The record for martial legislation in the Granite State has been set by the legislature of 1917 and it is hoped that it will never have to be surpassed.

The patriotism and non-partisanship of New Hampshire's General Court was further shown by the unanimous adoption of concurrent resolutions expressing unwavering loyalty to the war policies of President Woodrow Wilson and heartily endorsing universal military training. Resolutions of congratulation were forwarded to the President of the Russian Duma on the successful outcome of the revolution for democracy in that country.

The members of the General Court were undoubtedly actuated in their substantial expressions of patriotism by three stirring addresses of a preparedness nature, one delivered on February 1 by former President William Howard Taft, whose subject was "The World League to Enforce Peace," another on March 15 by Admiral Robert E. Peary of North



HON. JESSE M. BARTON
President of the Senate

Pole fame, who spoke on "The Air Power of the United States," and the third on March 20 by ex-attorney-general of the United States, George W. Wickersham of New York, who discussed "Our Foreign Relations." Other distinguished Americans who addressed the legislature were Thomas Mott Osborne of New York, prison reformer, and Ambassador Naon of Argentina.

However, it is not upon the record of martial legislation that the recent session bears favorable comparison with those of the past, for, if it were necessary to blot out of the journals the preparedness measures which have been passed, there would remain the enactment of a sufficient number of important laws to give the session a high place in the state's history. Perhaps the most far-reaching and important of these other laws is the Lewis prohibition measure which prohibits the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors within this state after May 1, 1918.

This bill, fathered by the Rev. Jonathan S. Lewis, representative from Amherst, was introduced during the early part of the session and numbered 444. After numerous and lengthy hearings before the house committee on liquor laws, the bill was made a special order for March 21, when, after a long debate, it was passed by a vote of 192 to 172, and referred to the committee on appropriations. This committee reported the bill back without recommendation and again, on March 28, it came before the lower branch for judgment. This time the vote was closer, but prohibition won out by a vote of 190 to 185. On April 11, the Senate passed the bill by a vote of 14 to 9, and on April 17 the bill was signed by Governor Keyes, who presented the silver pen, with which he affixed his signature, to Mr. Lewis. It is said that the proponents of prohibition in New Hampshire are not content to allow the matter to rest but will take the issue to the Constitutional Convention for the purpose

of securing a prohibition amendment to the constitution.

Next in importance among the measures passed is the act which fixes New Hampshire's seal of approval to the reorganization of the Boston & Maine Railroad system. This was passed almost unanimously by both branches of the legislature, despite the vigorous opposition of the Boston & Maine Railroad Minority Stockholders' Association and two Pearson Fund trustees, Judge James W. Remick of this city and Clarence E. Carr of Andover.

Although the prohibition and railroad bills stand out prominently in the class of legislation apart from war measures, there were enacted numerous other laws for which the grateful acknowledgment of Granite State citizens is most certainly due. There is a law reducing the hours which women and minors may be employed in certain occupations from fifty-five to fifty-four hours a week; there is the Couch factory inspection law, which will afford a greater degree of safety to those citizens employed in factories and shops; the Brennan weights and measures bill which establishes a standard in New Hampshire and a commission to see that the standard is enforced, and other betterment laws carrying additional provision for the care of dependent children, the feeble-minded and the tuberculous. The "blue-sky law," designed to protect investors and the general public against the sale of worthless stocks and securities, was passed and another new act requires uniform accounting and serial bond issues by municipalities. It will be possible, under another act, to tax deposits of citizens of this state in banks outside of New Hampshire and national banks and trust companies have been given authority to act as trustees.

Steps have been taken to conserve the natural resources of the state, first by refusing the grant of certain important water privileges to private

enterprises, and second by the authorization of a complete survey of the water powers of this state. Authorization was also granted for a survey of the Maine and New Hampshire boundary. A state library commission has been provided for; as has a board of control to take charge of state institutions similar to that in vogue during the Felker régime, except that the purchasing agent, under the new law, will not be a member of the board. Another interesting law provides for the regulation of cold storage products in this state, and another, fathered by the Elks as a part of the order's "Big Brother" movement, wipes out the criminal record of all minors after they are eighteen years of age or after their probation period ceases. The codification of the fish and game laws presents many interesting new features including a fisherman's license which is necessary in order to fish anywhere except in the waters of one's own town or city.

It is obvious that many more or less popular measures have to be thrown into the disceard and among the more important bills which failed of passage this year are: the bill to allow women to vote for presidential electors and in municipal elections, the bill to abolish the direct primary law, to make supervision of public schools compulsory, to establish a system of state police, to abolish capital punishment, to allow games of health-giving recreation on Sundays, to abolish the state tax commission, to establish a child welfare commission, to require a local license for motor-vehicles, and to provide old-age pensions and health insurance.

However, in regard to the last named propositions, it is interesting to note that a commission has been appointed by the Governor to inquire into health insurance and workmen's compensation, and that old age pensions were declared by the supreme court, in an opinion given at the request of the House Judiciary Com-

mittee, to be unconstitutional. This opinion also included the information that teachers' pensions may be granted for but one year at a time.

This unusual and creditable record, while attributed to the legislature in general, is, nevertheless, directly due to the leaders in the House and Senate among whom complete harmony and unanimity of purpose existed. These leaders, always in touch with the executive head of the state, performed a rare service, for without their invaluable assistance this legislative body, the largest in the world with the exception of the Congress of the United States and the British Parliament, would have been as helpless as a rudderless ship at sea.

The Republicans dominated both branches. In the Senate there were sixteen Republicans and eight Democrats, while the House was made up of 246 Republicans and 158 Democrats. One Democrat, Patrick McGreevy of Ward 5, Manchester, died shortly after the session began. In spite of the predominating Republican majority, politics, as has been stated, was not allowed to disturb the serenity and efficieney of the session. The leaders of both parties coöperated in every possible way to expedite the business and enact the laws which were for the best interest and welfare of the state.

In the Senate, President Jesse M. Barton of Newport presided with dignity and effectiveness. Senator Marcel Theriault of Nashua, young of years and without previous legislative experience, was chosen to head the important judiciary committee and he acquitted himself with credit. Senator Nathaniel E. Martin of Concord rendered the same invaluable service that characterized his career in the upper branch two years ago. Other leaders of the Senate were Daniel J. Daley of Berlin, Calvin Page of Portsmouth and Alfred Stanley of Plymouth.

In the House, the deliberations were ably presided over by Arthur P.



HON. ARTHUR P. MORRILL
Speaker of the House of Representatives

Morrill of Concord, one of the youngest speakers who ever graced the rostrum and than whom there has never been one more popular, efficient or fair. On the Republican side of the House, the leader was Benjamin W. Couch of Concord, chairman of the judiciary committee, and a legislator of experience and high ability. He was ably assisted by French of Moultonborough, Bartlett of Portsmouth, Bell of Exeter, Bell of Plymouth, Rogers of Plainfield, Hoyt of Hanover, Wood of Portsmouth and other leading Republicans.

The affairs of the Democratic side were managed in the House by the urbane James F. Brennan of Peterborough, and his right hand man was William J. Ahern of Concord whose business it has been for many sessions to straighten out the parliamentary snarls that sometimes disturb the serenity of business. Then there were Murchie of Concord, Tilton of Tilton and Rogers of Wakefield who also proved able assistants on the floor and in the committees.

The real work of the session is always done by the committees, among which the most important are the judiciary and the appropriation committees. The former did its great work smoothly and with the full con-

fidence of the House. The chairman of the latter committee, James E. French of Moultonborough, is deserving of lasting credit for the able manner in which he has managed the important affairs of this important committee. The task this year has been exceptionally hard on account of the appropriations for war and the increased cost of maintenance, but "Uncle Jim" retained his serene demeanor and the work of his committee was pursued to the same successful culmination as in previous years despite the obstacles. To his fine judgment is due, in no small degree, the fact that our entire state debt is only about one fourth of one per cent on all the taxable property of the state.

No finer or more conscientious set of House attachés were ever connected with a session of the New Hampshire legislature and every one of them, from Sergeant-at-arms Walter J. A. Ward of Hillsborough down to the smallest page of the House was the embodiment of politeness and willingness to serve.

The New Hampshire legislature of 1917 will be judged by its record and on this basis no patriotic citizen of the Granite State can withhold his gratitude and approval.

PERSONAL SKETCHES

GOVERNOR KEYES

One of the rock-ribbed American tenets has been that any man elected by the people will rise to meet the problems confronting him. Governor Henry Wilder Keyes is our present example of the intelligence of the electorate. When he was induced to stand for the nomination for chief executive of the state, probably nobody expected that a war with Germany would be the portion of the United States. Governor Keyes, it may be inferred, did not weigh that possibility, in his consideration of the matter, but he has risen to the de-

mands of the situation and his initiative in organizing a Committee on Public Safety and his sanction of the Defence League, not to mention the numerous war measures which he presented to the legislature, has stamped him unmistakably as a war governor of the highest calibre.

It should be said that few governors of New Hampshire have come to the office with better preparation than Governor Keyes, and it should be added that the preparation has not miscarried. The Governor had service in both branches of the legislature and was identified with a state de-

partment for a period, sufficient to familiarize him with the needs of the state. His worth as an official has been further emphasized by his continuous service on the board of selectmen of his town of Haverhill of which he has been a member seventeen terms. It was simply a case of evolution for him to fit into the duties ahead of him and to accept the work thrown upon him with a display of ability which all his friends and admirers knew he had. The administration started with an indication of comparative placidity, considering the previous administrations of the two Rochester governors, Samuel D. Felker and Rolland H. Spaulding, both of whom had very scrappy councils. Governor Keyes' troubles with his council are nil, but he has had problems that few governors who preceded him had, and as was announced at the outset he has faced and is solving these problems with the aplomb of a level-headed tactician, without a trace of jingoism, albeit possessed of a lively sense of Americanism. That is to say his blood has tingled, oftentimes, but his brain was ever cool.

Governor Keyes is a native of Vermont, but his New Hampshire affiliations are such that he counts almost, if not quite, as one to the manor born of this state. His father's farm took in both sides of the Connecticut River, Newbury on the Vermont side and Haverhill, the present home of the governor, in New Hampshire. So, although Vermont had the home-stead where he was born, New Hampshire has a strong claim on him and this was the Commonwealth in which he developed and reached his high estate. Good for New Hampshire and for the Governor.

The Governor's schooling was largely a Boston product, the public schools and Harvard University, with Adams Academy sandwiched in, fitting him for the serious concerns of life ahead. Extensive travel in Europe and this country broadened his perspective

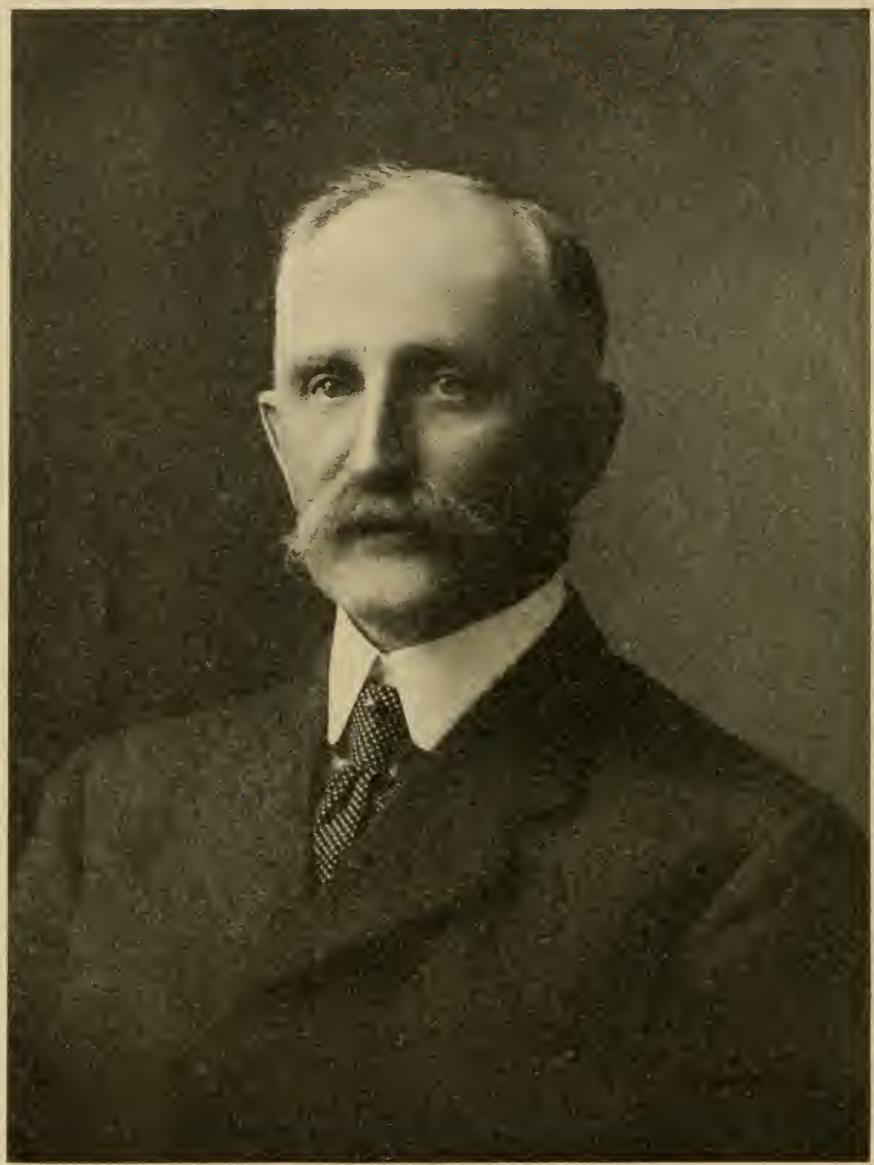
and, after all was done, he decided to conduct the big farm along progressive lines in connection with his other business enterprises. It is this agricultural knowledge which peculiarly fits him to cope with the war problems that are to be worked out, and enables him to coöperate effectively with Chairman John B. Jameson and Vice-Chairman Rolland H. Spaulding, who were named by him to head the Committee on Public Safety.

Intensive application comes naturally to Governor Keyes. He learned the rudiments while on the crew at Harvard and in all of his activities the same rule has obtained. When there is something to do, that is the thing he is doing, whole-heartedly and effectively. He is nothing of a slacker, his disposition being to work early and late when the occasion calls. In his private capacity, the Governor has been identified with railroad and telephone and telegraph development, having served as director of both these utilities, as well as being an owner of the Nashua River Paper Company at Pepperell, Mass., and president of the Woodsville National Bank.

Governor Keyes is a Mason and a Patron of Husbandry, and unless all signs fail he will become an overseer of Harvard College, his alma mater, when the election is held this spring, the nomination already having been made.

COUNCILOR CARROLL

The death of Councilor Edward H. Carroll of Warner is one of the chief regrets of Governor Keyes. The Governor had looked upon Councilor Carroll as one of his chief advisers, and the councilor met the requirements during the session of the legislature. In the last week of the session, Councilor Carroll fell ill and was unavoidably absent because of his illness thereafter. His business acumen was such that the Governor naturally relied upon him to give him intelligent advice as to his ap-



Edward H. Carrick



HON. WILLIAM D. SWART

pointments and such other business as came under the consideration of the Governor and Council. Councilor Carroll was born and brought up in Warner, and, except for a few years which he spent in Manchester in the real estate and insurance business, has always been a resident of that town and a potential factor in the development of the town. His chief business had been lumbering, farming and real estate operations, and he had been frequently called upon to serve his townsmen as selectman and schoolboard member, and the county made him their treasurer and the state called upon him to be bank examiner, not to mention his membership in the legislature and the constitutional convention in 1912. His standing in business may be summed up from the fact that he had been a bank trustee for twenty-nine years and was considered one of the most level-headed business men and expert lumber operators in the state. In religion Councilor Carroll was a Universalist. His lodge connections included the Masonic, Knights Templar and Shriners. In his last campaign he showed such strength against a strong candidate, David E. Murphy, one of the strongest Democrats in the county, that he was deemed likely timber for the Republican nomination for Governor.*

COUNCILOR SWART

It is always an interesting bit of speculation to pick out possible candidates for governor from among the members of the council. As a matter of cold fact few councilors ever reach the goal of their ambition, but this year there seems to be an exceptional ease and friends and admirers of Councilor William D. Swart of Nashua are predicting with confidence that he will break through and move along into the governor's office shortly. It goes without saying that he would make an ideal governor, as well as look the part, for Mr. Swart is prob-

ably the best dresser in Governor Keyes' official family.

Mr. Swart is a native of New York and was educated in the public schools and at Wilbraham (Mass.) Academy. Since 1890, he has been a resident of Nashua and has been one of the prominent business men in the second city, where he is identified with many interests. Colonel Swart was a member of Governor Ramsdell's staff, has served in both branches of the legislature, being president of the senate in 1911. He is a 32d degree Mason and a member of the Nashua and Vesper Country clubs and of the Boston Athletic Association.

Governor Keyes places much reliance upon Colonel Swart because of his wide knowledge of business and state-craft, the death of Councilor Carroll causing the Governor to depend more than ever on the sound judgment of the Nashuan. Colonel Swart takes his official duties seriously, devoting most of his time to the state affairs, as he did in the promotion of the board of trade in Nashua, of which he was president. He has also been in the Nashua city council and a fire commissioner there. His work is always well done and this will count strongly in his favor when the time comes for casting about seriously for a Republican standard bearer next year.

COUNCILOR VARNEY

Charles W. Varney is the youngest member of the Council which advised Governor Spaulding, but he is none the less one of the astute advisers. Councilor Varney is a native of Maine, born in Lebanon June 4, 1884, where he took his preliminary educational training, finishing in Boston in a business school. After a short period in the insurance business in Boston he went to Rochester where he followed the same business and is now one of the leading insurance men of that city. Mr. Varney early developed political inclinations, and his ability was impressed upon his fellow citizens. In

* Councilor Carroll died April 30.

1913 he was sent to the legislature, serving in the house of representatives, and in the following year was nominated and elected senator from his district on the basis of his good showing in the House. His record in the Senate was equal to his showing in the lower branch of the legisla-

ture, and last year he was nominated as the Republican candidate for councilor, defeating no less a man than ex-mayor Albert G. Whittemore of Dover and one other. This being a year when the agriculturists count strongly, the Grangers all rallied strongly to the support of Councilor Varney, he being the state lecturer of

that organization and widely known thereof. Besides the Grange the councilor is a thirty-second degree Mason, an Odd Fellow and a member of clubs too numerous to mention. Coming from Rochester and being a member of the council, it would be surprising if he had not gubernatorial



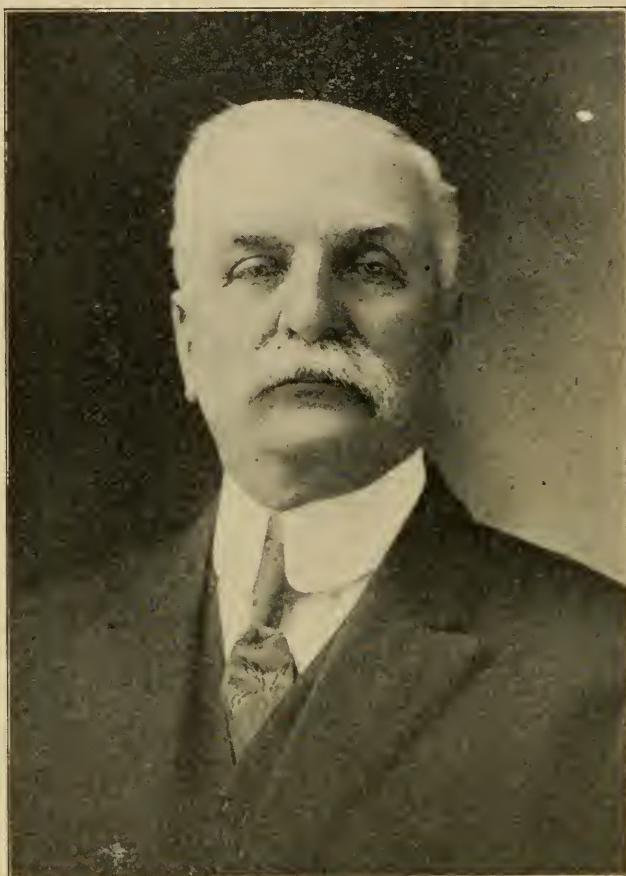
Hon. Charles W. Varney

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ambition, but whether he will push it forward right away, in view of the nearness of the administrations of his fellow townsmen, Samuel D. Felker and Rolland H. Spaulding, is a question. That he will be heard from later is a foregone conclusion. Councilor Varney is assiduous in his attendance upon meetings of the council

and thus far has been an ardent supporter of the Governor, in sharp contrast to the council which his townsman, Governor Spaulding, had. The councilor's church affiliations are with the Methodists. He is married and has two children.

this time. Councilor Gray also has a keen appreciation of the needs of the state and is in a position to do effective work as a councilor. He also is fully informed of what is happening through his membership on the advisory board of the state



Hon. Miles W. Gray

COUNCILOR GRAY

Councilor Miles W. Gray of Columbia has proved one of the most valuable advisers of the Governor, his presence being especially necessary in these war times because of his wide knowledge of agriculture, as well as of business affairs. The Governor, himself, is a farmer, and is fully alive to the needs of intensive gardening at

department of agriculture and Commissioner Felker has placed much dependence upon the advice of Mr. Gray.

Lunenburg, Vt., is the place of Mr. Gray's nativity. He lived there until he was sixteen years of age, when he moved into New Hampshire and has lived in the North Country ever since, where he is one of the most

widely known and popular men. In addition to the operation of his large farm in Columbia, Councilor Gray has been an extensive operator in real estate, lumber and other interests, including banking. He is president of the Colebrook National Bank and

COUNCILOR VERRETTE

Democrats are rare in the Governor's council, not counting the Felker administration which was an exception anyway. But in the present administration there is a real, live Democrat, who cannot be classed by



Hon. Moise Verrette

a trustee of the Colebrook Guaranty Savings Bank. His constituents have kept him in public life most of the time in recent years, as selectman, representative to the General Court and county commissioner.

Councilor Gray is a charter member of Colebrook Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and a Patron of Husbandry.

any manner of means as an accident. Councilor Moise Verrette of Manchester won out by a clean-cut margin over the Republican candidate, and his victory was so pronounced that they are talking very seriously of naming him as the Democratic candidate for mayor of his city next year. Councilor Verrette, moreover, is show-

ing such ability in the council that the Republicans do not look forward with any appreciable degree of confidence in their ability to defeat him.

Councilor Verrette's partisanship ceased after the election and he is as ready to vote for any person or policy the Governor may bring forward, with an eye single to the man's fitness for the place or the merit of the policy, as either of the other four councilors. Mr. Verrette, like the other members of Governor Keyes' council has made good in private life before entering politics. He is proprietor of one of the largest stores in Manchester, built up on well grounded business principles. The Manchester councilor is the first of French descent to be elected to that high office. He had never been identified actively in politics before his election as a delegate to the St. Louis convention last year.

Mr. Verrette was born in Stanfold, Canada, March 1, 1857, and was educated in the public schools. He came to Manchester early and started in upon the career which made him one of the big merchants of the city and a prominent factor in its material development, for he has always taken a warm interest in all matters of civic welfare. His fraternal affiliations include membership in the Club Joliet, Societe St. Jean Baptiste and Association-Canado-Americaine.

PRESIDENT BARTON

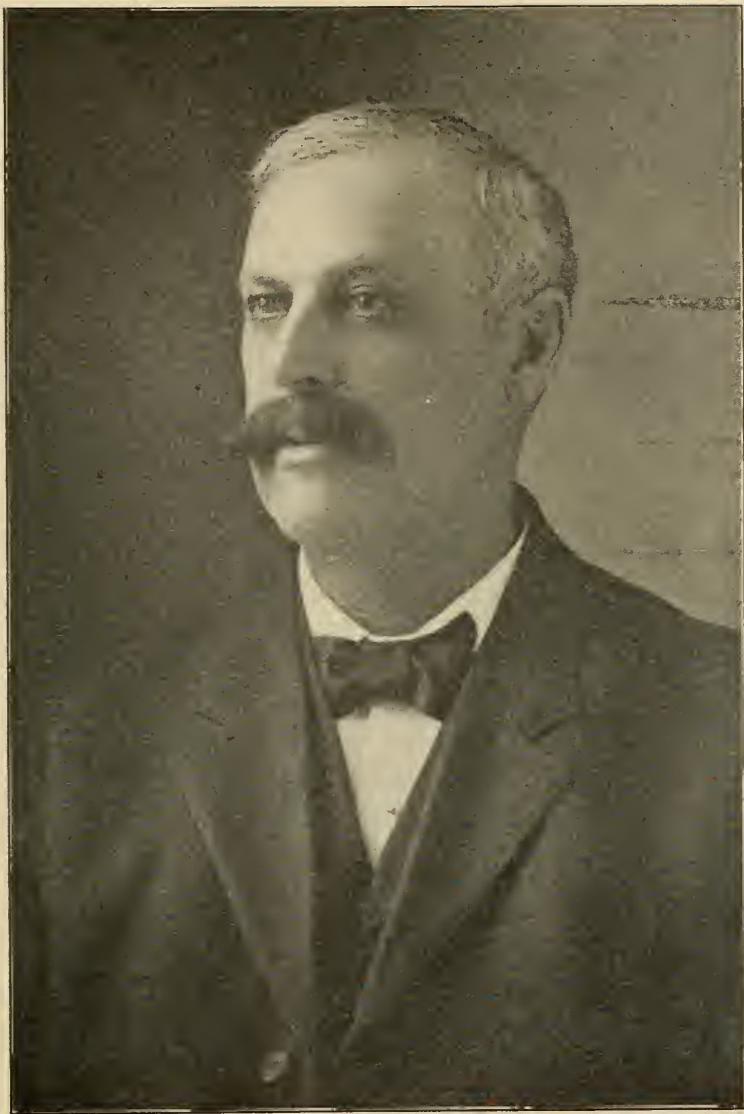
President Jesse M. Barton made an ideal presiding officer of the senate. Previous experience had qualified him to wield the gavel and his unfailing courtesy to the senators won him their high personal regard. His rulings were impartial and never questioned. President Barton represented the Eighth District and he had a lively realization of his duties, which he did not shirk because of his exalted position. He took the floor and delivered several speeches on bills which affected his district or the

general welfare, his talks being among the best of the session.

President Barton is a native and life-long resident of Newport. He celebrated his forty-seventh birthday a few days after he had been elected to preside over the senate. His education was received at Kimball Union Academy, Dartmouth College and Boston University Law School. He served as judge of probate in Sullivan County ten years, resigning to become senator and his political experience includes service as chairman of the Republican State Committee in the strenuous campaign of 1912. Before the establishment of the central board of trustees of state institutions, President Barton was a trustee of the Industrial School. He is a trustee of the Newport Savings Bank and a member of the Masons and Odd Fellows, and Psi Upsilon Fraternity. He is married and has one child.

SENATOR MARTIN

A leading figure in the New Hampshire Senate during the last two sessions, as he has been at the New Hampshire bar for the last quarter of a century, was Nathaniel E. Martin of Concord, representing District No. 15, planned to be strongly Republican when the last gerrymander was made, but not sufficiently strong so that any Republican could be found popular enough to defeat the invincible Democratic nominee, who has the reputation of almost invariably "getting there" when he starts out for the attainment of any object. Although the Republicans, at the last election, pitted against him their strongest man, the veteran of two wars and long-time popular commander of the National Guard—Gen. Joab N. Patterson—Mr. Martin won out by a substantial majority as was the case two years before, and through his conspicuous service to the state as a senator has come to be regarded as a most eligible candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination next year.



HON. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN

Although entitled by experience and ability to the chairmanship of the judiciary committee, he was put in second place by the President, who felt bound to assign a member of the majority, however inexperienced, to the chairmanship. This, however, did not prevent him from doing the effective work for which he was equipped. Regardless of rank, he was really the strong man of the committee, and to his efforts is due the passage of much beneficial legislation, and the slaughter of not a few bad measures. His speech on the floor in championship of the Lewis, or state-wide prohibition bill, was most effective and won him great commendation. Aside from the judiciary he served on the committees on banks, education, finance, state hospital, state prison and industrial school (chairman), and rules.

Senator Martin is a native of Loudon, sixty-one years of age, and has pursued the practice of law in the Capital City with great success since 1879. As a trial lawyer he has no superior at the bar in the state. He has served as mayor of Concord and solicitor of Merrimack County, winning high reputation for efficient law enforcement. He was also a leading member of the Constitutional Convention of 1912, and a delegate in the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis in 1904.

SENATOR PAGE

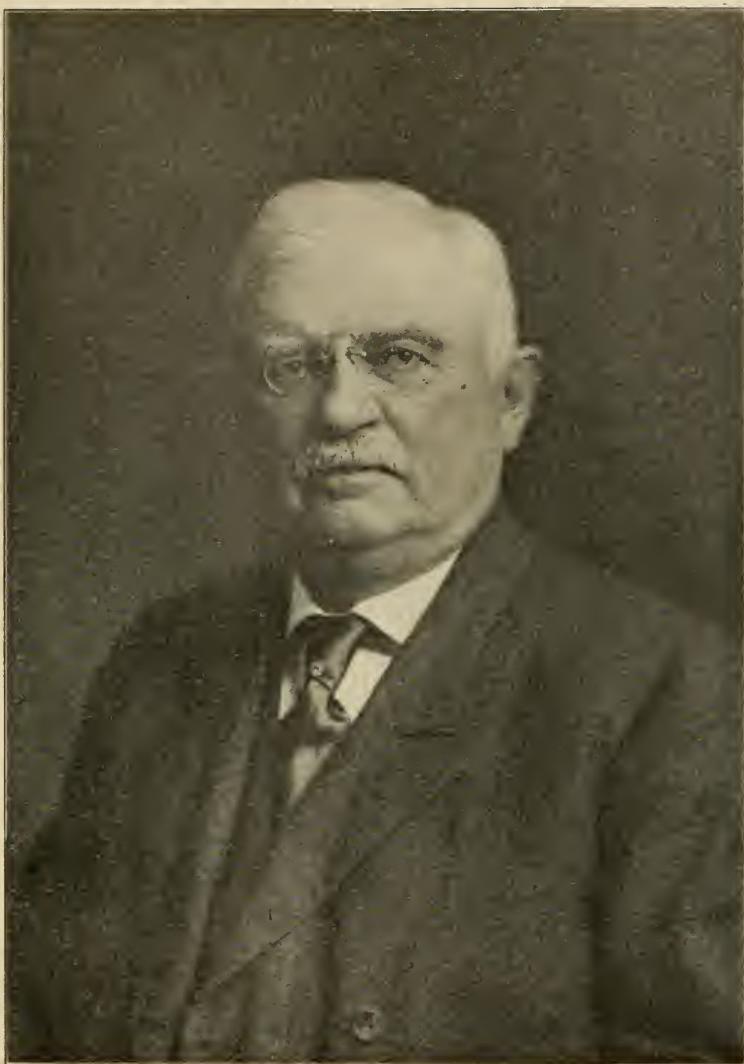
Calvin Page, of Portsmouth, Democratic senator from District No. 24, last on the role of membership, but first of all in point of experience in public life, leading lawyer and president of the Rockingham bar, was, naturally enough, a prominent figure in the upper house during the recent session, although not accorded a place on the judiciary committee, to which his legal standing and long experience entitled him. He served on the committees on incorporations, banks, elections, roads, bridges and canals, and public improvements, being chairman of the latter.

Senator Page never seeks to array himself on the popular side of any question, but champions the side which he considers right, regardless of popularity, and never hesitates to say what he thinks in discussing any measure. He was diligent in his committee work, and often heard in debate on the floor, always speaking incisively and to the point. He was specially interested in the measure providing for a new bridge over the Piscataqua, between Portsmouth and Kittery, through the joint action of this state and Maine, and was largely instrumental in its enactment.

Senator Page is a native of North Hampton, born August 22, 1845. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College, and has practiced law in Portsmouth nearly half a century. At the same time he has been actively connected with various important corporations, and prominent in public life, serving as city solicitor, judge of the police court, mayor of Portsmouth two terms, thirty years member of the school board, U. S. collector of internal revenue, twice before as a member of the state senate, and a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1889. He is a trustee of the Frank Jones estate, a Unitarian, Mason and Knight Templar. He was accorded a handsome vote in the primary for the Democratic nomination for United States senator in 1914.

SENATOR DALEY

Senator Daniel James Daley of Berlin gave the Republicans a jolt last fall, when he was elected in the First District, which had been reckoned sure ground for the other candidate. People in the North Country do not consider his politics when they have Senator Daley up for a candidate. He is just "Dan" Daley to them and a good man to have in a position of responsibility. They expect him to give the best there is in him and he has never failed them. He thinks for himself and acts the

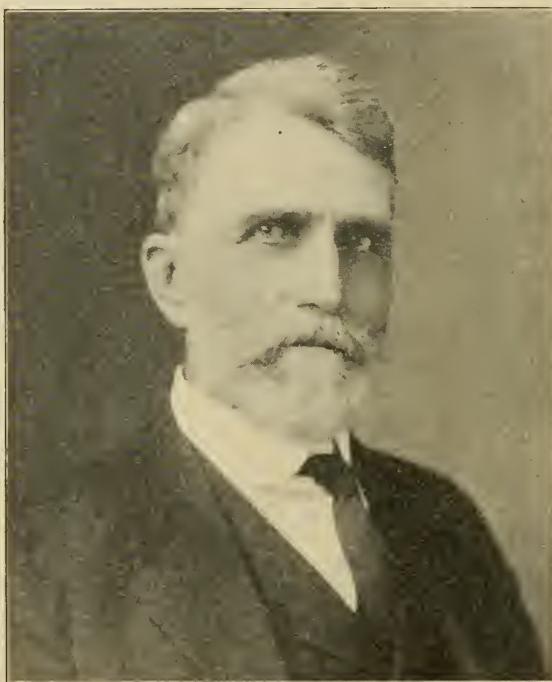


HON. CALVIN PAGE

way his reason dictates, which is one of the main reasons they have acquired the habit of electing him for whatever he runs for.

As mayor of Berlin for five years, he gave an admirable administration of the city affairs and the same was true of his work as town treasurer back in the eighties, Coös County solicitor, city councilor of Berlin, on the board of education of that city

lieved in the license law, although a temperance man, until Congress enacted laws which seemed to warrant the expectation that state prohibition could be enforced. The senator was admitted to the bar in 1885 and has practiced in the North Country since. He is now a partner of Edmund Sullivan, and their business ranks with the largest law firms in the state. In his younger days Senator Daley



Hon. Daniel J. Daley

and in the constitutional convention of 1902. He made a good record in the senate, his speeches always being carefully prepared and invariably informing on the issue involved. His principal efforts were for suffrage, where he was on the losing side, and in the prohibition fight where his speech did much to carry the day for the new law.

Senator Daley always plays with his cards on the table, so it was characteristic of him to admit that he had be-

had Edward C. Niles, present chairman of the public service commission, as a partner, and one of the pleasantest incidents of the session to the senator was a reunion with Mr. Niles. He is a prominent Elk, a trustee of the Berlin Y. M. C. A. and a member of the New Hampshire Bar Association.

SENATOR BAKER

Senator Stillman H. Baker was one of the substantial members of the Senate of 1917. He was not long

on the talk, but when there was action he was always present and in committees was a power of influence by virtue of his knowledge of affairs through his connection with the board of trustees of state institutions and as commissioner of Hillsborough County. It is one of the tenets of Senator Baker's faith that if he is appointed to do certain things, those are the things to do, and, while

The senator has been active in his town and county affairs as well as in the legislative halls at Concord. He has been chairman of the board of selectmen of Hillsborough, tax collector and member of the board of education, overseer of the poor and moderator, counting some of his local activities. He also gave strong service as county commissioner for twelve years and served in the House of



Hon. Stillman H. Baker

shirking seemed to be the watchword of most of the trustees of state institutions, Senator Baker was not among the slackers. With the exception of Secretary Glessner, who was on the job practically every day, Senator Baker was the trustee most in evidence about the offices of the purchasing agent during the past two years, the tenure of the defunct board. There was regret expressed that the senator was not included among the new trustees, although he was in no sense a candidate for appointment.

Representatives in the sessions of 1893, 1909 and 1911, and was the recipient of a practically unanimous nomination by the Republicans for senator last year.

He was born in Croydon and lived in Concord in his childhood, attending the public schools in Concord and later settling in Hillsborough, where he occupies a position of prominence in the business life of the town. The senator has never been much of a joiner, but he has membership in the Masons and the Odd Fellows.

SENATOR SHEA

A few good speeches are the usual portion of any session of the legislature and one of these, so far as the Senate was concerned, was delivered by Senator Michael F. Shea of Manchester. It was a forlorn hope speech, too, delivered in the full expectation that it was on the losing side, but yet delivered with the fervor of honest conviction. Senator Shea was

practical set of men, and this year's Senate was no exception to the rule.

Senator Shea is a Manchester product, having been born there in 1875 and he has been satisfied to hold his residence there since. Manchester is also satisfied to have Senator Shea, as was evidenced by the flattering vote given him both in the primary and the election. He received his education in the schools of Manchester, gradu-



Hon. Michael F. Shea

one of the men who, while practicing temperance himself, believed that the present license law was preferable to a prohibition law and he led the fight against the bill which changed the policy of the state in the matter of regulating the drink traffic. His speech was one of the strong presentations of the session, but it did not turn the tide. Speaking frankly, forensic efforts have little weight in the upper branch of the legislature. The membership usually is a cold,

ating from St. Joseph's High School, Manhattan College and Boston University Law School. Senator Shea was a nifty ball player in his younger days, being a member of the Manhattan varsity team and on one of the classy teams of the college.

The senator was not a novice in legislative procedure when he was sent to the Senate for the last session. He had been a member of the House in 1905 and 1907, when his committee assignments included the revi-

sion of statutes committee, on which he did effective work. Senator Shea's lodge connections are of brief tabulation. He belongs to the Ancient Order of Hibernians and is something of a family man. Six children are his testimonial to the anti-race suicide propaganda.

SPEAKER MORRILL

Arthur P. Morrill of Ward Five, Concord, has served the state during the recent session of the legislature in the important capacity of Speaker of the House of Representatives. The selection of this young Republican for such a high legislative office proved a particularly happy one for he has made an efficient presiding officer whose fairness and tact have been appreciated on both sides of the House. Fortunately he had acted as Speaker during the final days of the session of 1915, thereby gaining a knowledge of the position which was of advantage to him and the members during the early days of this last session. His committees, chosen with discretion and care, were named at an early day, and from that time until the legislature was prorogued on April 19, he directed the affairs of the lower branch in a most fair and expeditious manner.

Mr. Morrill was born in Concord on March 15, 1876. He received his education at Phillips Andover Academy, Yale University and the Harvard Law School. He has been admitted to practice before the New Hampshire bar, but at the present time is giving the greater part of his time to the business of the insurance firm of Morrill & Danforth of which he is a member. He is a trustee of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank of Concord. As has been stated, Mr. Morrill served in the House of Representatives in 1915 and was a member of the judiciary committee. In 1912 he was a delegate to the constitutional convention, taking an active part in its work.

BENJAMIN W. COUCH

Benjamin W. Couch of Ward Five, Concord, has completed his fourth term as chairman of the most important House committee, the judiciary. There was also spread over his shoulders, at the opening of the present term, the mantle of leader of the majority party in the lower branch of the legislature. Both of these high trusts the gentleman from Concord has filled in a manner which has called forth the unstinted praise of those best qualified to know the responsibilities which these trusts have imposed.

The "Erudite Couch," as he has been termed on the floor, is better known as just "Ben" and there is reflected in this democratic appellation the intimate regard in which he is held by all the members. Conscientious and painstaking in his work and with a wide legislative and legal knowledge he has made an ideal chairman of the judiciary committee. Dealing in the open and showing neither fear nor favoritism he has made a strong and effective House leader. With a smile for everyone and a keen sense of humor, combined with a desire to be of service he has made a hit personally, just as he has made an enviable record as a legislator.

"Ben" was born in Concord on August 19, 1873, and received his early education in the grammar and high schools of the Capital City. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1896 and after attending the Harvard Law School for two years he returned to Concord and was admitted to practice before the New Hampshire bar in June, 1899. In 1899 he was admitted to the firm of Leach and Stevens as a junior partner. Since then Mr. Leach has withdrawn from the firm and William L. Stevens has been admitted, the firm name now being Stevens, Couch & Stevens. He has been a member of the Concord Police Commission, was at one time associate justice of the local police court, served

a term as president of the Concord City Council and has been a trustee of the New Hampshire State Hospital. In 1913 he was a member of the State Board of Control under the Felker administration. He has an extensive law practice, holds several business positions of trust and importance, and is an active member of several local clubs. He is a Mason and attends the Unitarian Church.

that at each election he has received the largest number of votes cast for any candidate for the office. He was a candidate by petition of his fellow townsmen in the last two elections and the last November vote was the largest he has yet received.

Major Brennan's career in the legislature has been interesting and honorable. A lawyer by profession, he has been an invaluable member of the



Benjamin W. Couch

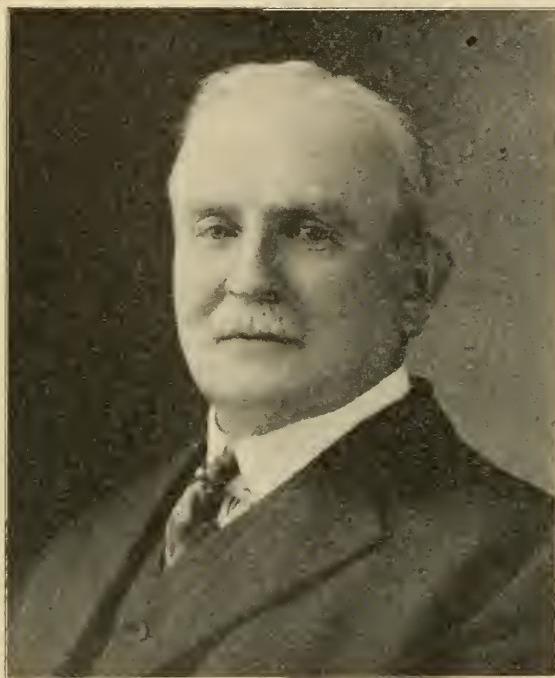
MAJ. JAMES F. BRENNAN

Major James F. Brennan, representative from the town of Peterborough, has just completed his third term as a member of the lower branch of the General Court, where, for the past two sessions he has been the Democratic floor leader and the minority party's candidate for speaker. He is the first Democrat to be sent to the legislature from this Republican town since 1853, and it is a significant tribute to his worth and popularity

judiciary committee at all three sessions, and during the closing days of the recent session he was appointed by the Speaker with Chairman Couch to sit with the committee on railroads for the purpose of aiding the committee in its hearings on the very important Boston & Maine Railroad reorganization measure. Perhaps the crowning achievement of his career in the General Court was the passage at this session of the bill he introduced establishing a department of weights

and measures in this state and authorizing a commission to execute this important law which will be of direct benefit to every citizen of New Hampshire. At every session since he has been a member of the House, Major Brennan has fought for the enactment of this measure and its final passage is a tribute to the man's tenacity of purpose, resourcefulness and ability. As would be

Hubert and Mary (Mahoney) Brennan. His early education was received in the district schools of his native town and at the old Peterborough Academy. In 1884 he graduated from Maryland University at Baltimore and was admitted to practice before the New Hampshire bar that same year. He located in Peterborough where he established an office, gaining an extensive practice and



Maj. James F. Brennan

expected, this talented floor-leader of the Democrats is an eloquent debater, combining argumentative powers with keen Celtic wit, an effective combination for any speaker. During these three sessions he has not missed a day nor a roll call, and during that time has introduced twenty-six bills, many of them the most important of the session, twenty-three of which have been enacted.

Major Brennan was born in Peterborough, March 31, 1853, the son of

making a host of friends through his genial, happy temperament and absolute integrity.

Major Brennan has given of his talents and ability freely to the state, never having an office for which he received pay for personal service. For many years he was one of the three trustees of the state library; since 1899 he has been a member of the state board of charities and corrections and he has also held many other important town and state offices.

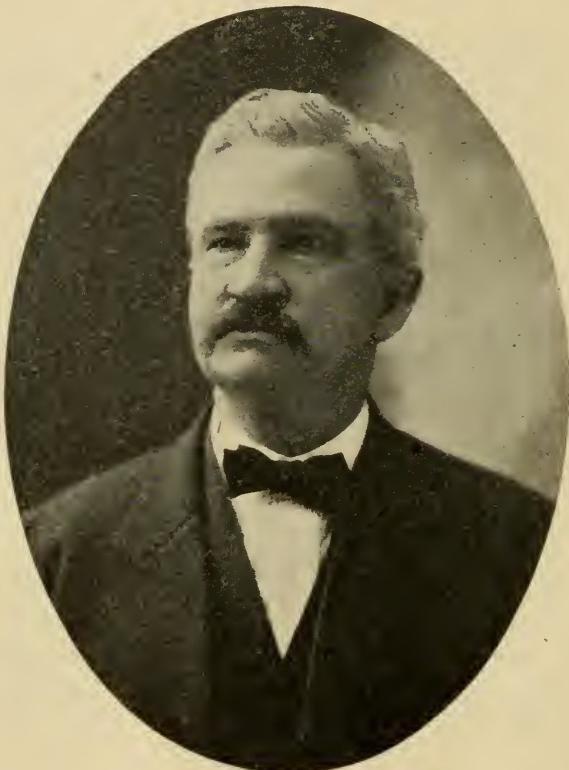
However, he has never permitted his name to be used as a political candidate for any office except that of representative from his own town.

He was the first, and subsequently for many years, has been re-elected historiographer of the American-Irish Historical Society and was the first and has been historiographer of the Peterborough Historical Society since

creation is travel and he has toured extensively in this country and in Europe.

WILLIAM J. AHERN

William J. Ahern of Ward Nine, Concord, is best known in the House of Representatives, where he just completed his eleventh term, as the man who keeps the wheels of legisla-



William J. Ahern

its organization. He has been chairman of the executive committee of the Peterborough board of trade since its organization. In 1913 Governor Samuel D. Felker appointed him a member of his staff with the rank of major. He has just been appointed, by Governor Keyes, a member of the newly created state library commission.

He was never married; in religious belief is a Catholic. His favorite rec-

tive machinery turning in spite of parliamentary obstacles that sometimes intervene. "Billy," as he is affectionately termed, is a leader on the Democratic side and, although a ready debater, he seldom takes the floor except when it is necessary "in order to facilitate business." He has been, for years, a member of the important committee on appropriations, serving as its chairman in 1913.

Mr. Ahern has held many positions of public trust and importance. At the present time he is the efficient secretary of the board of charities and corrections. He has served as county commissioner, sheriff and jailer. Always ready and willing to be of personal service to the members of the General Court, "Billy" has achieved a great degree of deserved popularity.

for many terms and when New Hampshire's state debt is contrasted with that of other New England states the value of his services will be better appreciated.

Mr. French has been a member of the Senate, was a delegate to the constitutional convention in 1912, was collector of internal revenue from 1889 to 1893 and a railroad commissioner



James E. French

JAMES E. FRENCH

James E. French of Moultonborough, chairman of the appropriations committee and better known as "The Watch Dog of the Treasury," has just completed his fourteenth term as a member of the House of Representatives, so that, in point of service, he outranks any man in the House. Mr. French has headed the important appropriations committee

from 1879 to 1883. In his own town he has held many important offices, serving as moderator and town treasurer for thirty-nine years, retiring this last spring, at which time his fellow townsmen presented him with a substantial testimonial of their appreciation and regard. "Uncle Jim" is surely the best known individual in the House, and has been for a long series of years.

COL. JOHN H. BARTLETT

Col. John H. Bartlett, Republican representative from Ward Two, Portsmouth, was one of the strongest members on the majority side of the House. As an orator and debater he had no equal in the General Court and his speech in favor of the Boston & Maine Railroad reorganization measure was not only the gem of all oratorical efforts during the session

prominently as a candidate for Congress in the first district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the veteran Congressman Sulloway, but he refused to be considered, preferring to cast his aspirations towards gubernatorial honors. He was aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor John McLane; was postmaster of Portsmouth under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt;



Col. John H. Bartlett

of 1917, but it spelled success for the bill. He sponsored, fought for and obtained the passage of a fifty-four hour law for women and minors, a child welfare law, a law removing the criminal record of juveniles and the Portsmouth-Kittery bridge bill. He was a member of the committee on judiciary, where his keen legal mind proved of material assistance in the committee deliberations.

Colonel Bartlett is a truly progressive Republican. He was mentioned

Republican candidate for United States Senator in 1913, and the presiding officer of the Republican State convention in 1916.

Colonel Bartlett came to the General Court free from and untrammeled by any corporation law connections, having resigned all such connections previous to the last political campaign. His strong personality, courageous steadfastness to principle and attractive personality would make Colonel Bartlett one of the strongest candi-

dates for governor that the Republican party could put forth.

The subject of this sketch was born at Sunapee, N. H., March 16, 1869, the son of John Z. and Sophronia A. Bartlett. His early education was received at Colby Academy, and he graduated from Dartmouth College with the class of 1894. Shortly after leaving college he was principal of the Portsmouth High School and in

ROBERT C. MURCHIE

Robert C. Murchie of Ward Three, Concord, was one of the youngest members of the House of Representatives and a leader on the Democratic side. Although young in point of years, "Bob," as he is termed by his friends, has had considerable experience in the game of politics, he having been elected solicitor of Merrimack County for two terms, serving four



Robert C. Murchie

1898 began the practice of law in that city. On June 4, 1900, he married Agnes Page of Portsmouth and they have one son, Calvin Page Bartlett.

Colonel Bartlett is affiliated with the Masons, Elks, Knights of Pythias and Patrons of Husbandry. He is also a member of the following clubs: Warwick, Portsmouth Athletic Club, Piscataqua Yacht Club, Portsmouth Country Club and is a member of the Amoskeag Veterans. In religious affiliations he is a Methodist.

years as secretary of the Democratic state committee and being at present the member of the Democratic National Committee from New Hampshire.

Serving his first term in the legislature, he proved an efficient and valuable member of the judiciary committee and his wide knowledge of politics made him useful as a member of the committee on elections. He is a ready debater and his eloquence, often proven during political cam-

paigns, was used to advantage several times during the session on the floor of the House.

Mr. Murchie is an able lawyer, with an extensive practice throughout the state. He received his preliminary education in this city and after graduating from the Concord High School he attended the University of

have resided in the Capital City. Mr. Murchie is unmarried, a Protestant, and is affiliated with the Elks. He is a member of several local clubs. By reason of his high ability and unfailing courtesy and kindness he proved as popular in the legislative halls as he has always been among the people of his home city.



William Rockwell Clough

Michigan at Ann Arbor, receiving his degree of LL. B. from the law department of that institution in 1909. He returned to this city and was admitted to practice before the New Hampshire bar. In 1911 he was made a partner in the firm of Remick & Hollis, and upon the dissolution of that firm in 1912 became a member of the firm of Hollis & Murchie.

Mr. Murchie was born in Creetown, Scotland, on January 22, 1885, the son of William and Agnes J. (Kellie) Murchie. His parents came to Concord in 1888 and since that time

WILLIAM ROCKWELL CLOUGH

William Rockwell Clough, representative from Alton, was one of the leading figures on the Republican side of the House at the recent session of the legislature. He served as chairman of the committee on national affairs, and was well qualified for the important post for, in 1897 and 1899 when he was also a member of the the House, he was assigned the same position. This year he was the recipient of many congratulations for being instrumental in getting Ambassador Naon of Argentina to ad-

dress the House on the important subject of the "Expansion of Trade Relations with South America." As a member of the committee on railroads, Mr. Clough also took part in the deliberations on the Boston & Maine reorganization measure which was reported favorably by the committee and passed House and Senate in record time.

William Rockwell Clough was born in Manchester, the son of John Chesley and Lydia (Jones) Clough. His early education was received in the district schools of Alton and at Franklin Academy, Dover, N. H., and he later graduated from the Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In 1875 he entered business at Newark, N. J., as a manufacturer of his patent miniature corkscrews, and in 1892 moved his business to Alton where it has been developed through the ability of Mr. Clough until it now boasts an output of 300,000 gross annually. Indeed Mr. Clough is the world's leading manufacturer of wire corkscrews, the parent industry having grown and expanded until now, by the use of automatic machinery, the output has been increased to the amount above mentioned.

Mr. Clough served in the Civil War with the Fiftieth Massachusetts Regiment and is past commander of Company H, N. G. S. N. Y. He is also a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

In fraternal affiliations Mr. Clough is a 32d degree Scottish Rite Mason and member of the Commandery and Shrine. He is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the Home Market Club. He also is a member of the Algonquin Club of Boston and the Masonic Club of New York City.

In 1904 Mr. Clough married Nellie Place of Alton and they have two children, a son and daughter. In religion he is a Universalist. Mr. Clough has always endeavored to

serve his native town in the same generous way which he has the state and the nation. He adopted the 8-hour day in his work years ago voluntarily, not by request, has served on the Alton Board of Education, has been justice of the local police court and represented the town at three sessions of the legislature. He is a true gentleman of the old school. His keen business judgment, which assisted him in building up his present manufacturing establishment, cannot be questioned. His unfailing courtesy and willingness to serve in any capacity made him very popular among the members of the last General Court and the many friends, whom he made there, all hope that he will return two years hence to again head the committee on national affairs.

MAJ. CHARLES E. TILTON

Charles E. Tilton, representative from Tilton, comes from a notable family of Democrats, so it is not surprising that he is one of the most prominent of the state's younger members of this party. He has just completed his third term as a member of the House and his second as a member of the most important committee on judiciary.

His career in politics has been of a rather meteoric nature. In 1912 he acted as clerk of the Democratic State Convention and at that time was nominated as a candidate for Presidential Elector. The same year he was elected a member of the General Court. During his first term as representative he was a member of the committee on revision of the statutes and chairman of the Belknap County Delegation. Shortly after he was made a member of the staff of Governor Samuel D. Felker, with the rank of major. At the last Democratic State Convention Mr. Tilton was elected chairman and he filled the post with dignity and effectiveness. He was also a delegate to the National Democratic Conven-

tion and treasurer of the Democratic State Convention in 1916.

When the vacancy was caused in the First Congressional District by reason of the death of the veteran congress-



Maj. Charles E. Tilton

man, Cyrus A. Sulloway of Manchester, it was only natural that Mr. Tilton should be prominently mentioned for this high office and, although he failed of nomination at the recent Democratic convention held in Manchester, he nevertheless received a highly complimentary vote on each ballot, running second only to the nominee of the convention.

Mr. Tilton was born in the town named in honor of his father, the late Charles E. Tilton, on May 6, 1887. He was educated at St. Paul's School in Concord, Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is now engaged in the study of law. He is a 32d degree Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner, member of the Harvard, Technology and University Clubs of Boston, and in religious belief is an Episcopalian. Mr. Tilton is married and has two sons.

Modest and unassuming, courageous, steadfast in his principles, and popular among his associates and the public at large, Mr. Tilton has before him a useful and honorable career in business and in politics.

WALTER G. PERRY

Walter G. Perry, Republican representative from Ward One, Keene, was born on June 13, 1874, at Fitzwilliam, N. H., the son of Calvin B. and Julia E. Perry. His early education was received in the public schools and after that the school of experience put the finishing touches on the education of Mr. Perry who is now located in business at Keene, the president of the Peerless Casualty Company of that city, an accident and health insurance company doing a large business in the New England, Central and Southern states.

Mr. Perry was a member of the



Walter G. Perry

committee on insurance in the House and although this was his first experience as a member of the General Court there is no doubt that he would become, with experience, even as

successful a legislator as he has proven an insurance official.

► Mr. Perry is unmarried and his fraternal affiliations include several Masonic bodies, the Odd Fellows, Red Men and Elks. In his religious views he is a Unitarian.

GEORGE A. WOOD

George A. Wood of Ward Two, Portsmouth, has been for the past

appeal to the members in behalf of suffrage for women.

Mr. Wood was born in South Aeworth on August 24, 1862, and received his early education there and at Vermont Academy, in Saxtons River, Vt. He is married and has four children, his wife, Mary I. Wood being well known in this state and in the nation as a leader in Woman's club work and also as an



George A. Wood

two sessions one of the leading Republicans of the House of Representatives. Two years ago he was a member of the committee on revision of statutes and also of the standing committee on engrossed bills, and he received the same appointments at this session, being chairman of the last named committee. Again this year he was found in the forefront fighting for the measure which was introduced for the purpose of allowing women to vote for presidential electors and in municipal affairs, and once more he made an able and eloquent

ardent believer in and worker for the cause of equal suffrage.

In municipal affairs Mr. Wood has always taken a great interest, and he was a member of the board of aldermen in Portsmouth for two years. For many years he was deputy collector of internal revenue at Portsmouth, beginning this work under his father, the late Col. James A. Wood of Aeworth, who, for years, was one of the prominent leaders of the Republican party in this state. At the present time he is engaged in the real estate and insurance business

in Portsmouth. He is a Unitarian; a member of the Odd Fellows, Royal Arcanum and the Warwick and Paul Jones clubs of Portsmouth.

Mr. Wood is a popular member of the House, efficient and helpful in committee work, and a ready debater on the floor, his easy flow of language and keen sense of humor and ready wit making him a particularly effective speaker.



Hon. Frank Huntress

Frank Huntress of Keene, one of the state's leading Republicans, was highly deserving of the place of honor which he held in "Statesman's Row" at the recent session of the legislature, for few members of the House have had a more varied or useful career in politics and public life. In just recognition of the worth of his services Mr. Huntress was given a post on the important judiciary committee where his keen judgment and business acumen were highly appreciated. His voice was rarely, if ever, heard on the floor in debate, but he was always present in his seat and little of business escaped his attention.

Mr. Huntress was born in Lowell, Mass., February 7, 1847, and was educated at Phillips Andover Academy. His business endeavors since that time have been so successful that today he is the head of a chain of dry goods stores doing a large business in Keene and other cities. He is married and has four children. He is affiliated, in a fraternal way, with several orders, being a 32d degree Mason and Shriner, a Red Man, Elk and Patron of Husbandry.

He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1907, 1909 and 1911 when he was chairman of the very important committee on appropriations. In 1913 he was a member of the State Senate and in 1915 and 1916 was a member of Governor Spaulding's council.

BARTHolemew F. McHUGH

Bartholomew F. McHugh, Democrat, representative from the town of Gorham, was the leading man in the election in his town last November, not only receiving more votes than any other man of either party on the representative ticket, but more than were cast for the candidates of his party for governor and representative in Congress.

Mr. McHugh was born more than fifty years ago in the town which he represents, his parents, John McHugh and Jane O'Malley, having emigrated here from Clifton, County Galway, Ireland, in 1850. Although taking due pride in his sturdy Irish parentage, he is no hyphenated American, but is a thorough-going adherent of the doctrine of "America first," and will ever be found supporting such measures as make for the welfare and safety of this, his native land.

He was educated in the Gorham schools and in his youth studied law for a time in the office of M. A. Hastings, now and for many years clerk of the court for the County of Coös, but then a practicing attorney in Gorham. Changing his plans, he

left the law and learned the trade of a machinist, and was for a time in charge of a machine shop at Troy, N. Y., subsequently removing to Fitchburg, Mass., where he was similarly engaged for some time but relinquished the work to go into the insurance business in Fitchburg, and conducted an agency there, representing fire, life and accident lines, for five years. Seeking a more active

his home in Gorham since engaging in travel.

Few members of the House, in their first year, have ever made a better record for effective service, than has Mr. McHugh during the session just closed. Although assigned to the committee on fisheries and game whose duties generally require time and attention, he had charge, in the House, of the bill providing for a re-



Bartholomew F. McHugh

field for his energies he disposed of this business and entered upon the life of a commercial traveler, being engaged for some years with the firm of C. A. Cross & Co., selling tea and coffee. He put the celebrated "Red Cross" coffee on the market, to which brand he gave the name. Five years ago he became associated with Martin L. Hall & Co., of Boston, the oldest coffee house in the country, founded in 1831, and continues this connection, having made

survey of the boundary line between this state and Maine, and, keeping in touch all the while with the Maine government, which enacted a similar measure, he supported it in committee and on the floor, and carried it through, with an appropriation of \$3,000 for the expenses of the commission. He also spoke effectively against the bill taxing savings bank deposits outside the state, and the same was killed; but came back with an amendment removing ob-

jectionable features and was finally passed.

Mr. McHugh owes his personal popularity and success, in large measure, to his remarkable memory, and his wonderful gifts as a story-teller and conversationalist. He bears a strong personal resemblance to William J. Bryan, in which fact he probably takes due pride.

the third time Mr. Lee served as a member of the committees on state hospital, and ways and means. As a member of the latter committee he was particularly interested this last session in the measure which originated with the tax commission and which was designed to prevent tax dodging by automobile owners by issuing permits for registration in the



William A. Lee

WILLIAM A. LEE

William A. Lee, representative from Ward Eight, Concord, is one of the most active Democrats in the House. He has just completed his third term as a representative and his experience at former sessions, combined with a large amount of good "horse sense" and business acumen, made him an invaluable member. He has ideas on many varieties of legislation and, better than that, he is never backward about speaking his mind on the floor in plain, forcible English. For

cities and towns. Largely through the instrumentality of Mr. Lee the measure passed the House but was killed in the Senate without much investigation or discussion.

Mr. Lee is a native of Concord, born April 10, 1862. He was educated in the public schools of his native city after which he learned the plumber's trade in which he is now engaged as a plumbing and heating contractor. In addition to his services to the state as a member of the General Court, Mr. Lee has been active in the affairs

of the Capital City. He served the city under the old charter as a member of the common council for two years, an alderman for six years and a member of the board of assessors for ten years.

Mr. Lee married Josephine Kelley of Northfield, Vt., and they have one son. He is a Roman Catholic in religion and has no fraternal affiliations.

PROF. CHARLES F. EMERSON

Charles Franklin Emerson, Republican representative from the town of Hanover, has completed his second term as a member of the General Court. At the recent session he was made chairman of the committee on education and was also assigned to the committee on public health, of which he was chairman in 1915.

Mr. Emerson was born in Chelmsford, Mass., September 28, 1843, son of Owen and Louisa (Butterfield) Emerson. He prepared for college at Westford Academy, Westford, Mass., under Mr. John D. Long, who was afterwards governor of Massachusetts and later secretary of the United States Navy, and at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, N. H. For nearly three years before he entered college, Mr. Emerson taught district and private schools in Massachusetts.

He matriculated at Dartmouth College in February, 1865, and remained with that institution of learning until 1913. He received a diploma from the college in July, 1868, and was immediately appointed instructor in gymnastics. He was also instructor in mathematics in the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, which institution was at that time connected with Dartmouth College. He was tutor in mathematics in Dartmouth from 1868 to 1872. In the latter year he was appointed associate professor of natural philosophy and mathematics in Dartmouth and in 1878 was promoted to Appleton professor of natural philosophy, which position

he held until 1899. He taught astronomy in Dartmouth from 1877 to 1892.

The trustees of the college appointed him dean of the Academic faculty in 1893 but he continued to teach until 1899 when the work of the dean's office had so increased as to demand his whole time. For the next twenty years his entire attention was devoted to administrative work. On July 1, 1913, Mr. Emerson retired from active service for the college in conformity with a rule of the trustees



Charles F. Emerson

which limits active service for any member of the faculty to the age of seventy years, and he was made dean emeritus. He had then completed forty-five years of service to the college, the longest record, at that time, of service held by any one person at that institution. During his connection with Dartmouth College nearly 5,000 graduates received their diplomas.

Mr. Emerson became a fellow of the American Association for Advancement of Science in 1875 and a life member of this society in 1898.

In 1875, he married Miss Caroline Flagg of North Chelmsford, Mass., and they have two daughters, Miss Martha Flagg, Librarian of the State College at Durham, and Mrs. Emily Sophia, wife of Prof. Edmund E. Day, of Harvard.

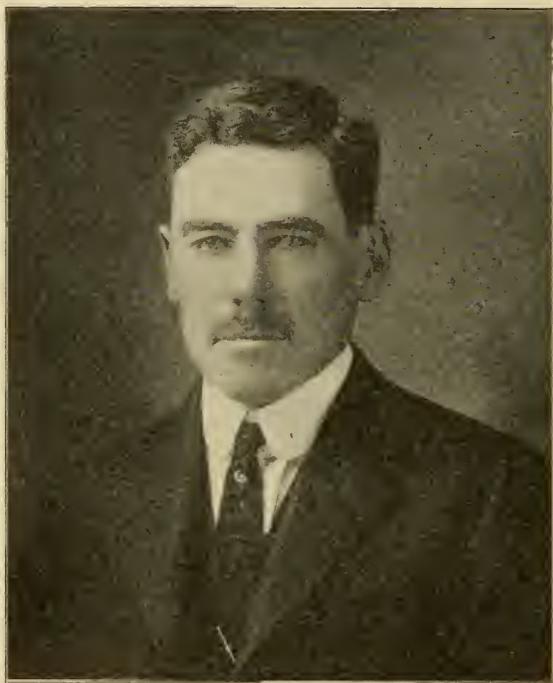
Aside from being supervisor of the check-list at Hanover for fifteen years Mr. Emerson had not held public office until his town elected him a representative in November, 1914, and

son recalled by name even though his past acquaintance had been but slight.

He is affiliated with the Alpha Delta Phi college fraternity and is a member of the Church of Christ at Dartmouth College. His favorite recreation is golf.

GEORGE W. BARNES

George W. Barnes, Republican representative from the town of Lyme,



George W. Barnes

re-elected him in November, 1916. Mr. Emerson's career as a legislator has been marked by the same high loyalty to the best interests of his state that was so apparent in his career as an educator. He has made a host of friends aside from the Dartmouth men of the House who, of course, look upon him as a guide and mentor. His faculty for remembering faces, oftentimes noted by men of Dartmouth, was also remarked upon this session by former members whom Mr. Emer-

has just completed his second term as a member of the General Court. This year he was chairman of the committee on public improvements, and as it is the duty of this committee to handle a large number of bills, including road measures, the position occupied by Mr. Barnes entailed a considerable amount of work of importance. He presided over the deliberations with tact and guided the affairs in a manner expeditious and highly satisfactory.

Mr. Barnes was born on March 18, 1866, at Lyme, N. H., the son of Hiram and Esther (Gillette) Barnes. His early education was received in the public schools of Lyme and at the St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academy. In 1887 he entered business in Boston, Mass., and in 1891 took up farming in the town of his birth. Since that time he has divided his time about equally between Lyme and Boston. He is now executor and trustee of the Amos Barnes and Herbert Barnes estates, with an office in Boston, but he maintains his home and farm at Lyme. He is a director of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad.

It generally holds that a member of the legislature from a New Hampshire town has been actively interested, at some time or other, in the affairs of the town which he is sent to represent and no exception can be made to this in the case of Mr. Barnes for he was a member of the school board for two years and for seven years has been a selectman, being chairman of the board at the present time. He is also a trustee of the town trust funds. He served in the legislature of 1915 and at that time gained an insight into legislative affairs that has proved useful to him this session.

On December 25, 1897, Mr. Barnes was married to Laura A. Smith of Hanover. He is a member of the New Hampshire Grange, the New Hampshire Historical Society and the Boston City Club. In religion he is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

GEORGE A. FAIRBANKS

George A. Fairbanks, representative from Newport, was particularly prominent at the recent session of the legislature by reason of the fact that he was chairman of the House committee on railroads which conducted the hearings on the important Boston & Maine reorganization measure. His ability and fairness in this capacity were immediately

recognized. He was also a member of the committee on banks.

George A. Fairbanks was born in Newport, March 24, 1863, the son of George H. and Helen M. (Norris) Fairbanks. His early education was received in the grammar schools of Newport and at the Newport High School, from which institution he graduated in 1881, after which he attended Tilton Seminary. In 1885 he entered business at Newport as a merchant. In 1899, in company with



George A. Fairbanks

Mr. Dow, he bought the Granite State Mills, located at Guild, where he is engaged in the manufacture of woolens which are shipped to all parts of this country and South America.

Mr. Fairbanks is a Republican, and in 1916 was nominated as one of the presidential electors. He has always been alive to the best interests of his native town and state. For twelve years he has been a member of the school board of Newport. He is president of the Citizens National Bank of that town and a trustee of the Carrie F. Wright Hospital of

Newport and the Tilton Seminary of Tilton.

In fraternal affiliations, Mr. Fairbanks is a Mason, past high priest, and Shriner. He is a Methodist in religion. On October 22, 1885, he was married at Newport to Margaret A. Gilmore and they have three children, Mrs. Helen F. Redfield of Manchester, N. H., and Miss Marian S. and Harold G. Fairbanks who reside at home.



Andrew J. Hook

Andrew Jackson Hook, representative from Warner, holds an enviable position of prominence in his home town for he has been linked inseparably with the town and its affairs and development for over two decades. Mr. Hook is not a native of the town he represents as he was born in Cornish, in that section of the town now included in Corbin's Park, on December 7, 1864, the only son of Moody and Eliza B. (Carroll) Hook, who were both natives of Croydon.

Duty to his parents demanded that he spend the early years of his young manhood aiding in the work of con-

ducting the paternal farm, so his early education was provided by the district schools of the town of Cornish. Later Mr. Hook went to Manchester where he took a business course at the Bryant & Stratton Business College, from which institution he graduated in 1885.

Following his graduation he entered the employ of A. C. Carroll & Son, general merchants, at Warner with whom he remained six years. He then leased and managed the Kearsarge Hotel in Warner for one year, after which he engaged in the retail grain business for seven years. In 1898 Mr. Hook was appointed postmaster of the town of Warner and by reappointments held this position until 1916. At present he maintains a general business and financial office in the central part of the town where he operates in lumber and real estate on a rather extensive scale and conducts the only insurance agency in town, representing seventeen companies. He is a trustee of the Sugar River Savings Bank of Newport and agent for the Citizens National Bank, also of Newport.

In politics he has always been a staunch Republican, and has held nearly every town office available. He has been a selectman, town clerk, member of the high school committee and is at present town treasurer, which office he has held for the past twenty years.

In spite of his busy business life Mr. Hook has found time for lodge work as he is a member of every division of Masonry in the state, including the 32d degree and the Order of the Mystic Shrine, and has filled all the chairs in the Blue Lodge. He is also a member of the Grange and is at present secretary of the New Hampshire Grange Life Insurance Association.

In 1888 Mr. Hook took for his wife Florence Bell Colby of Warner, a cousin of ex-Governor Walter Harriman, and Mr. and Mrs. Hook occu-

py a beautiful and substantial home in Warner which was built to accord with their own tastes a few years ago.

Generous with his extraordinary business ability to the town, county and state, Mr. Hook has likewise been unselfish with his talents as he has been church chorister for the Baptist and Congregational churches in Warner, giving ten years of his services in this capacity to each church. The study of nature in his native state has been the form of recreation most appealing to him.

Although this session of the General Court is the first of which Mr. Hook has been a member, his position as postmaster of Warner rendering him ineligible to serve during the sessions of the previous eighteen years, that his worth was recognized is evidenced by the fact that he was appointed chairman of the important committee on liquor laws. In this capacity he rendered invaluable service and his speech in favor of prohibition was one of the best of the session. He was also a member of the committee on insurance and served as chairman of the Merrimack County delegation.

DR. ERVIN W. HODSDON

Ervin W. Hodsdon, M. D., Republican representative from the town of Ossipee, has just completed his second term in the House. This year he was chairman of the committee on state hospital and a member of the committee on public health, as he was two years ago. Doctor Hodsdon is one of the quiet, unassuming members whose voices are seldom, if ever, heard on the floor in debate, but who accomplishes much in the committee rooms. Doctor Hodsdon's general knowledge, combined with his legislative experience of two years ago, made him an invaluable member of both the important committees on which he served.

He was born in Ossipee on April 8, 1863, the son of Edward P. and

Emma B. (Demeritt) Hodsdon. His early education was received in the district schools of his native town, and he prepared for college at Dover High School and Phillips Exeter Academy. In 1884 he graduated from Washington University at St. Louis, Mo., with the degree of M. D. Following his graduation he served as an interne in the city hospital at St. Louis, for a period of two years, after which he went to Dover where he engaged in practice. Before re-



Dr. Ervin W. Hodsdon

moving to Ossipee, where he has lived for the past twenty-one years, Doctor Hodsdon also practiced in Center Sandwich for a short period.

He has taken advantage of many opportunities to be of service to his native town and for three years acted as selectman. For twelve years he was a member of the school committee, has served as a member of the board of public health ever since he has been in Ossipee, has been town clerk, and for seventeen years was postmaster. He also held the position of medical referee of Carroll County

for a period of ten years and has been physician to the Carroll County farm.

Doetor Hodsdon married Mary L. Price recently. He is a Methodist and affiliated with the following organizations: Masons, Red Men, Knights of Pythias, Grange, A. O. U. W. and is a past master in all of them. He belongs to the New Hampshire Medical Society and the American Medical Association. The doc-

His early education was received at Canaan Union Academy and at Tilton Seminary. He then attended Boston University Law School and later read law with the Hon. George W. Murray at Canaan. He has been admitted to practice before the bars of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Mr. Shaw has had varied experiences in business which have aided in giving him a breadth and scope of



William Edward Shaw

tor's favorite recreation is the collection of post stamps.

WILLIAM E. SHAW

William Edward Shaw, representing the town of Canaan, has been a prominent figure in the General Court this session, holding the very responsible position of chairman of the committee on revision of statutes. Mr. Shaw was born in the town which he represented, on November 15, 1865, the son of Elias H. and Mary A. Shaw.

outlook which may not be gained in any other way, as he was teacher, editor and publisher before entering upon the active practice of law, in which profession he now enjoys an extensive practice in his native town and its environs.

The principles of the Republican party have attracted Mr. Shaw to cast his vote for its candidates and in political service he has been judge of the Canaan municipal court and is a trustee of the town trust funds. He

was prominently mentioned as a candidate for reporter of supreme court decisions.

In fraternal affiliations Mr. Shaw has been associated with the most prominent orders as he is at present worshipful master of Summit Lodge, 98, A. F. & A. M., and is past chancellor commander of S. S. Davis Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

The cultivation of the fertile acres at "Shaw Pines," his paternal estate, provides pleasant and profitable recreation for Mr. Shaw's leisure hours.

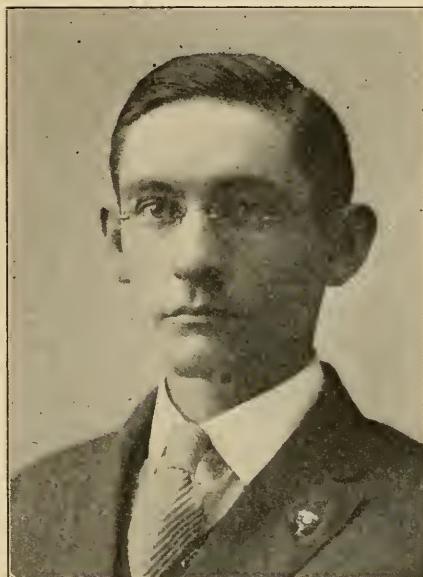
IRA LEON EVANS

Ira Leon Evans, Republican representative from Ward Four, Concord, has completed his second successive term as a member of the General Court. Two years ago he was a member of the committee on industrial school, but the assignments of 1917 found him on two more important committees—labor, and ways and means. He has taken an active interest in the work of the session and, although he was never heard on the floor in debate, his presence was always counted upon in the committee rooms where his business acumen and sound common sense were always relied upon. Through his instrumentality the obsolete printing commission, with its antiquated price list, was done away with and the work of letting the contracts for public printing placed in the hands of the board of trustees of state institutions.

Mr. Evans was born in Concord on July 14, 1884, the son of Ira C. and Helen G. (Rowe) Evans. His education was received in the grammar and high schools of this city. Upon his graduation from high school, in 1905, he entered the business of his father, who was one of the best-known printers in the state. He continued in the employ of the Evans Printing Company until December 3, 1910, when he launched the Evans Press, which proved one of the most successful print shops in the city. He continued this business until April 1

of this year when he consolidated his business with that previously conducted by his father and the new firm bears the name of The Evans Printing Company.

On October 7, 1908, Mr. Evans married Ruth H. Buntin and they have two children, Carl and Charlotte. He is a member of a large number of local fraternal organizations



Ira Leon Evans

and clubs, including the Odd Fellows, Rebekahs, Knights of Pythias, Sons of Veterans, Typographical Union, White Mountain Travellers' Association, Concord Board of Trade, Kearns Club, Contoocook River Improvement Society and the New Hampshire Press Association. He served in the New Hampshire National Guard as a member of the Second Regiment Band.

FRANKLIN P. CURTIS

Franklin Pierce Curtis of Ward Two, Concord, is one of the very few Democrats of the House who were returned to the recent session of the legislature for the fourth consecutive

time. At all four sessions, Mr. Curtis has been a member of the committee on agricultural college, and in 1915 and 1917 he was a member



Frank P. Curtis

of the standing committee on state library. All the older members of the House know Frank Curtis and new members will immediately recognize his identity when it is recalled that he is the member who always moved toward the close of the week end session that "when the House adjourn this afternoon it be to meet on next Monday evening, etc."

Mr. Curtis was born on February 12, 1856, in the Capital City, the son of George H. and Harriet (Lougee) Curtis, and is a lineal descendent of Capt. Ebeneezer Eastman and Capt. David Kimball, both among the early settlers of Concord, and soldiers in the Colonial Wars. He received his early education in the public schools and from private tutors. His parents moved to East Concord when he was one year old and there he has resided since, coming in close contact with

the citizens and affairs of the ward through his being a newspaper correspondent and reporter for many years and by reason of his personal popularity.

Mr. Curtis has been active in city affairs, having served two terms as alderman under the old city charter, and having been a city library trustee. He has been ward clerk for a period of over twenty years, supervisor of the check list, and, in 1915 and 1916, was clerk of the Concord district police court. Mr. Curtis is a member of Rumford Grange, P. of H., and of Merrimack County Pomona Grange, serving the former organization, in the work of which he takes a strong interest, as secretary for several years.

FRANK D. GAY

Frank D. Gay, Republican representative from the town of Hillsborough, was returned this year to



Frank D. Gay

the House of Representatives for his second term, and he proved fully as popular with the members of this General Court by reason of his un-

failing good nature and proclivities as a story teller as he had with the members two years ago. For two sessions he has been a member of the committee on roads, bridges, and canals. Perhaps the greatest of many stunts for which he was responsible at this session of the legislature, was the grand demonstration of the citizens of the several towns along the proposed Contoocook valley highway, in this city, on the day when the measure carrying the appropriation for this highway came before the committee on public improvements for a hearing. Several hundred citizens marched from the station to the State House headed by a brass band.

Mr. Gay was born in Hillsborough on July 27, 1865, and was educated in the town of his birth. He is a farmer and lumber dealer, and has been street commissioner and deputy sheriff. He is married; is a Methodist in religion, and is affiliated with the Odd Fellows, lodge and encampment.

BAYARD T. MOUSLEY, M. D.

Bayard T. Mousley, M. D., representative from Langdon, served his first term as a member of the House of Representatives and was made a member of the committees on forestry and public health. In politics he is a Democrat.

Doctor Mousley was born in Orford, N. H., January 17, 1879, the son of William E. and Katherine (Quint) Mousley. His father came to America from England in 1850 and his paternal grandfather was Samuel Mousley, an officer of the English army who served and was wounded at the battle of Waterloo.

His early education was received in the public schools of Orford and Lyme and his preparatory education at Kimball Union Academy and Burlington (Vt.) High School. He later attended the University of Vermont and the Baltimore Medical College, graduating from the last named insti-

tution in 1905. In 1906 Mr. Mousley began the practice of his profession at Alstead, but retains his residence at Langdon where he owns Elmerest Farm and breeds pure Holstein-Friesian cattle.

As a physician, Doctor Mousley has been highly successful in the treatment of the diseases of women and children, to which he has given special attention. As a farmer he has been just as successful in breeding cattle as noted above. In fact his



Dr. Bayard T. Mousley

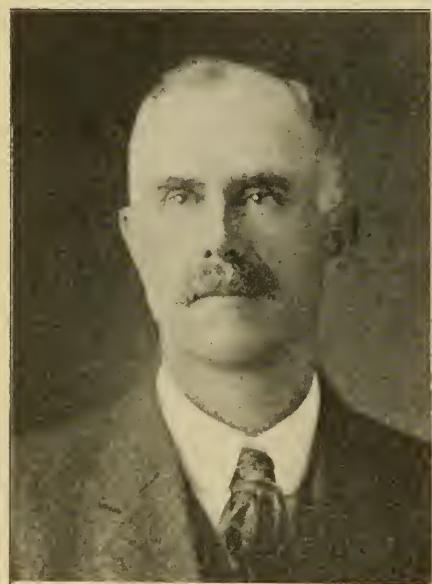
favorite recreation is to wander about among his black and white cattle at Elmerest Farm and he gets as much pleasure in this way as he does in his automobile, for Mr. Mousley is an enthusiastic motorist. He is a Mason, Knight Templar and member of the Eastern Star. For two years he has been master of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 30, and patron of Mizpah Chapter, O. E. S. for four years. He is also a member of the Theta Nu Epsilon college fraternity and is a member of Cold River Club.

In 1901, Mr. Mousley married

Louise Chadwick, at Hartford, Vt., and they have two children, a boy of eleven years and a daughter of fourteen who is a student at Kimball Union Academy.

STANLEY H. ABBOT

Stanley Harris Abbot, Republican representative from Wilton, was born on October 20, 1863, the son of Harris and Caroline (Greeley) Abbot. His early education was received in the district school and for two years he attended Cushing Academy. Mr.



Stanley Harris Abbot

Abbot is a farmer, having pursued that vocation at Abbot Hill, the place of his birth, since he was twenty years old, his father having died when he attained that age. Mr. Abbot is also a land surveyor.

He has served nine years on the local school board and in 1901 was elected a director of the New England Milk Producers Association, and in 1905 was made president of that organization, in which capacity he was continued for six years. He is a Patron of Husbandry and is affiliated with the Congregational Church.

On November 15, 1904, Mr. Abbot married Mary Kimball in Munson, Mass., and they have seven children, four sons and three daughters. He has always been especially interested in music, either vocal or instrumental, and each member of his family plays a different instrument. For thirty years he has been connected with the local church choir, either as a member or director. He is also especially interested in forestry. He was a member of the committee on agriculture in the House of Representatives.



Harold A. Webster

Harold A. Webster, Republican representative from the town of Holderness, and one of the more active of the younger Republicans at the recent session of the General Court, was not without previous legislative experience when he came to Concord the first of this year for he had served as member from Holderness in 1913 at which time he was a member of the appropriations and forestry committees and also of the special senatorial election investigating committee. This year he was a member of the important committee on appro-

priations. Although his voice was seldom heard on the floor in debate he proved himself a ready speaker when he arose to talk in favor of the Brennan weights and measures bill during the latter part of the recent session. In fact, the wide knowledge of this important subject, which he displayed at that time, may have been one of the chief considerations which led to his recent appointment by Governor Keyes as State Commissioner of Weights and Measures, under the new act.

Mr. Webster was born in Ashland on August 12, 1885, and received his early education in the public schools of Ashland and Plymouth. He afterwards attended the Holderness School for Boys and at the present time is assistant curator at the last named institution. He is a member of the Holderness School board and one of the trustees of the library. He is also president of the Republican Club of Holderness. He is unmarried and an Episcopalian.

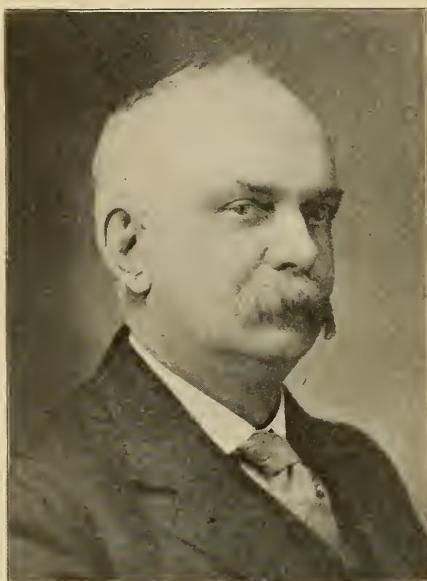
ORREN C. ROBERTSON

Orren C. Robertson, Democratic representative from the town of Hinsdale, has twice been elected to the General Court from a strong Republican town. In 1914 he received 310 of the 313 votes cast and last year of the 363 votes cast he received all but one. This fact, of course, is fairly indicative of the high regard and esteem in which Mr. Robertson is held by his fellow-townsmen.

Orren C. Robertson was born at Hinsdale on June 3, 1862, the son of George and Abbie E. Robertson. His early education was received in the district schools of his native town and at the Hinsdale High School. In 1883 he became a member of the paper manufacturing firm of G. A. Robertson & Co., which had been founded by his father at Putney, Vt., in 1842, and which was moved to Hinsdale in 1856. He has remained a member of this firm since that time, and the only change in his business has been to

launeh the additional paper manufacturing business of Orren C. Robertson Co., Inc., which he started in 1910. These two companies operate four large cylinder paper machines, manufacturing toilet paper.

Aside from his large business interests, Mr. Robertson has found time to serve his town as a selectman, which office he holds at the present time. He is affiliated with the Odd Fellows and Red Men, is a member of the American Paper and Pulp Asso-



Orren C. Robertson

ciation, the Tissue Manufacturers Association and the Boston Paper Trade Association. In religious belief he is a Congregationalist.

On October 17, 1883, Mr. Robertson married Lizzie A. Saben at Hinsdale and they have two daughters, Mrs. H. Ralph Wood of Ashuelot, N. H., and Mrs. Louis N. Stearns of Hinsdale.

In 1915, Mr. Robertson served on the House committee on agricultural college and this year he was again a member of that important committee and in addition was a member of the

committee on banks. The town of Hinsdale would do well to return this popular Democrat to the legislature two years hence.

ARTHUR E. DOLE

Arthur E. Dole, Republican repre-



Arthur Edward Dole

sentative from Ward Six, Concord, was born December 8, 1864, the son of Seth R. and Susan (Boynton) Dole. His education was received in the public schools of the Capital City and, in 1881, he entered business with the wholesale grocery firm of Woodworth, Dodge & Company. In 1889 he entered the First National Bank of Concord and remained there until he was appointed a member of the New Hampshire bank commission in December, 1904, which office he held until September, 1913. At the present time Mr. Dole is engaged in the sale of bonds and mortgages, representing the National City Company of New York and the Putnam Investment Company of Salina, Kan., and Concord, N. H.

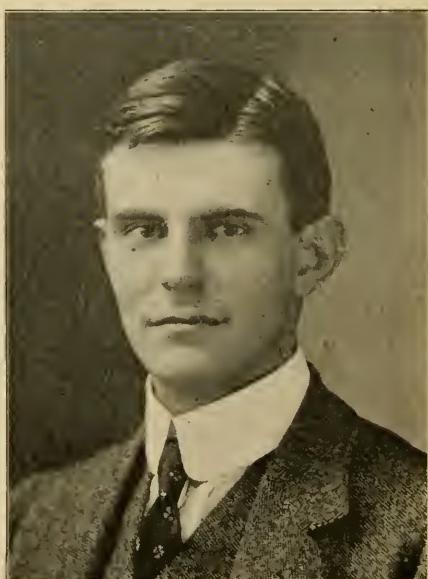
Mr. Dole has been prominent in

municipal affairs, having served as a common councillor and member of the board of aldermen under ex-Mayors P. B. Cogswell and Henry Robinson. He is president of the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital. Fraternally, Mr. Dole is a Mason, Knight Templar, Odd Fellow, Patron of Husbandry, and is a member of the Wonolancet Club. At this session of the legislature, Mr. Dole made an efficient chairman of the important committee on banks.

He was married, on June 8, 1905, to Katherine Devoll at Lowell, Mass. Mr. Dole is a member of the South Congregational Church of Concord.

JOHN G. WINANT

John G. Winant of Ward Seven, Concord, an energetic and progres-



John G. Winant

sive young Republican, became one of the well-known members of the House during his first term as representative by reason of his activity in behalf of all legislation tending to the betterment of social conditions in the state. He fought hard for the pas-

sage of a forty-eight hour week for women and minors, did his best to assist the passage of a bill abolishing capital punishment in this state and was sponsor for several measures designed to inculcate the spirit of patriotism in citizens of New Hampshire. He was also interested in measures designed to improve agricultural conditions in New Hampshire. He was active in committee work, served as clerk of the committee on revision of statutes, and was chairman of the standing committee on state house and state house yard.

Mr. Winant was born in New York City, on February 23, 1889, and after receiving his preliminary education at St. Paul's School in this city continued his education at Harvard and Princeton, graduating from each of these universities. He returned to this city to become a master at St. Paul's School, which position he now holds. Mr. Winant is unmarried and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is a member of the executive committee of the state federation of county agricultural associations.

EDWIN D. STEVENS, M. D.

Edwin D. Stevens, M. D., Republican representative from the town of Francestown, is one of the many country physicians of New Hampshire who have found time, apart from the busy routine of their professional lives, to be of service to their towns and to the state.

The subject of this sketch was born in Montgomery, Mass., the son of the Rev. N. F. and Mary E. (Dearborn) Stevens. His education was received at Powers Institute, Bernardston, Mass., Montpelier (Vt.) Seminary and at Boston University, from which institution he graduated with the class of 1895. The same year he went to Francestown where he began the practice of medicine where he is located today, successful and prosperous.

Aside from his professional duties

in and about the confines of his adopted town, Doctor Stevens has found opportunity to serve on the board of education for six years; he has been chairman of the board of public health for fifteen years, and this year represented Francestown in the state legislature. He was a member of the committee on public health, where he was active in the work of passing on the merits of the legislation which was sent to this most important committee.



Dr. Edwin C. Stevens

Doctor Stevens is affiliated with the Masons, Eastern Star, Odd Fellows, Patrons of Husbandry, and is a member of the American Institute, the Massachusetts Surgical and Gynecological Society, Massachusetts Medical Society, New Hampshire Medical Society and the Contoocook Valley Medical Society.

In 1903, Doctor Stevens married Annie E. Hulme, daughter of the late John T. Hulme who was one of the state's active newspaper men about forty years ago. In religious views, Doctor Stevens is a Methodist.

FRED A. ROGERS

Fred A. Rogers, representative from Plainfield, and leader of the agriculturalists of the House, was one of the strong members of the



Fred A. Rogers

recent session. A Republican in politics, Mr. Rogers never allowed his political affiliations to interfere with his best judgment and he was always found fighting in the forefront for any measure which affected the farm-

ers of New Hampshire in a beneficial manner. On the other hand he could be counted among those bitterly opposed to any measure which would in any small degree prove detrimental to the class of men whom he so ably represented in the lower branch of the state legislature. As chairman of the committee on agriculture and of the farmers' council, Mr. Rogers had ample opportunity to ascertain the wishes and desires of the agriculturalists, and to his credit it may be said that he was most effective in carrying them out, for on the floor he was a ready and willing debater, his speeches being of the short, pithy and to-the-point variety.

Mr. Rogers was born in Hartland, Vt., on September 20, 1866. He was educated at the Green Mountain and Perkins academies and at the Troy Business College. He is married and has eight children. In religion, Mr. Rogers is a Congregationalist, and his chief fraternal affiliation is with the Patrons of Husbandry. Aside from serving his town as selectman he has used part of the extensive knowledge which he has acquired along agricultural lines for the benefit of New Hampshire, for he is a member of the advisory board of the state department of agriculture and also of the executive committee of the State Grange and the Sullivan County Agricultural Association.

MY THANKFULNESS

By Laurence C. Woodman

Surer than the sunrise
Is my love for you,
Happy just to see you,
All day through.

But there always cometh
At the end of day,
Darkness down on lovers,
Driving one away!

Surer than the sunrise
Is my love for you,
Happy just to see you,
All day through!

HENRY SHERBURNE'S GRAVEYARD

By J. M. Moses

In my article on Sanders Point, in the last June number, I referred to the burying place, near the house of the first Henry Sherburne at Little Harbor. Any one interested in that will be interested in a deed which I lately found in the Province Deeds, Vol. 65, page 340, by which Noah Sherburne, great-grandson of Henry, conveyed to Captain John Blunt, July 3, 1762, two acres, more or less, in Newcastle, bounded north and south on said Blunt, east by "the river of Little Harbor," and west by "the road that leads to the bridge, it being the piece of land where the *Burying Ground is*, and is part of the share which I had of my father John Sherburne's estate"; referring to the plan of the estate, which was deposited in the Probate Office.

This plan has been reproduced in the printed Probate Records, State Papers, Vol. 33, page 552. The tract conveyed was evidently Noah's lot No. 6, which contains a small lot

marked "Grass," this cornering on a minute lot that is unmarked, and adjoins the house lot. This tiny lot, I imagine, was the burying place.

I lately made a hasty visit to the place, which is now mostly included in the Wentworth Hotel golf course. I found no vestige of a graveyard, but was without notes or instruments, and did not know just where to look. Some of the walls there seem to be on the lines of the old plan. If so, a surveyor could easily locate that tiny lot, which probably contains the ashes of Ambrose Gibbons, Henry Sherburne, Thomas Walford and many others.

If this has not been done, may we not hope that some Portsmouth antiquarian will give the matter his attention, and favor the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY with his conclusions. There should be at least a memorial stone, if the last resting place of these pioneers can be identified.

MEMORIES AT SUNSET

By Edward H. Richards

She came, a charming little maid,
And sat beside me in the shade,
Just as the light began to fade,
One afternoon.
And there, the timid little miss
Said, "Yes," and sealed it with a kiss,
And talked of future happiness,
That day in June.

Long years are past and we are told
By silver locks, that once were gold,
And manly boys, that we are old.
It can't be true!
For it was only yesterday,
Beneath that shade I heard her say,—
"Love lives forever and a day
'Twixt me and you."

THE MORNING LIGHT

By Georgiana A. Prescott

A subtle presence from the Orient proclaimed to the world: "I am the morning light." Darkness fled before that wondrous and glorious revelation, and the slumbering world awoke. From an orchard near I heard a robin's solo, anon a mighty chorus choir fairly deluged the world with sweetest sound—praise songs to the Creator of life and light. Chanticleer sent up his prophetic notes; all the little streams uttered aloud their paeans. "Let there be light" was Divinely said at the genesis of the world. Shall not man too render praise and gratitude for the gift of a new day dawn? The morning light penetrated the innermost depths of gloom, brightened the confines of the prison, wherever there was a crevice, thither a bright arrowy ray softly sped. It finds the floweret in the deep dark woods; without it there are no rainbow arches bridging the rivers in seven-hued beauty, and no gold, amethyst or vermillion upon the multiformed clouds, for as light draws near they array themselves in gorgeous hues.

"I am the morning light." I drink up the dew from the flower cups, and brighten the crystal beads that shine on the delicate laces the spider has wrought. All the ripening berries and fruits deepen their colors at my coming. I bring cheer to the storm-tossed seaman. I am welcomed by the weary, sleepless watcher, and the restless patient. Heaven has sent me earthward. At my coming some spirits are just leaving the world, and some are just beginning their journey here. Dear old world! Almost of synchronal birth are you and I. Somehow even with your telescopic wonders, your bright full moons, and all the glittering visible stars, you rejoice while ten thousand voices shout "Hail! Hail!" at my coming.

Just then a mighty ball of fire seemed to rest upon the sea, while smoke uprose from a thousand home fires, and I heard familiar sounds of daily labor. Is not light the very essence of the Heavenly world beyond? Only the evil-doer loves the darkness.

STAR POINT

LAKE DUNCAN, OSSYPEE, N. H.

By Charles Poole Cleaves

A long, low line of light—a crescent shore,
Fringed by dark pines that neighbor to the sky.
The undulate horizon hills, hung o'er
With rosy sunset mist, far as the eye

Can sink into its deep; and all the lake
Radiant with quiet glory; till from far,
Trailing her robes across the western wake,
Night lifts her hand and lights the evening star.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

SAMUEL T. PAGE

Samuel T. Page, born in Haverhill, February 14, 1849, died at the Elliot Hospital in Manchester, April 16, 1917.

Mr. Page was the son of David and Margaret (Taylor) Page, and was educated at Haverhill and Kimball Union Academies and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1871. He taught school for a time; read law with Cross & Burnham of Manchester, and was admitted to the bar in 1874, in which year he served as private secretary to Governor James A. Weston. He located in practice in his native town, but was absent some time on important business in California. He was a member of the state legislature in 1877 and 1878, served eight years as register of probate for Grafton County and was again in the legislature in 1887, being prominent in committee work and debate. From 1887 till 1903, he was a resident of Manchester, where he had acquired real estate interests, but returned to Haverhill, in the latter year. He was a member of the Franklin Street Congregational Church, Manchester, and Haverhill Grange.

He married, October 5, 1872, Frances M. Eaton, who survives him. He also leaves a daughter, Mrs. Grace M. Bennett of Manchester; a son, Donald T. Page of Woodcliff-on-the-Hudson, New Jersey; and a sister, Mrs. Alvin Burleigh of Plymouth.

HIRAM BLAKE

Hiram Blake, a long-time member of the Cheshire County bar, and a well-known resident of Keene, died at the Elliot City Hospital in that city on February 8.

Mr. Blake was a native of Rindge, son of Ebenezer and Hepsibeth (Jewett) Blake, born February 9, 1838. He came of Revolutionary stock, being a grandson of Dea. Eleazer Blake of Rindge, a native of Wrentham, Mass., who served throughout the War for Independence. He was educated in the public schools, Marlow Academy and Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, graduating from the latter in 1859. After teaching school for a time he entered the Albany (N. Y.) Law School, from which he graduated in 1863; was admitted to the bar and practiced two years in New York City. He then went West and was in practice ten years in Montana, but, the climate not agreeing with his health, he returned East, and located in Keene, in 1873, where he continued, until his last illness, in successful practice, though he took an extended vacation trip in Europe in 1904.

Politically he was a Republican. He represented his ward in the legislature of 1895-96, served several years on the school board, and was for some time solicitor of Cheshire County. He was an early member

of the Keene Light Guard Battalion; was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and attended the Unitarian church. He was one of the organizers of the Keene Natural History Society and many years attorney for the Keene Five Cents Savings Bank and conducted important litigation in its behalf.

He is survived by a brother, Amos J. Blake, Esq., of Fitzwilliam.

FRANK P. ANDREWS

Frank P. Andrews, president of Merrimack County Savings Bank, and a well-known citizen of Concord, died March 13, 1917, after a long illness.

He was born in Newbury, June 30, 1848, son of Reuben Gile and Lydia (Bailey) Andrews; was educated in the common schools and at Colby Academy, New London, and had been connected with the Merrimack County Savings Bank in one capacity or another since 1872. He was a director of the Concord Light and Power Company, Mount Washington Railway Company, Board of Trade Building Company, and the State Dwelling House Insurance Company. In politics he was a Republican, and in religious belief a Congregationalist, being a member of the South Congregational Church of Concord.

He is survived by a brother and sister, Dudley B. Andrews of Wilmot and Mrs. Timothy O'Connor of Boulder, Col.

ELIAS HARLOW RUSSELL

Elias Harlow Russell, born in Sanbornton eighty years ago, died in that town April 3, 1917, after a long illness. He was educated at the Woodman Academy in Sanbornton, New England Normal Institute, and Dartmouth Medical School. His life was devoted to educational work in connection with various institutions. He was at one time president of the Le Roy Academic Institute at Le Roy, N. Y. He taught elocution in different academies and seminaries, but his principal life work was as principal of the Worcester (Mass.) Normal School, in which position he served with great success for more than thirty years. In 1902 he declined the presidency of Clark College at Worcester.

MAJ. DANIEL H. L. GLEASON

Maj. Daniel H. L. Gleason, long connected with the U. S. Customs service at Boston, and prominent in G. A. R. circles, died at his home in Natick, Mass., April 8, 1917.

Major Gleason was born in Langdon, N. H., March 23, 1841, son of Col. Joseph Gleason. He shipped on a sailing vessel in youth, but, on the outbreak of the Civil War, he entered

the Union service as a member of Company G, First Massachusetts Cavalry. He served gallantly until discharged, September 1, 1864, with the rank of brevet-major, for wounds received in action. After the war Major Gleason was for a time in business in Beverly; but was appointed an inspector on the customs force by President Grant in 1872, and continued in the service in different positions, till death. He was commander of the Massachusetts Department, G. A. R., in 1907-08; was prominent in Masonry and a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

On January 16, 1866, he married Mary E. Hall of Holden, Mass., who survives, with two sons and two married daughters.

LIEUT. SAMUEL F. PATTERSON

Samuel F. Patterson of Concord, long superintendent of bridges for the Concord and Boston & Maine railroads in this state, died in the Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago, April 17, having been taken ill with pneumonia, while on his return from a southern trip.

He was a native of Hopkinton, son of Joab and Mary Loverin Patterson, born January 23, 1840, and was a brother of Gen. Joab N. Patterson. He was educated in the public schools and Contoocook Academy, and served three years in the Civil War, attaining the rank of lieutenant, having previously been sometime in the employ of the Concord & Montreal Railroad. After the war he

became a foreman of bridge work in the same service, and later was made superintendent. He had served two years as a member of the Concord Board of Aldermen from Ward 6, and was a representative in the legislature in 1897-98. He was a Republican and an Odd Fellow.

CAPT. JOHN H. VICKERY

John H. Vickery, a prominent citizen of Nashua, a Civil War veteran, and active in educational work, died suddenly at his home in that city, February 20, 1917.

He was born September 20, 1844, and was educated in the Nashua public schools. Enlisting in 1862, in the Tenth New Hampshire Regiment, he was in active duty through the war, serving as mounted orderly. He served as clerk of the Nashua Board of Education for twenty-two years, and was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1911, serving on the Committee on Education. He was a Congregationalist, and a member of Rising Sun Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

In 1867 he married Mary A. Kedney, who survives him, with two daughters, Grace M. Hussey and Mattie Alice Vickery.

It is said of Capt. Vickery that he "lived a life of kindness, and loyalty, doing each day the duty at hand, serving manfully and without selfishness, having abundant faith in his fellowmen, looking on the bright side and helping others to look that way."

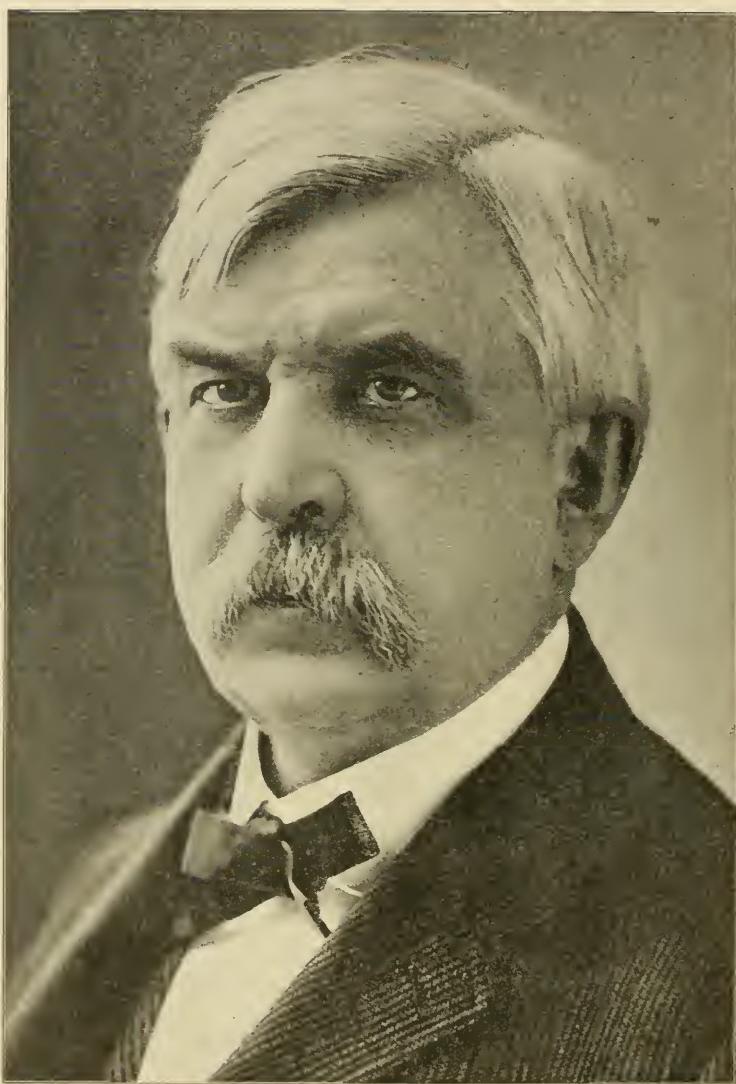
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

In the midst of preparations for the prosecution of the war with Germany, upon which the country, through the formal action of Congress after long forbearance, has entered, the people of the first Congressional district of this state are now engaged in a political campaign over the election of a congressman to succeed the late Cyrus A. Sulloway, which bids fair to become decidedly animated before its culmination in the election, May 29. The two great parties have nominated their ablest men, Patrick H. Sullivan, Democrat, and Sherman E. Burroughs, Republican. Each is a speaker of force and eloquence, and the people of the district are likely to hear such a discussion of political principles and policies as they have not heard before in a long series of years. However the contest may result, the district may congratulate itself that it will be represented in the Congress of the United States by a man of strict personal integrity, high moral character, and unusual qualifications for effective service.

One of the satisfactory outcomes of the declaration by Congress of the existence of a state of war between this country and Ger-

many, and the active participation of the United States with the Allies in the prosecution of hostilities against the central European autocracies, is the general sentiment aroused among the people in favor of the production of more foodstuffs. It is authoritatively stated that New Hampshire has not been producing, for some time past, more than one fourth of the amount of foodstuffs consumed by its people. This, if true, indicates a state of affairs scarcely less than disgraceful. While not equal in fertility to the western states, New Hampshire soil, with proper cultivation, is capable of producing food enough to supply the wants of all her people. For a long series of years, for instance, it was shown by the census statistics that more corn per acre was raised in New Hampshire than in any other state, and yet in recent years even our farmers have been buying the bulk of their corn from the West. A little more intelligent industry at home will materially improve conditions.

Difficulty in obtaining portraits has greatly delayed this issue. The next issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY will be a double number for May and June.



HON. JOHN Q. A. BRACKETT

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIX, Nos. 5-6

MAY-JUNE, 1917

NEW SERIES, VOL. XII, Nos. 5-6

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S CONTRIBUTION TO MASSACHUSETTS

Much has been written and printed concerning the immense contribution which the little state of New Hampshire has made to the country at large, through the lives and labors of the men and women who have gone out from her borders, rendered efficient service in the varied fields of human effort in all parts of the country, contributed to the prosperity and progress of the Nation, brought credit to their native state and won enduring honor for themselves in so doing.

It has been claimed, and doubtless justly, that the section of New Hampshire embraced within a radius of twenty miles from the summit of Kearsarge Mountain, in the western part of the county of Merrimack, has produced more men and women who have left their impress for good on the national character, through conspicuous service in the public, professional, educational and business life of the country, than in any similar extent of territory in any state in the Union. Even a cursory examination of the names of prominent people who have gone out from this section and wrought conspicuously in one line of effort or another; and particularly in the public service, is sufficient to satisfy even the most sceptical of the justice of this claim.

Within this radius were born such men as Daniel Webster, Levi Woodbury, Franklin Pierce, Salmon P. Chase, William P. Fessenden, John A. Dix and James W. Grimes—a galaxy of names which no other ter-

ritory of equal extent, and no other entire state can surpass or equal. Great lawyers, eminent statesmen, scholars, theologians, captains of industry, naval heroes, merchant princes, poets and authors—leaders in every line—have gone out from this region to contribute in rich measure to the fullness of the nation's life; while there has continued at home enough of physical vigor, intellectual power and moral fiber, to maintain the high standard that has ever characterized the people of this rugged section of our state. No four men in the last generation contributed more to the business and industrial development of the country than the Corbins of Newport—Austin and Daniel C.—and the Pillsburys of Sutton—John H. and George A.—men of the Kearsarge country, as were Rear Admirals Belknap and Walker and Commodore Perkins, whose names so illumine the pages of our naval history, and as, also, are Patterson and Clough, New Hampshire's two surviving brigadier-generals of the Civil War. A dozen college presidents, including the present and one distinguished past head of Dartmouth, as well as the first president of the first female college in the North—Helen Peabody for thirty-seven years president of Western College, Oxford, Ohio—together with other educators no less eminent, like Prof. James W. Patterson, statesman and orator as well, Gen. John Eaton, long U. S. Commissioner of Education, and Lydia Fowler Wadleigh, founder of



HON. SAMUEL L. POWERS

the New York Normal College for girls, all had their origin within the boundary named; as did more than a dozen governors—one for Vermont still living and active though well past fourscore years—Samuel E. Pingree, native of Salisbury—as many United States senators, twice as many congressmen, and supreme court justices in goodly number. Here, too, were reared, Sarah J. Hale, Constance Fennimore Woolson, Augusta Cooper Bristol and Augusta Harvey Worthen, whose names in the literary world, though outshone by that of the “sweet singer of our northern hills”—Edna Dean Proctor—here also “to the manner born,” have long held high rank; and here were born America’s greatest female composer, whose fame has yet scarcely reached its zenith—Mrs. H. H. A. Beach (Amy Marcy Cheney); Marion McGregor, the famous organist of Berkley Temple for a quarter of a century, and the pioneer missionary to the Hawaiian Islands—Melvina Chapin Rowell.

It was not, however, the contribution of New Hampshire at large, or of the Kearsarge region in particular, to the country in general, that this article was planned to consider; but rather the contribution, or contingent, which the adjoining state of Massachusetts has drawn therefrom. It is but a repetition of a chapter of ancient history, to many, when it is affirmed, as it has often been, that a large share of the men in public, professional and business life in the state of Massachusetts, who have won marked success in the various lines of activity in which they have been engaged, were born or reared in the Granite State. Towering above all contemporary names in the annals of the state, and second to none in any period, is that of Daniel Webster—“Defender of the Constitution”—New Hampshire’s greatest contribution to Massachusetts and the Nation. Second only to Webster was Henry Wilson, who rose from a shoemaker’s bench to be a senator in Con-

gress, vice-president of the United States, and champion and defender of human rights. Cordially hated by the allies and adherents of privilege, and those upon whose “political toes” he ruthlessly trod, but prominent among the early champions of the rights of labor, as he was brilliant in the legal arena. Benjamin F. Butler, a son of Deerfield, N. H., went to Massachusetts in early life to make his way at the bar and in the world of affairs, compelled the admiration of men of all parties for his genius and abilities, won his way to the front in his profession, in the Congress of the United States, in the volunteer service in the Civil War, dividing at least with Abraham Lincoln the credit, such as there may be, for the Emancipation Proclamation, and became governor of the Commonwealth upon the nomination of a party long overwhelmingly in the minority and found himself, by the way, associated with a legislature, each of whose branches was presided over by a man who owned New Hampshire as the state of his birth.

The ablest and most successful lawyers at the Boston bar, today, are natives of the old Granite State as witness, for illustration, the names of Whipple, Powers and Anderson. So, too, are, and have been for a long time past, the most enterprising and successful of the business men of that great metropolis, in mercantile and in financial life. The names of Marsh, Houghton, Dutton and Stearns have been synonyms of success in the commercial arena for many decades past; while the active spirits in the great banking houses of E. H. Rollins & Sons, Hornblower & Weeks, Baker, Ayling & Co., Merrill, Oldham & Co., and many others have been and are, largely, men of New Hampshire birth. Among Boston physicians and surgeons the names of New Hampshire men, like Gay and Lund, hold first rank, and New Hampshire born clergymen, such as Hosea Ballou, Alonzo A. Miner, James Freeman



HON. GEORGE W. ANDERSON

Clarke, John G. Adams, Newton M. Hall, Willis P. Odell, and Donald H. Gerrish have been, or are, among the most distinguished of Massachusetts pulpit orators. From the days of Charles G. Greene to the present time, New Hampshire men have been leading spirits in Massachusetts journalism, while the educational field in the old Bay State has drawn to the limit from New Hampshire talent, as is demonstrated by the fact that but a few years since it was authoritatively stated that seven of the nine principals of Massachusetts State Normal Schools were imported from the Granite State.

This reference to the contributions which New Hampshire has made to the active life and public, professional and business record of our neighboring state of Massachusetts (whose monster manufactures, by the way, are largely operated by power obtained from New Hampshire rivers), and which might be indefinitely extended, was suggested by newspaper reports, appearing in the Boston dailies a few mornings since, of a banquet, given on the evening previous—June 5—in honor of Hon. John Q. A. Brackett, another distinguished son of New Hampshire, who made his home, as a young man, in the Bay State, engaged in the practice of law, made his way to the front in his profession, took an active part in the political life of his time, held various important public positions, including that of Speaker of the House of Representatives, and of lieutenant-governor, and finally became governor of the state, which position he filled with credit and distinction.

This banquet in honor of Governor Brackett was given by the famous Boston Dining Club, in recognition of the fact that he was the oldest surviving ex-governor of the state, that his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary was at hand, and that he had just been elected, notwithstanding his years, which seem to have been regarded as a badge of superior fitness,

as a delegate to the great convention, now in session, which is charged with the important task of so altering and amending the constitution of the state, as to make it conform to the spirit of the times and adapt it to twentieth century conditions, no such convention having been held in the state since 1853—a period of sixty-four years, covering all the changes incident to the Civil War, and the tremendous growth of corporate power and industrial development following that period; while here in New Hampshire four such conventions have been held in that time and still another has been voted for by the people.

This banquet, which was held at Hotel Somerset, was, indeed, a great occasion from more than one point of view. It was given in honor of a distinguished public servant, and it was attended by a great gathering of public men of all parties and from all parts of the state—personal friends and co-workers with the man directly honored, men associated with him in the public service or at the bar, and others who have succeeded him in the various important positions he has held. Some three hundred and fifty men in all were present on the occasion, among them the present distinguished governor of the Commonwealth—Samuel W. McCall (who, if not a New Hampshire man by birth, got his education here, at New Hampton and Hanover, and spends his vacations largely in the state)—and four other ex-governors—Bates, Douglas, Foss and Walsh. Nine former presidents of the senate, and five ex-attorney generals were in attendance, as were several surviving members of the executive council, serving with Governor Brackett, and of his personal staff.

Joseph J. Feely, president of the Dining Club, presided and the invocation was by Rev. D. W. Waldron, chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives—another man who went down to Massachusetts from New Hampshire, to the gain of the

former and the loss of the latter state, in conformity with the great movement which has been in progress for the last hundred years.

The prime figure at the banquet, next to him in whose honor it was given, was the toastmaster, as usual. Upon the felicity and skill with which the post-prandial exercises are directed depends, in large measure, the

dinner speaker of rare charm and eloquence, was the master of ceremonies, and admirably acquitted himself not only in his own opening remarks but in the felicity of his introductions, and the tact and skill with which he brought out the best thought and diction of the various speakers of the evening, among whom were Governor McCall, ex-Governor Foss, Sherman



Hon. Sherman L. Whipple

success of any affair of this kind, and it suffices to say that no mistake was made in the selection of this functionary on the occasion in question.

The Hon. Samuel Leland Powers, native of Cornish, graduate of Dartmouth of the famous class of 1874, distinguished lawyer, former partner of Governor McCall, ex-congressman and man of affairs, himself celebrated throughout New England as an after-

L. Whipple, George W. Anderson, ex-Governors Douglas and Bates, ex-Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, and ex-Attorney General Albert E. Pillsbury, aside from the distinguished guest of the evening, who was the final speaker, and who was heard by all with the deepest interest.

That the speaking, throughout, was of high order, and a rare treat to the listeners, is safely to be assumed



HON. JOHN W. WEEKS

from a moment's consideration of the names above mentioned. Of what was said and the impression made, however, we are not now dealing. We have farther only to note the fact that New Hampshire natives were principal figures, to a large extent, on this occasion, as on most public and semi-public occasions of importance in Massachusetts. Not only were the guest of honor and the toast-master born within the Kearsarge region heretofore alluded to—Governor Brackett in the town of Bradford, and Mr. Powers in Cornish—but two of the speakers, Sherman L. Whipple, the foremost lawyer in Boston today, who was the candidate of the progressive element for the presidency of the Con-

stitutional Convention, and George W. Anderson, the able and brilliant United States district attorney for Massachusetts, the former native of New London and the latter of Acworth, were also products of the same region.

Still another of the speakers, it should be added,—ex-Attorney-General Pillsbury is a son of the Granite State born in Milford; while another who was invited, and whose presence was hoped for, but who was detained by the pressing business now before Congress, United States Senator John W. Weeks, was born and reared in the good old town of Lancaster in sight of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and has never forgotten the home of his birth.

KEARSARGE—EASTER MORNING, 1917

By Carl Burell

The snow has left the valleys
And the ice has left the streams,
But the northern hills are snow-capped
And with ice each summit gleams.
White as snow and ice can make it,
Kearsarge towers above the rest,
Like a crystal beacon rising
From earth's cold and silent breast.

Easter's warm sun seems to make it
With a rosy glow to shine,
Like a strange prophetic promise
Of the Spring-tide's power divine,
That e'er comes to us, God-given,
From the grand eternal hills,
Like the promise of God's goodness
Which shall save us from our ills.

When life's ills seem all too many,
And our wisdom all too small,
And our faith gets faint and feeble,
And we feel that we may fall,
And we seem so poor and little
And the world so vast and large,
May God, in His loving wisdom,
Help us look at Old Kearsarge.

MARY SHEPHERD DANFORTH, M. D.

By J. Elizabeth Hoyt-Stevens, M. D.

Doctor Danforth is the daughter of the late Charles and Rebecca Farnum Batchelder Danforth, born in Derry, N. H., May 18, 1850. She is the great-granddaughter of Eliphalet and Sarah Burnham Hovey Danforth of Bosseawen, N. H. The Hoveys were of Scotch-Irish descent and settled at Ipswich, Mass. Eliphalet Danforth's father, Ezekiel, was an officer in the Revolutionary War, and as a despatch bearer performed a wonderful feat of speed in riding from Boston to Concord, N. H., in a remarkably short time, with but one change of horses. One of his horses was a Morgan.

Shepherd appears in the doctor's name for a friend of her mother, Mrs. William Shepherd, whose husband was the first public house landlord in Manchester.

The doctor's parents moved from Derry to Manchester in 1854. As a child she attended the public schools in that city and after graduating from the high school in 1866 she entered Pinkerton Academy at Derry the same year and graduated with honors in 1869. Her summers, except 1869, had been spent at school teaching. First, in 1867, she was in charge of the district school at Bedford, N. H. Second, in 1868, she was principal of the grammar school at Danielson, Conn., and graded the school of 200 pupils.

Early in 1869 her parents again changed their home from Manchester to Weare, N. H., and she read medicine with Doctor Dearborn of East Weare during that summer and in the autumn of 1869 she took charge of the grammar school at Danielson again.

In 1871, with money she had earned at teaching, she entered the Philadelphia Woman's Medical College. In 1872 she taught the district school at North Weare in order to earn money for her second year's medical tuition,

in the meantime driving ten miles, after supper, twice a week in order to continue her studies in physiology, anatomy and chemistry, under the guidance of Dr. Alfred R. Dearborn who was then practicing in East Weare. In 1873 she returned to Philadelphia and took her second year of college instruction in medical work. In 1874 she taught the "Banner School" at Henniker, N. H., where she prepared two boys for Dartmouth College.

In the autumn of 1875 she returned to Philadelphia for her third and last college year and in the spring of 1876 received her diploma, with license to practice. Dr. Clara Marshall, professor of pharmacy at the Philadelphia College, regarded Doctor Danforth's work in this branch as perfect and recommended her for a prescription clerk to a druggist, Doctor Rice of Rochester, N. Y., whom she served for one year, doing some office and some outside professional work at the same time.

On May 10, 1876, Doctor Danforth opened an office for practice in Manchester, N. H., where she has continued to the present, although her work was somewhat interrupted there at the death of her mother in 1882. For eight years she was obliged to center her practice at North Weare, in order to be with her father and brothers in the old home, where she was greatly needed. Forty-two consecutive nights were spent at the bedside of one brother, who had the old fashioned type of typhoid fever. But throughout these eight years of residence at North Weare Doctor Danforth kept her office in Manchester, and was in it several times a week, besides doing bedside work in all the villages within a radius of twenty-five miles north, south, east and west of North Weare.

Tired as her brothers might be from their farm work, she never knew them to lag in getting up nights to drive for her over the hills whenever a call came. Doctor Danforth remarked to the writer of this sketch: "The reciprocity in our family has always been wonderfully beautiful! If only the same existed in all families, the world would be more harmonious than it is." Two brothers and one sister always ready to act for each

had not persevered, as she herself had done, to get the education for which they were adapted.

The doctor's efforts for earning her own way in the world began at her start in the high school at Manchester. Her uncle, William P. Hammond, being the author and publisher of a valuable system of writing books, desired to add to its monetary value, by a historical set of twenty-six, all graded in alphabetical order, each



Dr. Mary S. Danforth

other as the need required, be it with money or physical strength, if one had, and another needed, he who had gave willingly and graciously. The father and mother, however, had been against their daughter's wish to study medicine and opposed it—"opposed it bitterly"; but the girl earned the wherewithall and the brothers' spirit of encouragement spurred her on. She remarked to the writer in their recent personal interview, that the regret of her life is that her brothers

sentence to be a fact in history. He knew his niece had an uncommon love for history and so set her to the work. In a few weeks he received twelve graded books, gems of interest and usefulness. He not only paid her for what she had done but contracted for more. Her intense love for history was exceeded only by her love for mathematics. Before she was fourteen years of age she had solved without help every problem in Colburn's Mental Arithmetic.

Doctor Danforth started private practice in Manchester in the month of May, 1876. Her first requirement was a test examination, under Dr. George Hersey, the censor for the Manchester Medical Society, who examined applicants for practice. He gave her two hours of close examination and where they differed on the dose of digitalis tincture she referred him to a certain page in "Biddle's *Materia Medica*" as her authority, and the elder male practitioner consulted the reference book in her presence, and gracefully admitted that she was right. At the close of his examination the applicant for practice asked Doctor Hersey, "Have I passed with you?" His reply was, "I think you have tried to get a good education!" "Haven't I succeeded?" she asked. He laughed. Doctor Hersey did not at first befriend her as he might have but later became her staunch and appreciative friend. Dr. O. D. Abbott in those first days, declaring the average physician's length of endurance for hard work to be twelve years, said of her, "Look at those little wrists! She will never stand the practice of medicine!" She has already practiced and done hard work for forty years!

The writer was recently in Manchester and received a call from Doctor Danforth at 7 o'clock in the evening. She was on her way home from seeing a patient with whom she had been up all the night before, and she had been busy all day with others. Dr. O. D. Abbott was later one of the "five white haired men," as quoted by the *Concord Monitor* in 1878, who presented her name for membership in the New Hampshire State Medical Society and escorted her from Manchester to Concord on the day of her admittance to the society. For two years previously she had attended the Manchester Medical Society's meetings and borne her part in them, having served as secretary for the same, thus having shown something of her character, intuitions and qualifications. Doctor Adams, the secre-

tary and treasurer of the Manchester society, after she was admitted to the society, asked her, why, now that she was a member of the Manchester society, did she not make application for the state society. Her answer was, "I fear they don't want me." He replied, "You won't go far where you are not wanted I see." Col. John B. Clarke, editor of the *Mirror and American*, had spoken highly of her in his paper. Finally, in 1878, the conservative old New Hampshire Medical Society was assailed with the question as to whether it would admit a daughter into its rank and file? The question was brought by the five white haired men from Manchester who told of a young woman's return from medical college to her native state. She had brought good credentials and more than that she had been doing good work in her home city for several years, asking no privileges but to be allowed to perform the duties that came to her hand. And without her knowing of their intention they proposed her name for membership. One of the first men to approve this step was a Concord physician, Dr. A. H. Crosby, and after this endorsement there was but one dissenting voice and in a few minutes that physician arose and said, "I have no objections to the young woman personally; it is because I do not think women strong enough to become practitioners of medicine; but since your vote comes so near being unanimous and she has already proven her competency by one-fourth of the average time of service in a physician's life I withdraw all my objections and make the vote unanimous."

That evening a committee notified the recipient of the honor accorded her, and the next morning they escorted her to Concord to write her name, "Mary Shepherd Danforth, M.D." on the new great white page sacred as a "Bible Record" in the New Hampshire Medical Society. The Concord physicians vied with each other in their courtesy to the

young woman, and the *Monitor's* editorial was quoted, not only from Maine to California, but across the waters, in some of the medical publications of international fame; for this was the first woman ever admitted to a state medical organization anywhere in America—although Rhode Island is inclined to dispute this statement, in her own favor.

Dr. Julia Wallace was just establishing herself in Concord for practice at this time—1878—and invited Doctor Danforth home with her to supper that evening, after Doctor Danforth's initiation into the society. As the repast was drawing to a close and before the evening session of the society, Doctor Crosby called at Doctor Russell's home to say that since Manchester had been honored by having a daughter taken into the state society

this day, Concord wanted to be likewise represented, since she too could boast of a regular woman practitioner who was just starting work in the Capital City. Accordingly, Dr. Julia Wallace was the next day admitted to the society as its second daughter. While Doctor Danforth and Dr. Julia Wallace are both registered as admitted to the state society in 1878, the sun had set and risen, the newspapers had reported, and eighteen or twenty hours had intervened between the two initiations. Thus to Doctor Mary Shepherd Danforth is accorded the undisputed honor of having been the first woman practitioner admitted to the New Hampshire Medical Society, and, in all probability, the first woman member of any state medical society of the United States.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S CALL TO THE NATION!

Mrs. Charles H. Toby

I'll scale the loftiest mountain height,
Or seek the lowest depths,—alone—
I'll spare no usage of the might,
That has been giv'n me as my own,
To keep unsullied "Freedom Land,"
Who pillows on her soothing breast—My head—
And holds within her sacred hand,
The safety of my daily bread.

Her bosom deck'd with living green,
That's gemmed with flow'rets here and there,
Bespeaks to me a pow'r unseen,
That finds expression everywhere.
Her soulful eyes my heart entrance,
Her tresses flow in shining wave,
That doth her beauty so enhance,
That her protection must I crave.

The flow'rs that on her bosom gleam,
Are Civilization's rarest gems;
Liberty,—and her offspring deem
Them, unsurpass'd diadems.

To thwart the trampling monarch's plan,
And save them from the tyrant thief,
A call is sent to ev'ry man,
To hasten with his stanch relief;
To harness ev'ry pow'r that sleeps,
With all his heart and nerve and brain;
From river-bed to mountain steeps,
The call is echoing again.

No tyrant e'er shall step upon,
Her soil my Fathers died to save;
Armor of Right I'll gladly don,
And save her banner from the grave.

No crouching brother-kin of mine,
Shall e'er before a tyrant kneel!
Submission—Never! Love Divine
Is lending power for our weal!

No land in all this universe,
Can boast of braver sons than she!
No traitor lives who'll dare to curse
This home of LOVE and LIBERTY!

I'll call to aid the winds of pow'r,
That shall control the seas of hate;
And save her in this trying hour,
From plannéd ignominious fate.
I'll work with ev'ry morning sun,
And watch by night with silent star,
Till battles for the RIGHT are won,
Through MIGHT that cometh from afar.
WILL YOU?

"OLD GLORY" UNFURLED

By Martha S. Baker

From ocean to ocean our flag is unfurled,
Let it float out its message to all the wide world;
'Tis a message of freedom, humanity, God,
From the land which the pilgrims for liberty trod;
Love of justice and right its foundation's chief stone—
Let its emblem float high by heaven's pure breezes blown;
Let it float till no traitor dare lift his base head,
Nor an alien plot crime when his honor is dead;
Let its radiant folds wrought in red, white and blue,
Speak of purity, courage and loyalty true;
Let the Stars and the Stripes float from mountain and plain,
From the North to the Southland, a flag without stain.

Concord, April 10, 1917.

WOMEN OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

By A. M. R. Cressy

At a time when the rights, wrongs, privileges and aspirations of woman are a pervading influence in all classes of society, it occurred to me to wonder if there is really something "new under the sun" or if, after all, human nature was fundamentally about the same in all the periods of human existence, and it seemed an opportune moment to turn for confirmation or denial to the study of the biblical heroines—the women who stand preëminent among their fellow women, whose stories are recorded in the earliest annals of our race. If we go back to the mythical dawn of Biblical story, we find Eve standing on "the apex of creation," and from the two different accounts of the creation of human beings has arisen much confusion of ideas, and a very early projection of woman into the arena of active participation in life. Was Eve a rib, taken from Adam's side, leaving him partially crippled ever since, or did she stand with him in the garden, his equal mate? The two accounts of creation have exercised the ingenuity of students and romancers from the earliest times, to reconcile their discrepancies, and another woman was invented to harmonize the two stories. In the second account, Adam fell into a deep sleep, and God took a rib from his side which he fashioned into woman—a comforting proof of her inferiority. But how to reconcile this with the first account that they were made together, at once—"male and female created He them?"

Without biblical authority, but with what might be termed theoretical evidence, this first, equal creation with Adam was claimed to be, not Eve, but Lilith. This equal creation did not work well for happiness, and poor Lilith was gratuitously endowed with all the fascina-

tions of evil, and the dangerous opportunity of equality, and so, in some way not clearly explained, Adam got rid of her, and perhaps it was the deep sleep of exhaustion and relief, that enabled him to lose a rib without knowing it. It has been asserted, with as much probability as any other of the theories, that the reason of the alleged unhappiness of Adam and Lilith was the fact that she was created his equal, and very likely reminded him of it, when necessary. At any rate, Lilith vanishes and we accept Eve as the "primal mother of mankind." We regret that our first mother was not above temptation, but we must respect her candid acknowledgment of her fault. "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat"—while Adam tried to hide behind her and cast the blame on her and on God also. "The woman that Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat," thus throwing into the history of the "Fall" at the very beginning, the weight of woman's influence, and that influence not of the best.

If we relegate the account of Eve to the realms of imagination, we may accept the story of Sarah, wife of Abraham, as sufficiently authentic—proud, forceful "princess" Sarah, "the most beautiful woman of the Bible," save Eve of whose good looks the Bible makes no mention, but Milton politely but ungrammatically wrote "The fairest of her daughters, Eve." Sarah was so beautiful that her husband was driven to hard straits to keep her for his own, for those in power scrupled not to put to death any who stood between them and their desires; and kings found Sarah "fair to look upon." So Abraham, to keep his wife, and, incidentally, save his own life, resorted to the subterfuge of a falsehood, passing Sarah off as his

sister, while on their way through unsafe countries. Sarah consented to this deception though she seemed to have been perfectly capable of taking care of herself, and other people also.

For many years motherhood was denied her, and to save herself and Abraham from the disgrace of childlessness, she ordered him to take to wife, Hagar, the daughter of Pharaoh, who had adopted the religion of Sarah, and followed her to her home. Hagar, as was natural, but, under the circumstances, impolitic, allowed her exultation to be too manifest, as the mother of Abraham's first born son, and Sarah's pride of position and beauty could brook no rival, and we may infer that kind-hearted, peace-loving Abraham did not lie on a bed of roses, especially after Sarah bore him a son. The inevitable jealousies of mothers and sons culminated in Sarah's demand that Abraham remove Hagar and Ishmael. Abraham demurred, but Sarah overruled his unwillingness, and the voice of the Lord opportunely commanding her decision, he sent Hagar and his son into the desert to their fate. We would like to think that Sarah suffered some qualms of conscience, but we find no hint of weakening or repentance, but we are told that Abraham erected a fine monument to her memory.

Sarah's son, Isaac, was ordered by his father to seek a wife among strangers, but of his own race. We know how beautifully Rebekah met her destiny; how she gave water to Isaac's messenger, and to his camels; how willingly she left her people, and journeyed to her unknown home. We read of her holding the sacred trust of her husband's love, of the birth of her twin sons, and then, when they were grown, and their father was near death, she makes the one dark blot on her fair record. She loves the younger of the twins better, and she hears Isaac preparing to give her first born his blessing, which was

like a will in its pledge-giving and would make him the head of the household, as was his right. Rebekah plans the deception of making Jacob take his brother's place while Esau is absent on his father's business, and procures for him the blessing from his blind father. We can conjecture Rebekah's disappointment and dismay when Jacob is driven from his home by the not unnatural outburst of Esau's anger and the sorrow of the deceived father. Nothing further is recorded of Rebekah's life, but if we can forget or excuse her unmotherly partiality, we may recall the sweet docility and kindness of her youth, and be sure she must have had lovable traits of character, for in spite of her deceiving him, and in an age when polygamy was an established custom, Isaac took no other wife, but was faithful to the love of his youth.

The romantic story of the long service of Jacob for his Rachel has been an inspiration for all lovers since his time, though few there be who will wait as long as he did; doubtless he felt that this punishment was due him for his treachery toward his brother, on account of whose wrath Jacob was forced to fly from the home of his father; setting out for his mother's old home, he had that beautiful dream at Bethel; again the well was the setting for the beginning of a love affair. The trickery, bickerings and deceit of Rachel's after life are but reflections of the life of her people, her father and aunt, Rebekah, Jacob's mother, being striking examples of the standards of that day. She was a woman of great charm, of quick wit, and the mother of an illustrious son, a son of whom no evil is recorded—Joseph, the Governor of Egypt, he who was the first to achieve a corner in wheat.

Is there any other heroine that appeals so strongly to our imagination as Miriam, the singer, the prophetess, the co-leader of Israel? How we exult in the swelling rhythm of her song of victory:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed: His people are free!"

Her whole life, her constancy, her inspiration, her quick discernment and bold decision, her great mistake, her punishment, all is open, bold, brilliant. As a little child she watches over her brother, Moses, in his pitch cradle in the rushes of the river, till Pharaoh's daughter takes him for her own. Miriam tactfully secures his own mother's position as his nurse. With him she suffers Egypt's oppression; with him dreams of an Israel; with him plans and shares the flight into the desert—sure of the vision of the promised land. After the passage of the Red Sea, and the destruction of the pursuing hosts of Pharaoh, Miriam takes her timbrel and leads the Hebrew women in the march of triumph. It is no song of peace—it is a paean of victory—

"Jehovah is a man of war,
Jehovah is His Name,
Thou didst blow with thy wind,
The sea covered him,
They sank as lead in the mighty waters;
Who is like unto Thee among the Gods,
Jehovah?
Glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises,
Doing wonders!"

During the years that follow we are sure that Miriam held her proud place as leader and prophet with her brothers, Moses and Aaron. Did her long career of power and preëminence give her a feeling of infallibility, an impatience of restraint and opposition? Would it be strange if she felt herself to be as strong a ruler as Moses, and competent to reprove his actions when opposed to her sense of fitness? Moses took a second wife, and, as men have done since then, chose for himself. Unfortunately his wife was of another race. The people of Israel were not so opposed to the color of the Ethiopian brunette, as to the fact that she was not of their

blood. They murmured, and Miriam and Aaron voiced their complaints. Miriam, being a woman, probably spoke first and most, and thus probably deserved the greater rebuke. So, when standing with her brothers before the judgment, she suddenly became a leper. So strong was her influence, so great her power, that Moses and Aaron put up fervent prayers for her recovery, and when the leprosy was removed, all the people gladly waited the seven days of purification, and "journeyed not till Miriam was brought in again." Her power and leadership were as potent as before, but there is not an instance of her again usurping Moses' prerogative. Had Henry Van Dyke any thought of analogy, when he termed Miriam "a living symbol of the times of preparation, a forerunner of the coming woman?"

Another woman leader, and prophetess, not a co-worker with man, but a ruler, a judge in her own right, was Deborah, who sat under the palm-trees and judged the people of Israel. Greatly oppressed were the Hebrews, surrounded by war-like enemies, and cruelly ravaged by the Canaanites. They had no king, no army leaders. As Deborah sings—"The rulers ceased in Israel," they ceased, until that Deborah arose—"That I arose a mother in Israel." Scourged by the sufferings of her people, uplifted by her vision as prophetess, she planned her campaign for the struggle. She called to her aid Barak, a warrior, and commanded him to raise an army and give battle to the Canaanites. Was it his inheritance from Adam that made him shirk the responsibility, and say, "If thou wilt go with me, then will I go, but if thou go not with me, I will not go"—and Deborah answers, "I will surely go with thee." Side by side they advanced with their handful of men against the tremendous host of the Canaanites, under Sisera, massed with their horses and chariots of iron in the dry bed of the river Kishon.

Again the forces of Nature are marshalled against the enemies of the Israelites. A storm arose, and the river bed was flooded. In inextricable confusion, horses, chariots and men were overwhelmed and swept away, and Deborah, lifted into ecstatic power, sings her heroic chant of victory:

"The Lord came down for me against the mighty—
Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength,
They fought from Heaven—
The stars in their courses fought against Sisera
So let all thine enemies perish, oh, Lord."

Another woman at this crisis stands as a foil to the bold, brave service Deborah gave her people. Jael stayed in her tent and when she saw Sisera fleeing from the battle, she went to meet him, and invited him to rest, saying, "Fear not." She gave him drink and he lay down to sleep, and she pierced his temple with a nail and fastened him to the ground. War in those times must have been very like what Sherman called it in our day, but it was Deborah's only weapon, and her victory brought the separate tribes of Israel together and awoke a spirit of nationality that never slept again, and we give Deborah the title she claimed—"a mother in Israel."

There shines down to us through these floods of slaughter and carnage the clear spirit of sacrifice and courage on the part of the daughter of Jephthah, a nameless girl. Our chief interest in Jephthah lies in her vow and fulfilment of it; a Gileadite warrior seeking the favor of God, bargains—"If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then shall it be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return, shall surely be the Lord's and I will offer it up for a burnt sacrifice." What more seemly than that his only daughter should dance forth happily

to meet him? Learning of the vow she asks but a respite of two months, that she may go into solitude upon the mountains and prepare for the sacrifice; at the expiration of the time agreed upon she returned as she had promised and paid her father's debt. Leaving no descendants to mourn her memory, she is yet honored each year, during four days of mourning, by all the faithful daughters of Israel.

Inalienably associated with the name of Samson is that of the woman, Delilah, his equal in morals, more than his match in mental strength, and the means of his overthrow, for which she received a higher price than did Judas for his treachery.

Let us turn from the clash of arms, the direct joy of victory over vanquished foes, to a simple idyl of sweet domestic life, the story perhaps best known to us of all Bible stories, that of Ruth and Naomi. Ambition has no call here, strife no place, only love, trustfulness, serenity. The telling takes few words, the teaching lasts through centuries. Naomi, left childless, returns to her own country, and bids farewell to her daughter-in-law. Orpah turns sadly back to her place, but Ruth breaks forth into a song of devotion—the sweetest pleading of love, the strongest vow of allegiance the world knows—

"Entreat me not to leave thee
And to return from following thee
For where thou goest, I will go,
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge.
Thy people shall be my people
And Thy God, my God.
Where thou diest, I will die
And there will I be buried.
The Lord do so to me, and more also
If aught but death part thee and me!"

Such an appeal could not be resisted, and together they come to the early home of Naomi, who takes the thread of destiny into her own hands, and weaves the web skilfully. She sends Ruth to glean in the fields of Boaz, where she attracts his attention, wins his love, and becomes his

wife, and the mother of Obed, through whom and his grandson, David, we trace the ancestry of the promised Messiah.

What a contrast to the pure and peaceful life of Ruth is the black tragedy of Jezebel, whose name through all the ages has been the synonym of vindictiveness and evil. Her force of purpose, lust of power, daring of danger, and scorn of retribution, make a character of tragic grandeur, but revolting personality. A Phoenician princess, married to the Hebrew King Ahab, she brought with her and established the worship of Baal and other heathen gods. She incited her followers to slaughter the priests of Israel, and to exterminate the Hebrew people. Suddenly appeared the "chief of the prophets," Elijah, who boldly denounced King Ahab, and challenged the heathen priests to a test of the powers of their gods. The might of Jehovah was invoked, and the fire from heaven smote Ahab with craven fear, but Jezebel was aroused to fury by the overthrow of Baal, and the taunts and denunciations of Elijah, and he had to flee for his life; Jezebel went on ruthlessly. The story of Naboth's vineyards adds treachery to cruelty. Ahab coveted the little spot, but Naboth clung to his own. Jezebel is fertile in expedients. With grim humor she orders Naboth set in a high position, a fair mark for the hate she inspires against him, and when he has fallen she calmly says to Ahab: "The vineyard you covet is yours, Naboth is no more." Again Elijah appears, this time in final judgment. Jezebel is undaunted. Defiant to the last, she meets death with furious curses, and goes to her terrible but just doom.

If Jezebel is the incarnation of evil, Hannah is the ideal of motherhood. Fervently she prayed for the blessing of a son, and patiently she waited the promise of the Lord. She is the prototype of many mothers who have dedicated their sons to God's

service, even in their cradles. Trustfully she carried her baby to the temple to be reared by the priest Eli. Gladly she gave him her life's devotion, and the story of Samuel is the record of a true son of a true mother.

The queens of lands foreign to Judea stand out in bold relief: one, Baldis, Queen of Sheba, came from the "uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon," to see his great temple, his wonderful palaces, his prosperous kingdom, to ask him hard questions. The citizen from Missouri is not the first who demands to be shown; he but follows in the footprints of this lady of ancient times, who said to her host, "It was a true report which I heard in mine own land of thine acts and thy wisdom; howbeit, I believed not their words, until I came, and mine own eyes had seen it." An adventurous woman was she, one of understanding and judgment, and undoubtedly of an attractive appearance, as what queen ever was not.

The other—Vashti—she who had more respect for her exalted position than had the king himself; she who when ordered by the king, merry with wine, to appear before the banqueters that they might gloat over her beauty, preferred deposition from her high estate and exile, to such degradation; not even the laws of the Persians and the Medes could lower her proud spirit.

The drama of Esther is very effective in the Oriental splendor of its setting—the swift movement of its action, the success of its climax. As heroine of the situation, Esther has little initiative, little individual resolve. She is swayed by her love and fear of her king, but is impelled by her secret fealty to her Jewish faith to take her life in her hands, and "go unbidden to the king" to plead for the lives of her people, and her success enabled the Jews to once more establish their religion in the land. Esther had not the determined self-assertion and confident faith of her

prophet sisterhood, but the need of her race awoke in her the martyr spirit, and her resolve, "I go unto the king," and her cry, "And if I perish, I perish," brings to us, as does no other woman's story of the Old Testament, the lesson of sacrifice.

These stories are twice-told tales—too well known to admit of more than bare sketches; but some points are worth considering. Each narrative marks a crisis, or an important epoch in the history of the race, else it would not have been written; for the preservation of God's chosen people was more than the life of any member of it; but it is interesting to note that the story of each of these women is the portrayal of a type, and each is equally distinct. And these types—

are they not still existent? Have we not Queen Vashtis, who prefer banishment to degradation, patient Hannahs, imperious Sarahs, sacrificing Esthers, wifely Rebekahs? Are there not prophets in our midst, women who can judge justly, rouse to action, voice the hopes and triumphs of life? Have we not the same instincts, like desires for power and influence, like struggles with temptations, like opportunities for courage and sacrifice? With our greater opportunities, we may have the larger vision, with our better environment, we may have higher ideals; but in heart and mind, in the essentials of womanhood, are we not kin-descendants, fellow-workers with the "Women of the Old testament" in God's world of their time and ours?

AT LAST

By Charles Poole Cleaves

At last the long roll wakes the western land.
Europe! The tide of democratic blood
Sets surging back to thy war-wasted strand,
From which it sprang, with a renewing flood.

We sound no vengeful passion's cry. At last
Passion is stilled by our endurance long.
We come, a sacrificial host, to east
Our lot with yours against archaic wrong.

Saxon and Celt, Greek, Semite, Latin, Gaul,
Here rally to one flag of liberty;
One universal cause, one righteous call:
"For Freedom's peace—to conquer, though we die."

We shall not die. Where blood and life flow fast,
That soil shall breed free souls and speed them far.
O Germany! Our hands with yours at last
Shall save from despot's wills and woes of war!

CLOUDS

By Georgia Rogers Warren

Look within yourself—
You'll find them there—
The seeming trials
You seem to bear.

RIGHT IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN PEACE

By E. R. Sheldrick

Land of the broad fertile prairie,
 And mountains with snow-crested height,
 Can ne'er choose the path of the coward,
 So gives back the challenge to fight.

They crept like the thug in the darkness,
 And struck with assassin's foul blow;
 Now cringing, declaring their friendship,
 They mark where our eagle must go.

Map out the path of the eagle!
 Why not bid the ocean be tame,
 Why not still the roar of the thunder,
 Or fetter the lightning's wild flame!

Slay on the ocean at midnight,
 Then protests of friendship extend;
 The foe that has slaughtered his nestlings
 The eagle ne'er meets as a friend!

Clouds wreath the peaks of the mountains,
 Up where the tempest is born,
 High soars the eagle above them,
 Watching the gathering storm.

See the swift flash of the lightning;
 List to the thunder's loud peal;
 The clouds that the eagle has summoned
 Are laden with death-dealing steel.

Watch the white waves of the ocean
 Rise at the wind's trumpet call;
 The hosts that the eagle has sheltered,
 Will follow his standard or fall.

Now bid the answering tempest
 Fade in a blue sunny sky!
 Now bid the white-crested eagle
 Back to his own eyrie fly!

Soon shall the storm break in fury,
 The wind its full power will show;
 And to the task Honor calls him,
 The eagle will fearlessly go.

When, like an angel of vengeance,
 He spreads his broad pinions in wrath,
 The God of the storm and the tempest
 Protects him and points out his path.

MAJOR EZEKIEL WORTHEN OF KENSINGTON, N. H.

By Samuel Copp Worthen

One of the notable figures in south-eastern New Hampshire for more than forty years, during and prior to the American Revolution, was Major Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington. The services which he rendered to his town, his state and the nation are worthy of remembrance and should be more clearly understood by the present generation, especially in the section upon which, in those early days, his ability, public spirit and patriotism reflected credit. The writer has given much attention to the life of this New Hampshire pioneer (in connection with a Worthen Genealogy which he is compiling) and is therefore able to correct a number of erroneous statements concerning him, which have appeared in print or have been embodied in family tradition. The present object is not to give a full account of his life, but principally to clear away some errors likely to mislead seekers after information who have had less opportunity to study the subject.

A gun and cartridge box, once owned by Major Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington, are among the relics preserved by the Bunker Hill Monument Association. They have hung for many years in a conspicuous place on the wall near the entrance to the monument and the minutes of the Association set forth clearly the name of the original owner and the circumstances of their acquisition, yet there are many confused and contradictory accounts of their history current among the Worthens of New England, and some equally confused references to them have appeared in published works of high reputation. One example will be a sufficient illustration:

In Stearns's *Genealogical and*

Family History of the State of New Hampshire, Vol. II, page 797, they are described as follows:

"History gives the name of Captain George Worthen killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill. There are in the Bunker Hill monument two relics, a sword and a flint-lock musket, said to have been the property of this George Worthen."

The Worthen relics include no sword, and to the best of the writer's information no Worthen was killed or served at the battle of Bunker Hill. The sources of the various material comprising the above quoted passage are a matter of conjecture. General Putnam's sword hung for many years on the wall near the Worthen relics and might easily have been confused with them by a casual observer. The reference to Capt. George Worthen may have had its origin in the fact that there was a Capt. George Worthen prominent in Amesbury during the French and Indian Wars. Another George Worthen, also of Amesbury, who served as a private soldier in the War for Independence, may have contributed his quota to the confusion. He was not killed in battle, however (at Bunker Hill or elsewhere), but died in Hebron, N. H., in 1828 at the age of 90 years.

A letter from Mr. E. Worthen James of Boston, the donor of the relics, dated April 19, 1871, and spread at length upon the minutes of the association, thus states the history of the gun:

"It was manufactured in France in 1752; it fell into the hands of the Indians in the Old French War, which so devastated the shores of the new land; and was finally captured by Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington, New Hampshire, after a desperate

and disastrous conflict with the dusky warriors."

At least seventeen Worthens, all descendants of an early settler of Amesbury, Mass., named Ezekiel Worthen (born in 1636, died in 1716), served during the Revolution; and it is not surprising that oral traditions attribute the Bunker Hill gun to many different members of the Worthen family, each branch claiming it as the property of their own Revolutionary ancestor. If a writer so justly celebrated for contributions to genealogical and historical knowledge as Mr. Ezra S. Stearns fell into error in this matter, the confusion existing among scattered members of the family having no opportunity to examine original sources of information, is indeed pardonable.

The facts of Major Ezekiel Worthen's life are briefly as follows: He was born at Amesbury, Mass., March 18, 1710, being a grandson of the original Amesbury settler of the same name. About 1732 he married Hannah, daughter of William Currier, and about the year 1738 he removed with his family to Kensington, New Hampshire, where he became at once the most conspicuous man in the new settlement. He served with the rank of first lieutenant in Capt. Jonathan Prescott's company in King George's War and distinguished himself by his soldierly qualities and his engineering skill during the siege of Louisburg. Owing to the illness and subsequent death of Captain Prescott, he was throughout the campaign in active command of the company.

He was the representative of Kensington in the lower house of the provincial legislature almost continuously from the incorporation of the town to the outbreak of the Revolution.

During the French and Indian War he commanded a company in at least two campaigns. He took part in the Crown Point expedition of 1756, and was with the New Hampshire troops in 1757 at the massacre of

Fort William Henry. The fort was surrendered to the French under an express agreement that the garrison be permitted to march unmolested to Fort Edward; but no sooner were they outside the fortifications when the Indians fell upon them and began a ruthless slaughter. Capt. Ezekiel Worthen escaped while the savages were disputing over the possession of his red waistcoat and concealed himself by lying close to a log and covering himself with bark. He nearly perished from starvation but finally succeeded in reaching home. It is said that he seized a gun at the time of his flight and that the affair at Fort William Henry was the "desperate and disastrous conflict with the dusky warriors" referred to in the letter from Mr. Ezekiel Worthen James to the Bunker Hill Monument Association.

The service of Ezekiel Worthen at Fort William Henry in 1757, as well as his hair-breadth escape from the tomahawk, rests for authority upon oral tradition. There is proof, however, that a portion of Colonel Meserve's New Hampshire regiments under Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe were with the garrison of Fort William Henry and that about eighty of them were killed or taken by the savages after the surrender. The rolls of several companies which served in this regiment during the year 1757 have never been found (so far as the writer is aware) and Captain Worthen may have commanded one of these companies. There is official proof of his service as captain of the eighth company of Colonel Meserve's regiment during the preceding year.

When the Revolution began, Capt. Ezekiel Worthen, a distinguished veteran of two wars, 65 years of age, was still serving as representative from Kensington in the provincial congress of New Hampshire. He was appointed on many committees having charge of military matters and was active in raising and equipping troops and in all measures for the

public safety and the prosecution of the war. His engineering skill again proved useful, and he was designated to construct batteries and forts for the defense of Portsmouth. On January 27, 1776, the house of representatives voted that he be placed in command of all the troops in that vicinity, with the rank and pay of major.

Three of Major Ezekiel Worthen's sons were officers in the Revolutionary army and a grandson fifteen years old served as a private soldier in the land forces and as a marine on one of the frigates built by order of the Continental Congress. One of these sons named Ezekiel held the rank of first lieutenant and later of captain (the title by which the father is usually designated in the records), whereby much confusion has been occasioned. This is not decreased by the presence in the Revolutionary army of a third officer named Ezekiel Worthen, also of New Hampshire. He was a nephew of Ezekiel, Sr., of Kensington, and resided in Chester.

A few years before the beginning of the Revolution Ezekiel Worthen, Jr., removed from Kensington to Epping and is sometimes described in the War Rolls as "Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Epping." More frequently, however, the place of his residence is not given, and much of his service has been attributed to his father. In Hurd's *History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties*, pp. 360-361, there is an excellent sketch of Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington, which, however, apparently falls into the error of crediting him with all the service given in the War Rolls as having been performed by "Ezekiel Worthen." The author was evidently not aware that he had a son of the same name who served as a Revolutionary officer.

The editor of the Revolutionary War Rolls of New Hampshire makes the very natural mistake of confusing the father and son in Vol. 15 of *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire* at page 476, when he appends to the roll of Capt. Ezekiel

Worthen's company, Col. Stephen Peabody's regiment, serving in the Rhode Island expedition of 1778, a note to the effect that "Captain Worthen was of Kensington." There is a similar editorial note in Vol. IX of the *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society* at page 387, again identifying the captain who served in Colonel Peabody's regiment in 1778, as Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington. As a matter of fact this officer was Ezekiel Worthen, Jr., (of Epping), as shown by the following circumstances.

Before December, 1781, Ezekiel Worthen, Jr., had removed from Epping, N. H., to Salisbury, Mass. He died at Amesbury, April 7, 1803, as shown by the vital records of that town, which describe him as "Captain." His grandson, Mr. James Worthen of Melrose, Mass., who died in August, 1893, aged 90 years, had his commission as captain, since unfortunately destroyed by fire, his sword, still preserved in the family, and other personal effects including a copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* with his name inscribed on the flyleaf. Mrs. Maria Worthen Currier, a daughter of Mr. James Worthen, recalls having seen the commission. James Worthen left a memorandum stating in substance that his grandfather, Capt. Ezekiel Worthen, was born in Kensington, N. H., about 1740 (the exact date was March 30, 1746) and died at Amesbury, Mass., in April, 1803; that "he commanded the last company which embarked at the retreat from Long Island; his lieutenant named Robinson was killed by his side after landing on the Main by a cannon shot striking him on his head."

The writer was at first puzzled by this note, as neither Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Epping nor his father could have been present at the battle of Long Island, being in service elsewhere. It appears, however, from the War Rolls that Thomas Dearborn, first lieutenant of Capt. Ezekiel

Worthen's company, Col. Stephen Peabody's regiment, was killed on August 30, 1778. On August 29, the important battle of Rhode Island had been fought, in which the Americans severely defeated the enemy, inflicting a loss of 1,023 men. The total American loss was 211. Lafayette called it the best fought battle of the Revolution and Sullivan praised the conduct of his officers and men, only 1,500 of whom had ever before been in action. The next day (August 30) word was received that Lord Howe's fleet had sailed with 5,000 reinforcements, to raise the siege of Newport, and General Sullivan deemed it expedient to withdraw at once from Rhode Island. After nightfall he began the retreat and by midnight the entire army had crossed to Tiverton on the mainland. Sullivan's barge was the last to leave the shore, and as it did so the enemy appeared upon the hills and opened fire, wounding several of the general's life guards. Apparently there were no casualties at any other time on August 30, and Lieutenant Dearborn must have been killed during the retreat. He doubtless met his death by a cannon ball "striking him on his head"—"after landing on the Main"—as described by Mr. James Worthen, whose account of the essential facts was probably correct, although he had confused Rhode Island with Long Island and inaccurately remembered the name of the lieutenant who was killed.

The above tends to identify Captain Worthen of Colonel Peabody's regiment as the younger Ezekiel—Mr. James Worthen's grandfather—but the question is settled by proving a complete "*alibi*" for Ezekiel, Sr. The town clerk's book of Kensington for 1778 shows that Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of that town was put at the head of a committee designated in February to draw up instructions to the delegate to be sent to the proposed Constitutional Convention at Concord. The committee reported and at

the town meeting held on June 1, 1778, Capt. Ezekiel Worthen was chosen as delegate to the Convention, which was to meet at Concord on June 10. Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Colonel Peabody's regiment was enrolled on March 13, 1778, and discharged January 6, 1779. It is uncertain just when Colonel Peabody's regiment marched, but the orderly book of Adjutant Sylvanus Reed published in Vol. IX of the *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society* shows that it was quartered in Providence as early as May 26, and that Captain Worthen was chosen May 31, 1778, as a member of a Court Martial "to set to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock at Hacker's Hall to try such prisoners as may be brought before them." On the very day, therefore, when this Court Martial convened, the town meeting of Kensington elected the elder Ezekiel a delegate to the Constitutional Convention. Again on June 8, two days before this convention met in Concord, Captain Worthen of Colonel Peabody's regiment sat on a Court Martial at Hacker's Hall, Providence. He did similar duty on June 30 and July 24.

In 1779 a Captain Ezekiel Worthen commanded a company in Col. Hercules Mooney's regiment in Rhode Island and was also paymaster of the regiment. This fact explains another note by Mr. James Worthen to the effect that his grandfather was at one time a paymaster in the Revolutionary army. The War Rolls of New Hampshire show clearly that the paymaster in Colonel Mooney's regiment was Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Epping. There is no doubt, in view of the facts above presented, that he was the same Capt. Ezekiel Worthen who participated in the Rhode Island campaign of the preceding year.

The writer has endeavored in the foregoing brief study to dispel some of the obscurity in which certain points of the life and service of Major

Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington have become involved and hopes that his efforts may contribute in some degree to a clearer and more complete knowledge of this distinguished patriot of the Colonial and Revolutionary period.*

*Credit is due Mr. Arthur Bartlett Worthen of Salem Depot, N. H., and Mr. Geo. Osgood of Kensington for examining original records at Kensington, Exeter and Concord and to Mrs. Maria Worthen Currier of Melrose, Mass., Miss Josephine P. Dow of Exeter, N. H., and others for contributing information derived from family records and traditions.

ORTHOGRAPHY OF THE NAME OF COBBETT'S POND

By William Samuel Harris

Cobbett's Pond in Windham derived its name from the Rev. Thomas Cobbet, a prominent Puritan divine of the first generation in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who was minister in Lynn, 1637-56, and in Ipswich, 1656-85. In the public records his name is sometimes found spelled Cobbett and Cobbitt as well as Cobbet, but there seems to be no question that the last named method was considered by himself as the correct one.

Concerning the life of Mr. Cobbet and his "farm" of 500 acres bordering on this pond, which the General Court of Massachusetts granted to him in 1662, the GRANITE MONTHLY of January, 1917, contained some account. Mr. Cobbet had been dead a third of a century when the first settlement was made of the region embracing his grant and the pond near which it lay—Nutfield, soon named Londonderry. Just when and how his name first began to be applied to the pond is not known, but the early Scotch-Irish settlers of Londonderry must have found the name already well established when they appeared upon the scene, otherwise we would expect them to have given it some appellation brought from their own Old Country, or at least of their own selection.

The first use of the name in public records, so far as is known to the writer, is found in the Proprietors' Records of Londonderry, under date

of October 29, 1723, only four and a half years after the first planting of their settlement: "Laid out by order of the town afarm Given in the Charter to the Rev^d m^r James m^eGregore Containing two hundred and fifty acres of land lying and being to the northeast of Cubages pond so Called." (Early Records of Londonderry, as printed, Vol. 2, p. 84.)

One would like much to know what the aborigines called this beautiful sheet of water, if indeed they had any distinctive name for it, as generation after generation paddled their canoes over its blue waters and drew the fish from its depths, before eyes of white men ever beheld it. But although Indian names for some of the neighboring ponds have been preserved, no hint of any aboriginal name applied to this pond has come down to us. This may not be an unmitigated misfortune in view of some of the uncouth, unpronounceable, and unspellable names which the Red Men left behind them. In fact, as far as orthography is concerned, plain Cobbett's has been a sufficient tax on the ability of successive generations of white men.

Whether it is as picturesque and poetic a name as might be desired, it has, during a period of two hundred years, become so interwoven with the daily speech, public records, title deeds, maps, literature, and local history of a historic region, as to preclude the thought of change.

In the early town records and proprietors' records of Londonderry, the name of the pond is mentioned about thirty times between 1723 and 1741, and is spelled in nine different ways. The form Cobats, first found in 1728, is used in about half of these places, and Cobbats occurs twice. The other forms all contain a *g*, and are Cubages, Cubagess, Cubbages, Cubbagess, Cobages, Cobagess, and lastly Cabages, this found only once. These corruptions are to be explained as a sort of double possessive, meaning Cobbets's, as one might say Hills's for Hill's or Fields's for Field's. Considering that few people in those early days knew the origin of the name or ever saw it written, and that there was hardly a standard for spelling anything, it is rather remarkable that the name was transmitted without even more variations than it sustained.

The town records of Dracut, Mass., in 1733 have the name of this pond Cobets. In the town records of Windham its first mention is in 1754 with the spelling Cobbats. The next year the spelling is Cobats. In a deed written in 1766, apparently by Lieut. Samuel Morison, one of the leading citizens of Windham, Cobbets pond is mentioned. But in a document written by the same hand four years later, on one page the name is spelled in three ways—Cobets, Cobbets, and Cobbetts. The use of the apostrophe came later.

The first published map on which the pond was named was probably the famous map of New Hampshire prepared by Dr. Philip Carrigain, by authority of the legislature, and published in 1816. But by some unfortunate calamity the name lost its final letters and appeared as Cabbo P., and this error was copied in Merrill's Gazetteer of New Hampshire, published in Exeter the following year. But this error was matched on a pocket map of the state published in Portsmouth be-

tween 1830 and 1840, in which the name was decapitated and given as Abbott P.

In Farmer and Moore's *Gazetteer of New Hampshire*, issued in 1823, the pond appears as Cabot's, and this inaccuracy was repeated in Hayward's *Gazetteer of New England*, 1839, and in two later *Gazetteers of New Hampshire*, Charlton's, 1857, and Fogg's, 1875. In the early church records of Windham occurs the form Cabbot's.

As if the name had not passed through variations enough, on the large, carefully prepared wall map of Rockingham County, published in Philadelphia in 1857 and 1859, the name for the first time acquires a wholly inexcusable *r* and becomes Corbett's. This error was retained in Hurd's *Atlas of New Hampshire*, 1892, and has not been entirely outgrown to the present time.

In the Poems of Robert Dinsmoor, the "Rustic Bard," printed in 1828, we have the first authoritative spelling of the name in print by one who lived on the shores of the pond, indeed on the very land granted to Mr. Cobbet, and who knew the correct orthography. In this volume it is spelled Cobbet's, which form should never have been thereafter varied from. But the second *t*, having been introduced in the name of the pond two-thirds of a century ago, has become too firmly established to be dropped now.

The first occurrence of the name in print, spelled exactly as at present, Cobbett's, is probably on page 181 of Rev. E. L. Parker's *History of Londonderry*, published in 1851. This spelling was followed on the map of New Hampshire—the most accurate map of the whole state ever published—which was issued in 1878 as a part of C. H. Hitchcock's *Report on the Geology of New Hampshire*. It was followed in Morrison's *History of Windham*, 1883, and in various other books and publications since.

Still another form of the name appeared on the Manchester sheet of the topographic map issued in 1905 by the United States Geological Survey—Cobbett pond. This was in accordance with the rules of the United States Geographic Board, which aims to simplify names by discarding possessive forms wherever

not too firmly entrenched by local usage. But recently (January 3, 1917), the Board, having received representations concerning local usage continued through nearly two hundred years, has rendered a decision restoring the final *s* (but without the apostrophe), thus sanctioning the orthography Cobbetts Pond.

THE DEAD

By Harold W. Melvin

Leap, winds of spring,
Flow, rivers of glory,
Shout, poet, thy anthem,
Chant, singer, thy story—
But the Dead lie unheeding
'Mid the reeds of the river.

Glory may come again,
Proud wave our banners,
Peace walk our earth once more,
With old trusting manners—
But the Dead lie unheeding
On the bed of the ocean.

They have given all to us,
The Dead of the nations,
Sacrificed our own white hopes
Foregone life's relations—
And now lie unheeding
'Neath the corn on the meadows.

VALE OF AVOCA *

By Lewis Carroll

Sweet valley, set amid the Crystal Hills
With singing streams that come from out the snow
To wind about you wooingly and flow,
Sighing away, to turn the distant mills
In dark and noisy towns of greed and ills;
Your fair face wears, the smile God might bestow
On one he frees from long tumultuous woe,
While with transcendent peace her spirit fills.

Dear vale, Avoca, every hour of day
I've seen your face and heard your voice; by light
Of noon you fairest are my eyes would say;
At eve your symphonies my ears delight,—
And midnight dark when you your spirit lay
On mine, and soothe throughout the sleeping night.

North Woodstock, N. H.

* An old name for Pemigewasset Valley.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. HENRY F. GREEN

Hon. Henry Francis Green, a prominent citizen and business man of Littleton, died at his home in that town, May 9, 1917.

Mr. Green was a native of Lyndon, Vt., born February 6, 1844, the son of Harry and Marilla (Smith) Green. His father was a farmer, but died when Henry F. was quite young, and his mother married James Kimball of Bath, N. H., with whom he lived a short time, and then took a course in the Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Subsequently he was for a time station agent at Barton, Vt., and then went to Indianapolis, Ind., where he was engaged as bookkeeper in the flour business.

Returning east, he located in Littleton in 1877, where he continued thereafter. He was for a time a partner with his brother-in-law, the late Charles Eaton, in the grocery business, with whom he was for a time, later engaged in lumbering, but had been for most of his life in Littleton connected with the Saranac Glove Company, of which he soon became treasurer and so continued, his great business ability contributing in large measure to the success of this well known concern.

He was long actively identified with the public affairs of the town, having been manager of the town water and light department, member of the school board and selectman many years, and representative in the state legislature. He was for three terms a member of the Board of County Commissioners, a member of the Executive Council during the term of Governor Rollins, a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902 and for six years a member of the New Hampshire Bank Commission. He had been a director of the Littleton National Bank since 1898, and its president since 1909, and was also a trustee of the Littleton Savings Bank. In politics he was a stanch Republican, in religion a Congregationalist, and was a Knight Templar and a 32d degree Mason.

June 18, 1872, he was united in marriage with Miss Jennie M. Smith, who survives him.

HIRAM B. CHENEY

Hiram Bement Cheney, a native of Bradford, born December 16, 1834, but long a leading citizen of Newbury, died at his home in that town April 28, 1917.

Mr. Cheney had only the advantage of a common school education, but was endowed with strong mental powers, read much, and became a man of influence in the community. He taught school in youth, and pursued the life of a farmer in which he took great interest, and was more than ordinarily successful. He was long deeply interested in the Bradford and Newbury Fair Association, of which he

was at one time president. Politically he was an uncompromising Democrat. He had been superintending school committee, selectman and chairman of the board, and represented his town in the legislature of 1901, serving on the Agricultural College Committee. He had also been his party's candidate for councilor and other important offices. He was for some time a trustee of the Guaranty Savings Bank of Newport. His wife died some time since, but he leaves two sons and a daughter—Edson H. Cheney of Concord, Weston Cheney of Sutton, and Mrs. Edna Cheney Emerson.

FRANCIS P. WHITTEMORE

Francis P. Whittemore, who had for some time enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest active printer in the state died on May 10, 1917, at his home in Nashua.

He was born in Peterborough, March 29, 1825, the son of Bernard B. Whittemore of that town. When sixteen years of age he went to Nashua as a clerk in the post office. Later he went to Palmer, Mass., and learned the printer's trade in the office of the *Palmer Sentinel*. Returning to Nashua in 1846, with his brother, the late B. B. Whittemore, he purchased the *Nashua Gazette*, which paper they conducted for forty-three years, till 1889, when they sold out to a stock company, which discontinued business a few years later. Since disposing of the paper Mr. Whittemore had continued business as a job printer, and was actively engaged nearly up to the time of his death. Politically he was an earnest Democrat, and the *Gazette*, during the proprietorship of himself and brother, was regarded as one of the most reliable organs of that party in the state. His wife, children and all near relatives preceded him in death.

HON. EDWARD H. CARROLL

Hon. Edward Hermon Carroll, councilor for the Fifth New Hampshire District, died at his home in Warner, April 30, 1917.

Councilor Carroll was a native of Sutton, son of the late Alonzo C. and Mercy (Hale) Carroll, born October 30, 1854, but removed with his parents to Warner, in early life, where his father engaged in trade. He was educated at the Simonds Free High School, and engaged in business with his father till the death of the latter in 1894, when he went to Manchester where he was engaged in the real estate and insurance business, with A. J. Lane for two years, then returning to Warner where he was ever after active in business and political life, being extensively engaged in lumbering for many years, as well as strongly interested in agriculture.

An active Republican, Mr. Carroll was postmaster of Warner from 1877 till 1884,

when he resigned the office. He was a member of the town school board from 1886 to 1889; treasurer of the county of Merrimack from 1890 to 1892, and represented the town in the legislature of 1893, serving as chairman of the important Committee on Incorporations, and was the author of the famous Carroll Highway Bill. In 1898 he was appointed national bank examiner, holding the office until his resignation in 1905. While examiner he was named as receiver of the Colebrook National Bank, serving from January to July, 1899, collecting for the bank during that time approximately \$100,000 and turning the institution over to the directors in sound financial condition. He had been a trustee of the Union Guaranty Savings Bank of Concord since 1887.

Attached to the Masonic order, he held membership in Harris Lodge of Warner, Woods Chapter of Henniker, Horace Chase Chapter, Mt. Horeb Commandery and Bechtash Temple of Concord.

Mr. Carroll was united in marriage August 13, 1877, with Susie C., daughter of John and Lucinda (Robinson) Putney, a native of Lowe l, Mass. Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll—Edward Leon, his father's partner, born December 11, 1880, and Alonzo, who died in infancy.

HON. LEWIS W. FLING

Hon. Lewis W. Fling, probably the oldest member of the New Hampshire bar, at the time of his decease, died at his home in Bristol, April 20, 1917, at the great age of ninety-two years.

He was born in Windsor, Vt., December 6, 1824, and was educated at the New England Seminary in that town, Claremont (N. H.) Academy and the Norwich (Vt.) University or Military Institute. He taught school for a time, but in 1847 commenced the study of law in the office of the late Chief Justice Jonathan E. Sargent, then practicing in Canaan, with whom he removed to Wentworth, where he concluded his studies and was admitted to the bar in 1851. He became a partner of Judge Sargent upon admission and continued two years, when, in 1859, he removed to Bristol, where he continued through life, succeding to the practice there of the late Hon. N. B. Bryant, and occupying the same office for sixty-four years. For thirteen years, from 1881 to 1894, Ira A. Chase was a partner of Mr. Fling.

Being a Democrat in politics in a town strongly Republican, he was not favored with public office as he would have been in different circumstances, but in 1871 and 1872 during a Democratic régime in the state, he was elected to the Senate where he took a prominent part in the legislation enacted at that time, and was given the honorary degree of A. M., by Dartmouth College.

Mr. Fling had served as superintending school committee in Bristol, and for many

years as a member of the board of education. He was a Methodist in religion, and was long choir leader in the Methodist Episcopal church of Bristol. He was a charter member of Union Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M.

April 20, 1853, Mr. Fling married Miss Maria Currier of Wentworth, who died August 19, 1854. December 18, 1855, he was united in marriage with Miss Margaretté Sleeper, daughter of Rev. Walter Sleeper, her death occurring November 6, 1908. Of the four children born to them, two survive—Charles W. of Bristol, and Mrs. Oscar F. Fellows of Bucksport, Me. A son, Harry S., died in 1861 at the age of two years, and a daughter, Mrs. James H. Pitman, died at LaGrange, Ga., in 1892.

REV. CHARLES HARDON

Although not a New Hampshire man by birth, nor a resident of the state at the time of his decease, Charles Hardon, long an esteemed resident of Contoocook, where he was a minister of the Swedenborgian, or New Church, for some time and a principal of the academy, is properly entitled to mention in this department.

Mr. Hardon, who died at the home of his son in Pomona, Cal., April 28, was a native of Mansfield, Mass., born January 2, 1834, and a graduate of Amherst College of the class of 1855. For a year he taught in the Delaware Literary Institute of Franklin, later entering the Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary, and completing his studies in the Oberlin (Ohio) Theological School. He supplied the pulpit of the Wesleyan Methodist Church for a short time, and in 1861 he became a reader of the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, deciding to devote himself to the ministry of the New Church, as it was then called. Beginning in 1871 he preached for several years in Contoocook and was principal of Contoocook Academy for some time.

He continued his residence in Contoocook, until three years ago last December, when he took up his residence in California where a son was living, while a daughter remained in Contoocook. He was a devoted disciple of Henry George, in his single-tax propaganda, and a vigorous and prolific writer for the press. He was an active Patron of Husbandry, and for several years chaplain of Merrimack County Pomona Grange, in which organization, as in the public at large, he had many friends.

CAPT. DANIEL B. NEWHALL

Capt. Daniel B. Newhall, a prominent Civil War veteran, as well as a veteran Concord fireman, died at his home in Concord, May 31, 1917, after a long illness.

Captain Newhall was born in New Hampton, February 10, 1837, the son of Thomas H. and Lucinda (Brown) Newhall, and was educated in the Concord public schools. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted in

Company F, First New Hampshire Volunteers, reënlisting in Company B, Eighth New Hampshire Regiment, and was mustered out on August 9, 1864, as first lieutenant and acting captain. He was wounded at the battle of Yellow Bayou.

He was a member of the Nashua Fire Department for six years and of the Concord Fire Department for twenty-one years, being chief engineer of the Concord Fire Department for many years. He was for many years mail transfer clerk at the railroad station in Concord, retiring three years ago on account of ill health.

He was past department commander of the G. A. R. for New Hampshire; he organized and was first president of the Concord Veteran Firemen's Association, and was past chancellor commander of the Concord Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and captain of Pillsbury Division, No. 3, Uniform Rank of the Knights of Pythias.

Besides a widow, he is survived by a son, Frank L. Newhall, and a daughter, J. Blanche.

HON. WILLIAM B. DUNLAP

Hon. William B. Dunlap of Chicago, Ill., who died in that city Saturday, the 10th day of March last, was born at West Salisbury, N. H., October 3, 1840, the son of John B. and Ruth M. (Pingree) Dunlap. Mr. Dunlap was reared upon the farm and educated in the public schools of his native town and at Andover (N. H.) Academy.

Upon coming of age he entered upon a clerkship in the general assortment store of Francis & Graham at Bethel, Vt. These men soon discovered that they had in young Dunlap a counter salesman of rare efficiency and worth to their business. The senior partner of the firm soon removed to Mattoon, Ill., and was accompanied by Mr. Dunlap, who continued in his service in mercantile trade. The business men of that growing young city soon recognized the uprightness and attention

to business of Mr. Dunlap and called him from the salesman's craft to the cashiership of their newly organized bank. His success in the banking business of his city and state soon developed into larger opportunities and responsibilities, and he promoted and became the president and business head of other banks, and an extensive investor of money for his eastern acquaintances in western securities.

He was for some years mayor of his adopted city of Mattoon. He retired from trust duties and removed to Chicago in 1895, where he was an active member of the Union League Club and of the Sons of the American Revolution, to which he was eligible by virtue of his grandfather's seven years' service under Washington.

He married Miss Kate, daughter of Rev. Mr. Wood, a Presbyterian clergyman of Mattoon February 21, 1866, who survives him, as do also his eldest daughter, Estelle, the wife of Russell S. Clark, and Katherine D., the wife of Frank S. Wright, both of Chicago.

Mr. Dunlap's life work and success in business has been conspicuous and worthy of treasure as one of the most efficient and notable of the Sons of New Hampshire. A man of fine physique, tall, well proportioned, and of dignified presence, his body was a fitting symbol of his mind. He never lost his interest in the friends and scenes of his youth in New Hampshire, where he made periodical visits up to the autumn previous to his decease. He had a deeply sympathetic nature and under a quiet exterior he was possessed of a heart of unusual affection.

There are a few of the fading band of school fellows and friends of the youth and young manhood of "Billy Dunlap," as he was affectionately called in New Hampshire, who will recall something of his quiet store of wit and wisdom which showed him so human and lovable.

—Samuel E. Pingree.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

It was announced in the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY for 1916 that, on account of the vastly increased cost of production, and naturally limited circulation, the number of pages in this year's volume would necessarily be materially reduced. This accounts for the appearance of this double number, for May and June, with only the same amount of matter as was formerly given each month; but it may be remembered in this connection, that the April number was nearly double the usual size, so that, up to the present time, our readers have been getting all that was promised, or that could reasonably be expected in this time of care and stress.

The annual meeting of the N. H. Old Home Week Association was held June 1, and the old

board of officers re-elected with the exception of the vice-presidents, most of whom are new men. Old Home Week opens this year August 18, and a general observance is hoped for, notwithstanding the war excitement everywhere prevailing. There is no sentiment more conducive to patriotism among the people, than love of home and the associations connected therewith.

"OUR COUNTRY," is the title of a new song, timely and inspiring in sentiment, written by New Hampshire's "sweet singer" and most loyal daughter—Edna Dean Proctor—and set to music by David Proctor of New York. It should be heard in many a public gathering on the coming anniversary of the nation's birth.



MONUMENT TO NOTTINGHAM'S FOUR GENERALS

Dedicated July Fourth, Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIX, Nos. 7-8

JULY-AUGUST, 1917

NEW SERIES, VOL. XII, Nos. 7-8

AN INTERESTING HISTORIC EVENT

Dedication at Nottingham Square, July Fourth, 1917

Upon one of the most notable historic sites in the old Granite State,—the square at Nottingham, whence marched to battle for the patriot cause as brave a body of citizen soldiery as ever took up arms for the right, immediately upon receipt of the news from Concord and Lexington in April, 1775, there occurred, on the last anniversary of our national independence, an event of which it is proper that some record should be made in these pages, the same being the formal dedication of a monument to the memory of four distinguished citizens of the town, all officers of note in the Revolutionary service, and in the militia of the State, influential in public life and held in highest respect in the community and the State.

This monument had been erected on the square, through the active instrumentality of Else Cilley Chapter, D. A. R., of Nottingham, Mrs. Mary B. Cilley present regent, the committee to raise the necessary funds including besides the regent, Charlotte Butler Stevens, a niece of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, and Miss Laura A. Marston, past regent. It is of Concord, Quincy and Westerly granite, sixteen feet in height, and is surmounted by the figure of a minute man. A picture of the same appears as a frontispiece to this article.

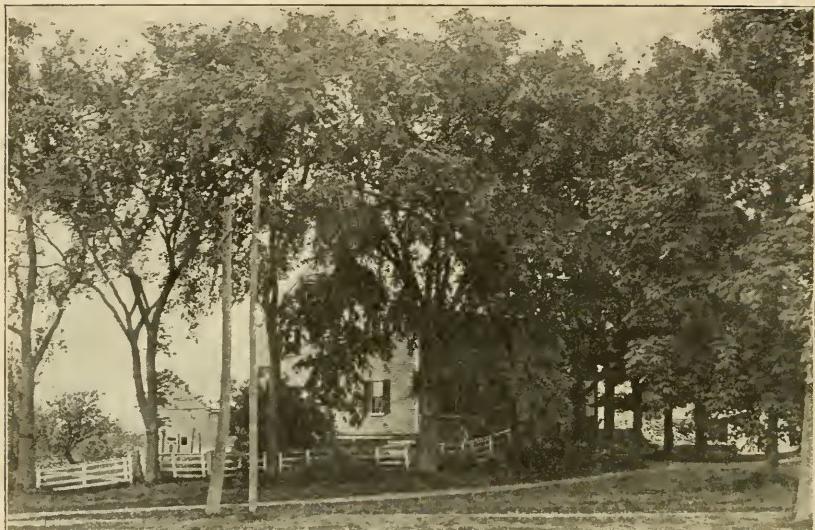
Else Cilley Chapter, D. A. R., organized in Nottingham in 1898, has done much in the way of marking historic sites. A boulder and bronze

tablet has been placed in memory of General Marston on the site of the first block house in town (in the section now Deerfield), a boulder to



Another View of the Monument

Capt. Joseph Cilley, who first settled in Nottingham, a marker to Gen. Henry Dearborn, and one on the site of the first log cabin built by Captain



Historic Home of Mrs. Mary B. Cilley

Cilley, being a part of the Chapter's work, which has culminated in the splendid monument dedicated on the Fourth.



Mrs. Mary B. Cilley

The exercises incident to the dedication opened at 10.30 a. m., with a concert by Nevers' Band of Concord,

followed by a reception at the famous Cilley mansion which has been the family home for more than a century, Mrs. Mary Butler Cilley, regent of the Chapter, who is not only the great-granddaughter by marriage of Gen. Joseph Cilley, but the great-great-granddaughter of Gen. Henry Butler, being assisted in receiving by Miss Laura A. Marston, past regent, Miss Amanda Stevens and Miss Charlotte Butler Stevens. Refreshments were served in connection with the reception.

Following the reception the dedicatory exercises proper opened with the singing of "America" by the audience, nearly a thousand people being assembled. Prayer was offered by the Rev. I. D. Morrison of Nottingham. The statue was then unveiled by six children—Elizabeth, Josephine, Mary Louise and Frederick Fernald of Nottingham and Joseph and Robert Burley of Brookline, Mass. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was then sung, following which Miss Laura A. Marston, past regent, delivered the address of welcome, to which Miss Anna Wallace, of Rochester, for the New Hampshire D. A. R.,

responded. Patriotic remarks of fitting character by Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley of Rockland, Me., and Rev. Dr. Spaulding of Brookline, Mass., concluding the forenoon programme, which was felicitously carried out under the direction of Dr. Fred Fernald as president of the day.

After a generous lunch, furnished by Nardini of Concord, served on the green by a corps of young ladies, the afternoon programme, the more important feature of the day, was in order. This consisted of music by the band and two notable addresses, the first by John Scales of Dover, of historical and biographical interest, covering in detail the record of the four generals in whose honor the monument was erected, and the second a patriotic address, which may fittingly be characterized as an oration, by Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth. Both were of high literary merit, listened to with close attention, and commanded universal commendation.

MR. SCALES' ADDRESS

Following is a brief of the address delivered by Mr. Scales. The delivery of the address occupied about one hour; the briefs convey only a cursory understanding of the important events in which these men were participants.

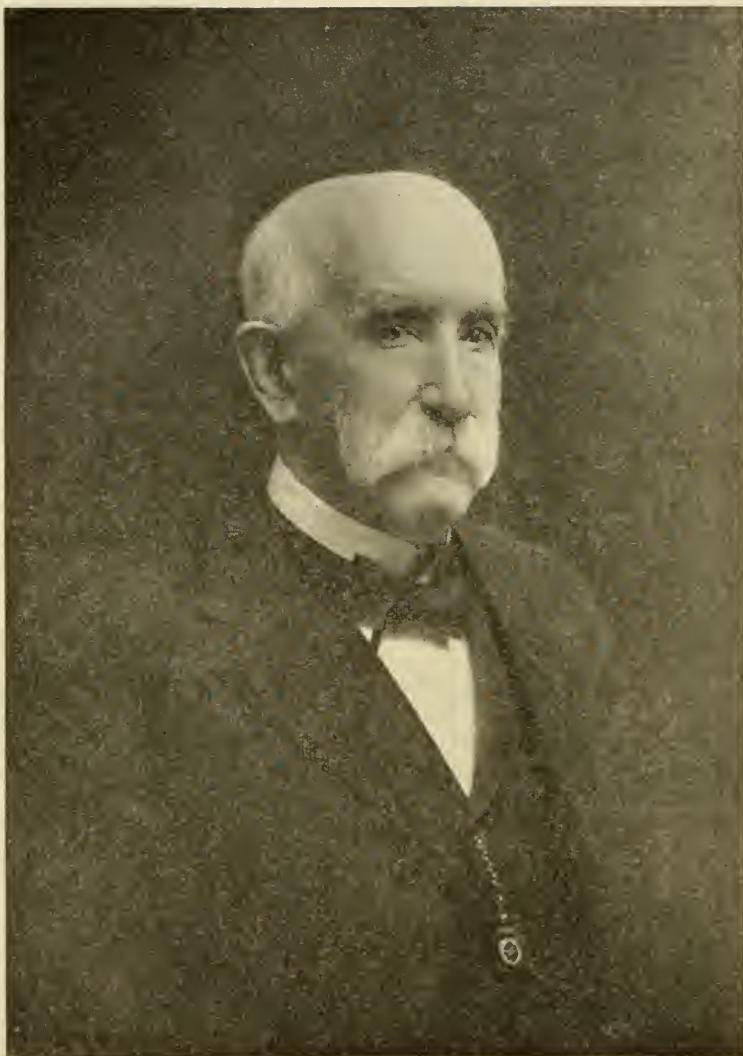
The Four Generals were born: Joseph Cilley, at Nottingham, 1734; Thomas Bartlett, at Newbury, Mass., 1745; Henry Dearborn, at North Hampton, 1751; Henry Butler, at North Andover, Mass., 1754. The first three were colonels in the Revolutionary War, the fourth was captain of a company at West Point. They were major generals of New Hampshire militia,—Cilley in 1786, Bartlett in 1798, Butler in 1808; Dearborn was major general of the Maine militia in 1795. He was also senior major general in the War of 1812, of the American army in Canada. At one time they all lived on Nottingham

Square, on the four corners. It was Dearborn's residence for ten years.

GENERAL JOSEPH CILLEY was son of Captain Joseph and Elce (Rawlins) Cilley. He was born in Nottingham, where his father was one of the earliest settlers. His father brought the son up to do all kinds of farm work, and perform all the duties incident to frontier life, when the Indians were very bad neighbors. The senior Joseph was captain of a company of Indian fighters and scouts. So the school education of Joseph, Jr., was very limited. Yet he became a well informed man, and one of the keenest business men of the town. He accumulated a large property. At his death he was the richest man in the town. The record does not show that he was much engaged in military affairs before the Revolution began, but he developed into a thoroughly competent soldier, and leader of men.

He was representative for Nottingham in the Provincial Congresses at Exeter in 1775. He was major of Colonel Poor's regiment in 1775, and lieutenant-colonel in 1776. In April, 1777, he was appointed colonel of the First New Hampshire Regiment, in place of Colonel Stark, who had resigned. He held that commission three years, and the regiment's record is one of the finest in New Hampshire's history, in the Revolution. His command at Bemis' Heights, September, 1777, was specially brilliant, and gave him everlasting fame. Also at the battle of Monmouth in June, 1778. In the campaign against the Indians in western New York, in 1779, under command of General Sullivan, he has a good record. As he was engaged in New York the statement is incorrect, that appears in many notices of his career, which says,—“with Anthony Wayne at the storming of Stony Point July 19, 1779.” He was with General Sullivan in New York all summer, so could not be at Stony Point July 19.

After the war he was representative, state senator, councillor, and can-



JOHN SCALES

Historian of the Day, whose Great-Great-Grandfather was one of the
First Settlers of Nottingham

dicate for presidential elector, but defeated as he was anti-Federalist, bitterly opposed to President Adams. He was one of the founders of the Order of the Cincinnati in New Hampshire, and its president. He was prominent in the order of Free Masons, being a member of Sullivan Lodge, of Nottingham.

GEN. THOMAS BARTLETT, born at Newbury, Mass., in 1745; son of Israel and Love (Hall) Bartlett, who was one of the early settlers in Nottingham. The son came to Nottingham to reside about 1765, at the Square, and that was his home for forty years, dying there in 1805. He was well educated, and was land surveyor, tanner, and merchant, with an excellent farm. When he was twenty-eight years old he married General Cilley's only daughter, and eldest child; she was sixteen. His store was on the northwest corner of the Square, where he engaged in general trade, about 1770; that store was in continuous business for more than ninety years, by him and his son, Gen. Bradbury Bartlett. In the cellar of that store he concealed several barrels of the powder that General Sullivan had brought from Fort William and Mary, in December, 1774, to Durham Falls, whence it was carted to various points for safe keeping. When it was called for in 1775, General Bartlett had it carted to Exeter, and from there it was sent to Winter Hill, for General Sullivan's use.

General Bartlett commenced his military career in 1771, when he was commissioned by Gov. John Wentworth, first lieutenant in a company of the Provincial militia; in 1798 he was made major general of the New Hampshire militia, and held the office till his death in 1805. Between those dates he was captain of a company in Col. John Waldron's regiment at Winter Hill, 1775-1776, serving until the evacuation of Boston in March, 1776. He was lieutenant-

colonel of Col. Stephen Evans's regiment in the battles that led up to the surrender of General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, October 19, 1777. He was colonel of a regiment of New Hampshire troops at West Point, in 1780, when General Arnold tried to betray the American army under his command there. He was brigadier general of New Hampshire militia in 1787. He was selectman thirty years; town clerk twenty-six years; representative many times, and speaker of the House in 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790. Appointed justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1790 and held the office until his death. Nottingham conferred more honors on General Bartlett than on any other man.

GEN. HENRY DEARBORN, born at North Hampton in 1751; died at Roxbury, Mass., in 1829. At twenty years of age he settled on Nottingham Square, as a practicing physician. He was a good doctor. Soon after going there he married General Bartlett's sister, Mary, youngest of the family, and of the same age as the doctor. Doctor Dearborn had Nottingham for his home for ten years, when he was not in the army. Next his home was at Exeter till 1784. In that year he and two of his brothers commenced the settlement at Monmouth, Me. He gave that town the name, in honor of the battle in which he won the commendation of Washington for his bravery and skill, as commander. Later he had a fine residence at Roxbury, Mass., at which he died in 1829.

He was captain of the company of Minute Men who marched from Nottingham Square on the night of April 20-21, 1775, in response to the news that the British had commenced war at Lexington and Concord; he had sixty men; among them were Cilley, Bartlett, Butler and other prominent men of the town, and the adjoining towns. Previous to that frequent drills had been held on the Square, in front of General Bartlett's

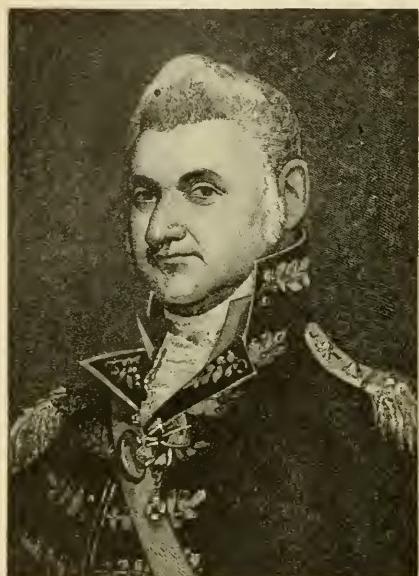
store. He was captain of a company in Col. John Stark's regiment, and fought at the rail fence, at the battle of Bunker Hill. He wrote the best account of that battle that has been written, so far as New Hampshire men are concerned. He was captain of a company that went with Benedict Arnold's expedition up the Kennebec River and through the forests, to Quebec, in the winter of 1775. He was taken prisoner at the battle in December, and held there about six

at the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown. He was United States Marshal for the District of Maine in 1789. Representative in Congress four years, 1793-1797. Major general, 1795-1801. Secretary of War, 1801-1809. Senior major general in 1812-1813, of the American army in Canada. Minister to Portugal, 1822-1824.

GEN. HENRY BUTLER, born at North Andover, Mass., 1754; son of Rev. Benjamin Butler, a graduate from Harvard College, and minister of the church at Nottingham Square, from 1757 to 1770, when he resigned and gave up preaching, to engage in farming and literary work. He settled in Nottingham in 1754; he built the present Butler house there in 1756, which has remained in possession of the Butler family to the present day. He gave his son Henry a good education, but did not send him to Harvard. The son became proprietor of the house, and made it one of the most popular public houses, for many years.

General Butler was a man of business, and could not devote much of his time to office holding, but he was an active supporter of the war, and gave his aid in various ways. He was lieutenant in Capt. Joseph Parsons' company, Col. Moses Nichols' regiment, that served in the Rhode Island campaign in August, 1778, under General Sullivan. He was captain of a company of Nottingham men who served in Col. Thomas Bartlett's regiment, at West Point. After the war Captain Butler kept up his interest in military affairs and in due time came into command of a regiment of militia. Next he was brigadier general, and finally major general, in 1808, which office he held till his death in 1813. He was a very popular commander.

The first postoffice in Nottingham was established in 1801, and General Butler was appointed the first postmaster; he held the office till his death.



Gen. Henry Dearborn

months; when he was released on parole he returned to his home in Nottingham, where he remained till he was exchanged, and was appointed major of Col. Alexander Scammel's (3d) regiment, in April, 1777. He was in the battle at Bemis' Heights; he witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne. He was a hero in the battle of Monmouth, 28 June 1778, and when Washington asked him,—“What troops are these under your command?” he replied,—“Full blooded Yankees, sir, from New Hampshire.” He was colonel on Washington's staff

Before that the nearest postoffice was at Exeter. He was Worshipful Master of Sullivan Lodge of Free Masons, and the meetings were held at his house, a number of years. The Grand Officers of the Fraternity officiated at his funeral, and there was a large attendance of the militia officers of high rank.

COLONEL BARTLETT'S ADDRESS

The scene of this patriotic event is laid in realistic grandeur. On the bald top of this high and wooded hill stand, as silent sentinels, the Revolutionary homesteads of four Revolutionary generals. In the open green you, their descendants and friends, are gathered around a beautiful granite minute-man monument, which has been erected by Daughters of the American Revolution through the Elce Cilley Chapter. You are gathered on the fourth of July when the nation is again at war. Your purpose is not merely to honor and memorialize four volunteer heroes of the past, but particularly to celebrate and renew that spirit of liberty which we have loved to call the "spirit of 76."

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," were resolved upon as "inalienable rights" by pioneer Americans in colonial Congress assembled just one hundred and forty-one years ago today,—done in defiance of a most tyrannical despot, King George III,—he, of German blood and Prussian character, who began a reign of oppression over those liberty-loving people, seeking by the use of hired Hessians to cower them into military shackles and to fasten his yoke of despotism and autocracy upon them forever. Many generations have passed, until finally we, now, are having our brief day in history. At first we rejoice in the stamina and courage which led them to revolt against such powerful despotism; then, we rejoice in their heroic and history-making declaration of liberty and independence, and

finally in their great sacrifices through many years of long and decimating war, by which they forever inrooted in blood into an unyielding soil that principle which neither we nor humanity in general can ever surrender.

This day is the anniversary of that American "liberty and independence." The old "Liberty Bell," in the Philadelphia State House on that glorious morn, rang out a joyful and inspiring peal when liberty was born in America. That old bell, cast in America some years theretofore, bore on its side, as if by prophetic vision, the inscription,—"Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof"; and thus did it proclaim liberty, and thus did its simple but prophetic tones thrill an immortal inspiration of liberty into every breast in the New Republic.

Again today, the same old Liberty Bell is ringing. Today, as then, it sounds an appeal for liberty at a time when Americans are again battling for that liberty. Then it rang out the resolution of the first American people that "All men are created free and equal"; today, it peals forth the resolution of a new American people, that those liberties shall not perish. Years of war were necessary following the first declaration of liberty and independence in order to establish its recognition; and, again, years of world cataclysm may now await us before our resolution that the "world shall be made safe for democracy" has become a recognized international principle. As our fathers gave years of fighting to translate their declaration of liberty into actual accomplishment after they had publicly declared it, so we may now be compelled to endure many a new Valley Forge before we shall have resecured that priceless liberty which we have inherited from the sacrifices of those men,—such men as these four Revolutionary generals, whom we today honor by the erection of this shaft of granite.

We are at war again today for identically the same principle of liberty, and it is therefore peculiarly fitting that we should review the lessons taught by the lives of these, our sturdy fathers who blazed the paths of liberty in the wilderness of America; and this you have already done from the lips of our distinguished historian. It is fitting that we again go back to those first ideals, and commune again with those stalwart spirits who sought and possessed

of the past by holding up to view four typical Revolutionary men.

We imperatively need this lesson from the Revolutionary Generals because the level of patriotism and Americanism seems now lower and more feeble than of old. Today we need a fresh baptism of the old-time courage, a fresh inoculation of that Revolutionary type of loyalty, dash and fire, and a fresh weeding out of the Benedict Arnolds and Aaron Burrs. Have you forgotten how the spirit of



Col. John H. Bartlett, Orator of the Day

these shores to establish forever a "land of the free, and home of the brave," because we honor ourselves and give security to the future when we erect such monuments as this to become beacon lights of character fighting for liberty. But your historic association, and this beautiful old town among the hills are today doing a vital service for the nation in relighting the ancient torch of liberty, and revivifying the heroism and valor

seventy-six stirred the fathers of the Republic? Then read again your history. That spirit, you will remember, refused to trade in the slightest degree in the enemies' goods, and it not only refused to use the English tea but threw it overboard in Boston harbor. Now, on the other hand, we are told that there are communities in our country so Kaiserized that the American merchants in those communities repress their own natural

enthusiasm for our flag for fear of offending the silent traitors in their midst, and thereby losing trade. The Revolutionary spirit quickly seized and demolished printing presses and establishments that put out Tory articles. Now, certain great and prosperous American journals have published insidious, if not treasonable, advertisements, and articles, and seem to have little or nothing to fear from so doing, while nagging agitators are daily permitted to insult the Commander-in-Chief of the American army in front of his headquarters when he is critically engaged in war, and to falsely proclaim to a disheartened and suspicious ally that we are practicing a deception,—a scene that could not have been witnessed a minute in the presence of the Revolutionary minute-men, or either of the four generals whom we honor today. The Revolutionary spirit was seething with righteous wrath, and speedily drove out or hung its traitors, while now, at times, quasi-traitors and Berlin sympathizers are actually tolerated, if not pampered, and yellow patriots sap the nation's power and defy the government. In the Revolutionary times Tories were forced to hide themselves, and flee the country for their own safety, while now, we seem to be compelled even to guard our own bridges and public property against the many modern Tories hiding like wolves in cloaks of patriots. In the Revolutionary times the Ethan Allens left their plows in the furrow, and the Paul Reveres galloped their steeds,—all for haste, while now the bravest impulses are checked by useless forms and precedents, and the wheels of progress are tied with miles of government red-tape. In the Revolutionary times we were all fighting against our own blood, our own fatherland and kin, everyone of us, for the sake of the great principle, doubting nothing. (Let all German-Americans carefully ponder this whenever they feel themselves in the slightest degree sympathizing with the

Kaiser's war.) Now, we sometimes fear that even the great principle of American liberty—the thing closest to the heart of every American—must actually suffer in its war for existence because there are among us, in our great population, some who are descendants of, and of the same race as, the violators of that principle. God forbid!

But these things are destined to change. They are bound to change, and that, too, before we can have success in arms. These things must be revolutionized before we can fight, and before liberty will be safe again. We must become steeled to a righteous war. Must this change in American sentiment come because of the sight of slaughter and the presence of mourning? If so, let them come. Events will soon make us all feel as that great American felt in our early history when he said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

This government is inextricably and irrevocably embarked on a gigantic war, a war whose magnitude is beyond the power of human conception, and whose results are beyond the power of human appreciation. Our going into this war has incurred the lasting anger of the "Prussian military gang" in Germany as well as every military despot on the face of the earth; but it has also allied us in stronger bonds of common interest with all those peoples of the earth who love liberty and believe in self-government. This new alignment is destined to continue. The only permanent peace will come through the undoing of all military exploiters, and the spread of Republican forms of government from nation to nation. As long as Prussianism remains strong and prosperous America can henceforth count upon a powerful enemy who will continuously and insidiously plot for our national undoing. The American nation could, and would, be friendly with a German republic, and with the German people, but never with an iron-handed German despot such as

the Kaiser. This is Democracy's ultimatum to autoocracy. For this, and this, only, are we fighting.

The American Revolutionary War not only secured popular government to America, but it had a powerful influence in revolutionizing Britain herself. Our fathers formally declared that King George III was a tyrant. He and his government then belonged to the old school of militarism, which we supposed had passed away forever until the outbreak of the present world war. Britain has not had since, and will probably never again have another one-man government. George III was of the same relentless type as Kaiser William, the present barbaric war-lord of Germany. But the British government has wholly changed and is today a monarchy in name only, but in fact as democratic as our own government. The King of Britain today has practically no power. He is merely a national sentiment. The people of Britain, with all the great allied colonies, rule themselves,—and to this principle Ireland will no longer be an exception. Britain today is a new nation, with new ideals and new principles. She is fighting with us as a democracy in behalf of democracy. The lesson of history, therefore, is plain. Germany must inevitably undergo a similar radical change in its government; and this, too, since history repeats itself, seems destined to come through the fiery furnace of war; for, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." If military power is to rule the world, it matters not so much whether the ruler centers his power at Athens or at Rome as formerly, or whether that nation be Spain as formerly, or Britain, or even Germany. The change of military power from one nation to another is not the thing which concerns us. We now propose to put an end to military power, to establish democracies in place thereof, and to bind all democracies together to prevent all

wars except what may be necessary for police discipline in democracies.

Loyalty to liberty, therefore, must now be the battle cry of all freemen. The German people themselves can and will subscribe to this principle. They must and will learn that it is a crime for them to immigrate to this country to get rid of militarism and enjoy our liberty and freedom, and, after so doing, to assist the Kaiser in perpetuating militarism. Such conduct is also a crime against the good democracy-loving Germans in Germany and against freemen everywhere. The Tories of the Revolution were those who failed to catch the spirit of liberty and fled home to England. If there are any German Tories in the country today they should follow this historic example. It is quite true that our Revolutionary fathers loved the scenes of their childhood in old England, but far more than this did they love to make America a free and happy country in which they and their children might live. All good German people in America or in Germany should hate the "Potsdam gang" just as all good Americans should hate rotten politics. All good Germans should seek to arouse the German people in Germany against Kaiserism just as all good Americans should seek to uproot evils in our own body politic.

We are at war because the Kaiser's conflagration of conquest in Europe threw sparks of murder over the free seas consuming American citizens, and because the Kaiser, infatuated with his wonderful military success, gave commands to us, as if a vassal nation, that unless we used the free seas when and as he directed he would command his undersea pirates to drown our citizens and sink our flag.

The Kaiser made plans for his ultimate invasion of America while we were neutral; he induced his official representatives to incite the Mexicans to war with us while we were neutral; he attempted to bargain our Pacific

coast states as a bribe to Japan while we were neutral; he flooded our country with spies and apparently planned for his "day to strike" while we were neutral; he defiantly violated our neutrality. We were compelled to fight or surrender our liberties. Like our fathers, we chose to fight for our liberties. This we are now doing.

And, in addition to all this, we were obliged to consider that there is, after all, a larger family than any nation; and that there are human considerations not limited by territorial boundaries. These are the principles of humanity. The Kaiser has the greatest military machine the world ever saw. With it he is attempting to crush republics and to kill liberty by the most barbaric methods of infinite destruction. He reintroduced into the horrors of war the unspeakable barbarities of the dark ages; he slaughtered and maimed women, cripples and children while helpless in the bread-line; he plucked the eyes from Belgian babes, and the hands from little boys; he sank Red Cross hospital ships, drowning the sick and defenseless; he let loose his wild hordes of barbarous men on the virtues of child-girls; he freighted innocent women of a neutral nation into manual slavery, and white slavery; he herded neutral freemen in the streets of their own towns in sight of their own families, and drove them like cattle to German work shops to make ammunition with which to kill their own people; he set others to digging trenches in a war against their own countrymen; he used poisonous gases, liquid fire and torturing weapons and ammunition; he threw human bodies into boiling-pots to make fat for glycerine for explosives to kill other human beings; he dug up

the old cemeteries in invaded countries to steal the metal for war purposes, and he used human bones for fertilizer; he poisoned wells and used disease germs as weapons of war; and, with all, he haughtily vaunted himself that even inhuman means justified his success because he was the God-appointed master of the world. Could he do more? With such an atrocious demon abroad carrying all before him, was humanity safe, was American liberty safe? After all this and more, will any one inquire why we are at war? After all this and more, will any one treat the situation lightly? And after all this and more, will traitors be tolerated?

Humanity must unite in a world democracy for its own safety. It must issue a new declaration of independence, signed by every nation which believes in government by the people, and supported and enforced by force of arms of every freeman. There must be a federation of democracies to crush out military despotism which has become intrenched by the ages. There must be a league of the nations to enforce peace among the nations just as our fathers established a union of the states. Before this can all come to pass the world war must be won by the allied democracies, and the German people made to recognize the error of militarism. The era of permanent peace can never come through the supremacy of monarchies, but rather through the ultimate and glorious triumph of the principles of popular government. For this principle our fathers began the fight. It remains for our generation to win the crowning victory of the struggle for liberty and freedom by which wars shall be no more.

A WORLD'S DEMOCRACY

By James Riley

That our Stars of Union waving lead to greater union now,
 This day our Ship of State sails on, a world's fate on her prow.
 And with her down the stormy seas of passion as they roll,
 Democracy's great voices are with our Wilson's soul.

They are heard from England's first voice! They are heard from France,
 the free!

And a nation by her Neva breaks dumb Slavs to speak and see.
 Far from Lexington's red sortie, and Concord's bridge and wall,
 All our West-land long has waited the universal call.

She who called the old lands to her, till their gathering made her great!
 Taught from ship's plank on to ballot all that makes and leaves a state;
 Taught and made of Europe's races till the eye afar could see!
 She immersed them in her Jordan, that Democracy might be.

But now at last is blowing her bugles to the East!
 To the lands of Faith's bestowing and where Persia held her feast.
 Gethsemane for you and me, a Tree with arms spread far!
 Flags fluttering down every sea, with never a blotted star.

Ships sailing with a spirit-ship, that's breasted centuried gales!
 A Mayflower on her way with them, forever sails and sails.
 She sails that ocean's demon, time's future shall not see!
 That Tueton, Frank and Saxon and Orient's parts shall be,—

The same adown God's tided way of suns on suns aglow!
 And for which the world's great West this day stands tall to strike her blow.
 High as her deeps of soul she speaks man's ever farther view,
 As through her far First Citizen, she dares this day to do.

411 Shawmut Ave., Boston.

INCANTATION

By Lawrence C. Woodman

The black, black night; the gray, gray dawn,
 Ere the golden sun sang.
 The gray, gray soul, through a black, black night,
 Flashed into fire, when a bird sang!

The black, black night; the gray, gray dawn;
 No light but the light of dreams.
 O my gray, gray soul, through a black, black night,
 Flash into fire, when your dreams sing!

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

By Mervin J. Curl

I PEACE

Through unrecorded ages the gray New Hampshire granite ridge had lain above the darkling valleys, an adamant rib of the ancient earth, undisturbed. When thunderbolts split the skies and buffeted the rocks, when rain and hail pelted down, when winds vaulted inland from empty wrestling with the rockbound coast to wreak their vengeance on the old gray hills, when ages of snow froze and thundered down the crags, it had lain unvexed. For ages the winds had galloped shrieking over the jagged ridge, or had moaned with unburdened sorrow, or had stroked the rocks with their burden of summer perfume. Age after age the cloud shadows had lunged into the gashes of the hoary granite, skimmed the face of the ridge, and leaped forever on, or the high-piled cloud galleons had steered solemn and serene through the endless sky on to their melting in the blue. The sun for ages had warmed the scarped sides of the ridge, had poured the winter snows in runnels of exquisite music down to the pools below, had wakened the myriad laughter of the rock crystals at noon-day, and had cooled into the ultramarine of evening that brought the ancient dew.

Sun and dew and rain wrought life in the valleys below, mighty maples, firm as the heart of the ridge, tawny chestnuts, wise mellow pines at whose feet the birches and hemlocks clustered, and elms that nodded their plumes like cavaliers. Slowly through the years these trees closed in upon the ridge, crept up the sides, clamped their roots in the crannies, tossed their seeds up to the shelves above, mounting until on the very top a few giant pines flaunted their crowns or

moaned and lashed their arms in the charging northeast gales. Beneath the rocking pines, all the way down to the valley floor, there nodded and crept dainty harebells and honeysuckles, and among them the flower of priceless perfume, the arbutus. Among the moss that hid the naked granite they danced and ringed the boulders, exquisite and free, softening the rough strength of the land, mellowing its pride.

Then into this beauty and sternness warblers of the South came singing, nesting in moss and down among the ferns and bushes. Deep in the unviolated woods the shy thrushes dwelt. Above them all in the great circles of his flight, wheeling in unbroken calm, the mighty hawk, or higher still, the old bald eagle. All sang and died and melted back into the dust from which they came, while new throats took up the ancient melody that was never stilled. Frisking squirrels in the trees, mice among the grasses, snakes stretched out in the warm sun on the rocks, lived, died, melted into their dust again. Sometimes a soft-eyed stag gazed out from the ridge across the hills to the northern mountains and faded into the woods, or, pursued by wolf or panther, flew over the rocks and bounded, crazed, into the thicket. And all—bird and squirrel and wolf and deer—in tragic death faded back into earth again—and the granite remained.

All creatures fled before a black eyed being of soft flesh and red skin, who could throw death from his hand and choke with rushing blood. But the Indian was dust of the hills, too, brown like the dry pine needles, soft like the moss beneath his foot, and hard of eye like the flinty rock. A child of the hills, he shrieked with the wind, flew over the ridge with the cloud shadows, listened to the ancient

talk of the brooks that were forever different, forever mysterious, piped his flute—strange melody in the wilds—or twined flowers in his love's hair, ever coming, going, fading, a few eager days between the silences, then melting back to the dust while the ancient rock lay undisturbed.

Blooming and fading were the seasons, too, endless progress of springs with their new-born hum, of summers in their lazy warmth, of autumns that squandered their crimson and their gold only to moan through the branches that were bare, of winters that hovered the land in their white robes and fretted the frosts into myriad exquisite forms. Age upon age the clouds sailed over serene, and forever the breezes were laden with perfume. For over the land there was a mighty calm that hid the tragedy, without turmoil and without change. Under all was the gray old rock that not buffeting of winds nor pelting of rains nor footing of deer and wolf and Indian could wear away. A grim land of beauty it was, a tender land of strength, of exquisiteness that endured.

II

CONFLICT

One day, late in the ages, a new sound broke through the trees and beat over the rocks in nervous, confident ring. No loitering pad of squirrel, fox, or wolf, no wayward hoof of deer; this was eager, relentless, driven and forced. Straight through the hemlocks it charged out upon the old ridge, two young men whose feet were hidden in boots that the rock did not pierce, whose soft white flesh was swathed in spinnings of plant and sheep, foreign to the ridge. In the pride of youth they swung up to the crest of the ridge, and their blue eyes drove out across the waste. Deep in those eyes was a flame brighter than the sun, a flame that crushed the unseeing feet over the moss and through the fern, that darted gleams to the northern mountains, that flickered

the ancient crest of the ridge, that swung to the crown of the pines. And when the eyes caught each other, they were doubly kindled by the answering fires.

On a distant rock a lordly stag rose, but one of the new beings caught up his long black weapon—the old rocks bellowed at the flash, and the deer gave to the hills again the conquered dust of his blood. The other being swung over to a kingly pine. As his eye scoured to its top he slapped its brown side.

"Here's an old monarch, Matthew," he cried, "that will make us some grand old beams!"

The other swept his eyes out over the shaggy hills.

"Think of it, Jonathan, all this land waiting for us all these years! Think of the timber, man, the saw-mills, the houses, the towns, the children! I tell you, Jonathan, we'll do it! 'Tis a young man's land, a land to fight and to love!"

Their eyes sought a place for home.

"That flat place down the ridge would be a good one," Matthew said as he pointed, "right where those pines are. Cut those down and smooth it off, and it will get lots of sun and be free from wind, snug and warm."

Soon the sun gleamed white on their swinging axes and the chips wailed through the warm spring air. At times amid the ceaseless chopping Matthew burst into a huge roaring song of triumphal delight, at which the birds ceased their songs, the squirrels retreated into the upper branches. And when an old giant, with a horrible rending, crashed down, quivered and lay still, the men shouted for very joy. The panther, for ages lord of the night, stole up toward the great fire, sniffed, screamed, and slunk away. Then one day men and horses tore out the stumps, thrust in their spades, hurled the dirt, uncovered a huge vein of granite, and, undaunted, planted cunning black powder and shook the very heart of the booming ridge. Every-

thing faded before the glow in those eyes, and there arose a warm cabin, sweet with the blood of pine and bedded with the lace of hemlocks.

"Now we'll fetch the girls," Jonathan cried, "and show them what we've done," and together they swung astride their horses and galloped clanking away.

Peace had come back; the birds cocked their heads and flitted round the cabin, squirrels in nervous sallies tried and fled and tried again, and finally sat on the cabin roof and chattered in glee. But only for a little—one day the groaning of wheels, the creaking of harness, the shouts of men again pierced along the valley and up the slope to the cabin. Two eager wives there were, and chairs and dishes, cows, chickens, pigs. And everything that knew these men was tamed, had only their will, even to the shaggy dog that from leaping and barking at the horses' heads came at a spoken word to bide under the axle. That night the wind bore strange thrilling sounds, the crowing of a cock, and the wonderful melody of women's voices.

They would all rest now, and leave the old ridge untormented. But no—while the women roasted venison, the men planned attack upon a southern hillslope, besieged it, stripped its maples and pines, tore out the stubborn stumps, seared the hill with cruel flame, and unpityingly thrust in the plough. Soon where the arbutus and fern, the thrush and chipmunk had lived there were long rows and rows of rigid black gashes in the earth, raw to the sun and winds, and along them the men tramped, dropping golden seeds and slices of potato. From sunrise to sunset, tramping, digging, pulling, riving, glorying in their might, calling to each other snatches of cheer and comfort, turning evening to half day in the cabin, sleeping only a few hours to leap again into the fight, themselves driven and tormented by that fierce relentless flame in their eyes that would not

burn low, they left nothing undisturbed.

Then in the warm summer evening they took their wives and sat on the ridge top and chatted gay words of rest and cheer. As they talked, their eyes were softened, the heat of battle was cooled. But when they stiffly rose to go down to the little cabin, their eyes drove out over the hills and the blaze of war flared up again.

When the deadly nights of winter had long since driven the birds southward, when the snakes never coiled from their dens, when even the bears did not break their sleep, there was no fear or flight or season's rest for Matthew and Jonathan. A new era had come to the ridge, a new race of animals—however their hands were bruised, however their backs became bundles of hot nerves, that dauntless light in their eyes drove them on. They knew that they were safe until spring, and all day long they laid the old pines low.

On Christmas evening the four sat by the roaring fireplace and watched the dancing flames, the purple lights in the embers. And however the trees without screamed and writhed in the wind, inside all was warm and secure.

"I wish we had some presents for you girls, Jane," Matthew said to his wife, "but Jonathan and I have done our best."

Jane, gazing into the fire and thinking of her home Christmas of the year before, was silent a moment, choked down the lump in her throat, and turned her brave gray eyes to her husband.

"Well, Matthew, it's as good as I had hoped, and next year it will be better."

"Now that's the heart of the matter, eh Diantha?" Jonathan cried. "I tell you, Matthew, with such girls here in the cabin, nothing can stop us! Give us another year and we'll conquer this old ridge and tame it forever!"

Through the stinging days of the

first months of the new year they hauled their logs twenty miles to a mill and brought back sweet sawed lumber for the new houses. Then of evenings the four heads were close together, planning those houses to last for a long time. And fall found them built, firm and strong and warm, with windows for light and fireplaces in every room for heat, and beds for rest.

For these animals were conquerors, unlike the former breeds. Two weapons they had that not all the forces could overcome. When the icy winter winds tore at them in the woods and dogged their steps as they floundered home in the dusk, thoughts of the warm fire and hot supper ahead blazed their deathless light of conquest in their eyes, and in their elbows rested those terrible guns that neither teeth nor claw, however fierce or sharp, could combat.

Triumph, the land was tamed! But conquest had its price: in the fifth summer each family bore its child from the house of mourning up the slope under the apple trees to the new made graves in the sunshine. Nature had planted poison berries, and the children had eaten and died. The wind was mad that day—it whistled behind the stone walls, it grimaced through the leaves, it caught the dust and leaves and threw them high and whirled them madly round and swirled them across the fields, and mockingly laughed over the ridge and round again in fiendish glee. But it was a weak and futile revenge, for Diantha turned to Jane and said, "I've sometimes thought that in the years to come we'd go back home where there are more people and things, but now we can't, for the children are here—we'll have to stay."

And Jonathan softly added, "Yes, and we'll make our fields so tame that no wild things can grow in them, and so broad that the children can't cross them until they are old enough to know what are good and what are bad."

One day, just forty years after Matthew and Jonathan had first stood on the ridge and gazed out over the land, they stood there again. Jonathan limped now, from a broken leg that had not mended well, and Matthew's eyes had driven him too hard—he was old and twisted. But they were fighters still; they had come up over a fine road, down at the end of which were the new houses, the third now on the flat where the pines had proudly stood, with their broad fields and barns that would soon bulge with fatness. Fight it had been, bitter, fierce, and long, and the bodies were broken. But the souls had their heart's desire and the light in the eyes was dauntless yet.

Matthew turned to Jonathan. "The children can have it easy now; we've brought the old ridge to terms, we've conquered it; it's ours!"

And Jonathan straightened and replied, "Yes, they won't know what it has meant to us, but you tell the truth; we've won!"

And all four pioneers were gathered to their first children under the apple trees, in funerals that were as triumphal processions of warriors home from successful fight, for they had won, had brought into subjection the eternal granite ridge.

III

TRIUMPH

On the Thanksgiving evening of the sixtieth year after Matthew and Jonathan had first stamped through the hemlocks out upon the ridge, a wild northeast wind was blowing the first real snow of the winter. With a scream the wind lunged at the two hated enemies, the great white houses that Matthew and Jonathan had built, three stories high, and deep and broad and strong. It snarled at the foundations, but the sawdust banking was too thick; it heaved against the windows, but the squares of glass held firm; it tugged at the chimneys, but a hot tornado rushed up and beat it

back. The pines and maples had always bent, but these houses held firm. The wind could only whirl away the empty cry that every wind had borne through all the years that the houses had not crumpled or flinched; could only howl across the rock piles, and moan away over the fields to lose itself beyond the woods.

For immemorial ages the burden of summer perfume of arbutus and honeysuckle had been sweet to bear away, and even the fragrance of corn flowers, the nosegay of fall apples had been welcome, for, however pruned and rigid, they were yet dust of the ridge's earth. But this new hateful burden that these creatures had brought, this inescapable cumber of roasting chestnuts, of steaming cider, of popping corn, that twined itself up the chimney and thrust itself into the vitals of the wind! No peace since these tyrants came! And tonight the shouts of little children, the laughter of young people, the contented chuckles and sighs of those grown old in wisdom—shunless, baleful noises without end!

Down at the chimney foot in John's front room were the warm hearts and cheery faces of the second Matthew, Jonathan, Diantha—and Margaret. As they sipped cider and munched chestnuts in the crackle and the leaping shadows, their eyes glowed. The men were big and bronzed, of iron bodies and mellow hearts of fifty-five years. Diantha welcomed her whole family to her broad bosom and wide arms. Only Margaret was small and delicate, but she had not been born in the hills. And as they listened to the shouts of the children and grandchildren out in the big dining room, they smiled in contentment.

"How different this Thanksgiving is," John at length said, "from the first one that father and mother ever held on this farm!"

"I know it," Matthew replied, "why, I've heard mother tell of how

all they had for dinner that time was roast venison and potatoes and corn bread, and today, bless ye, I noticed as I sat there two turkeys and a big venison pie an' potatoes an' onions an' squash an', an', an' . . ."

"Turnips, Matt," Margaret prompted.

"Yes, turnips an' pickles an' Indian pudding an'—oh my soul!—mince pie and apple an' pumpkin an' cookies an' Diantha's good riz doughnuts, and what did she do then but fetch in nuts and cider! My, my!" Matt laughed like a boy and rubbed his hands together.

"Well, they's plenty more in the cellar," John remarked. "And I sneaked up to the attic stairs to take a peek yesterday, an' blest if Dianthy didn't hev' every step but the bottom one full to bustin' of pies, all ready to last through a spell—eighty-six, I counted 'em!"

"Eighty-nine, John," Diantha reproved as her knitting needles clicked. "I carried up three later—mince, they were."

"Barns are full, too," John began again. "I stood as I was gettin' down hay for the cows this mornin', an' every bay an' mow was full, and sweet—why, I'd almost like to live out there!"

"And your new barn down in the meadow," Matt reminded.

"Yes, mile from home. Never thought to build it. But it's filled too! I declare if I know what else we need."

"Sometimes it seems as if there wasn't enything left to do, doesn't it?" Diantha remarked.

"Now that's a different thing. I'm goin' to cut off the south woodlot before spring."

"No, no, John, don't!" Margaret cried. "It's so pretty! Those pines are just lovely, so solemn and wise, even if I don't own 'em."

"Of course they're pretty, but they mean schoolin' for the children. We'll never send out but just one

brood, an' I'm goin' to do the best I can by that one, so down they come!"

"There's always enough to do, Margaret," Matt said. "I was wondering, John, the last time I came by your roek pile, how many stones you had put on it."

"Well, fifty years of 'em enway. But there's less to put on every year—that comes of keepin' at 'em. Makes my old back whine, these days—little rheumaticky, I guess."

Diantha laid down her knitting and leaned forward. "There's no doubt," she said, "that there has been plenty of work on these old farms since we came on 'em, but that's not the only thing. I'd just like you to show me a place anywhere where you can get better things to eat, or more of 'em, than we've had. And show me better lookin' children—not a puny one in the lot—an' all smart, too, both families. Who'd ask for better houses? Why, I stood the other day when I was comin' down from puttin' pies on the attic stairs, and I just looked round at the size and the cleanliness, and I did think certain I hadn't a thing to ask for. I guess not all your Boston folks will have so good places to leave to their younguns, Margaret."

"Well," John continued, "I don't suppose I can truly say I've had a whole day off for the last twenty-five years, but I don't know as I mind much. The old place never was in better shape than it's in now, and, sir," he added as he rose and stood before the fire and rubbed his hands in pleasure, "my Johnny's the lad to keep it up in the years after I'm laid away. He's a worker—makes new plans every day."

"I've had my Robert take things easy," Margaret replied. "I wanted him to come up with some notion of how lovely this country is, and not be always thinking about nothing but fields and woodlots and gardens and such."

"I don't for the life of me see where

he can get the time," Diantha said, "but if you do, that's enough."

Silence fell while the shouts and laughter of the children poured in from the other rooms. Diantha broke the silence.

"I'm glad the leaves are off the bushes on this side of your house, Margaret, so's I c'n see through. Regular forest you've got there! Ought to cut them down."

"No, no, I won't have them touched! Matt's been at me for a long time to let him slash them and put a hen-coop there, but they are so pretty in the spring and summer, and in the winter I like to hear them, when I'm abed and the window's open, clicking in the wind."

"She's always at me to leave somethin' that I ought to cut down," Matt said.

"Well, sir," John remarked, "I've held this old farm in my fist for twenty years now, ever since father died, and it's done well by me, though the fields don't raise so much as they once did. Sometimes I'd like a rest, too. Johnny does a good deal, though. His back's younger'n mine."

"I suppose there are a good many things that I'd like if I had 'em," Diantha said, "but I declare if I know what they are. I'm pretty tolerably satisfied as I am."

The kitchen door opened and the young folks swarmed in. They opened the seraphine and played and sang until the old house thrilled in every timber. John's eyes glowed as he thought of the great day when he brought the seraphine home and Diantha played the first sweet chord. His eyes stole toward her, and he saw a tear fall down her cheek.

"Ho now, youngsters," he cried, "one more and then we'll call it enough. Dianthy, hev ye got the freestones ready for these folks to ride home with?"

Soon the last jingle of bells swept out of the yard, and another Thanksgiving was over.

IV
REVENGE

One beautiful morning, late in the next May, as Johnny was hurrying home across the top of the ridge in all the eager, nervous power of his eighteen years, head bent, eyes intense, he was startled by a soft voice, "Go by without speakin', would ye?" He turned, to see dark handsome Robert lying in the sun and looking off toward the northern mountains. Johnny's eyes flashed impatience.

"I didn't see ye," he said. "Just been saltin' cattle in the west pasture. I've got to trim the pines out o' that piece, and I was wondering when in the world I'd get time to do it. They spoil the feed as 'tis."

"Oh, let 'em go," Robert replied, and he grinned at Johnny, for the two loved each other. "Take a look at Moosilauke," he continued, "seems I never saw the ridge of it so sharp—just as if it had been cut out with a knife."

"Bob, you make me mad sometimes, lollin' up here when you'd ought to be plowin' an' keepin' your farm up!"

"Say, 'Johnny,'" Robert said, still grinning, "come on over beyond Powers' ridge with me this afternoon. The only clump of yellow ladies' slippers in ten miles is there, an' on the way we'll look at a new family of woodchucks that I found yesterday—awfully cute little rascals. Will you?"

"Ladies' slippers! Woodchucks! Godfrey mighty, man, I've got too much to do to be botherin' with them things! Lots o' hoein' and work! Days aren't half long enough as 'tis! You'd better stay at home an' amount to somethin' yourself!"

"Say, Johnny, I tell ye what, I'm not a-goin' to kill myself for this old farm! Father's 'most killed himself at fifty-five, an' I won't do it! You scold me when really I ought to scold you, 'cause you're workin' too hard. You're gettin' round shouldered—I noticed last time we went swimmin'.

You'll be twisted all out o' shape some one o' these days!"

Johnny flushed as he glanced at Robert, as lithe as an Indian and perfectly built. "Yes!" he said vehemently, "and that very afternoon the 'tater bugs raised Cain with a field! I guess not, this time. I'm goin' to leave a good farm to my children, some day, an' mine's no better than yours, either." He turned away and then swung round and added, "I guess I'll set off one field for you when you've let your farm go to wrack and ruin—these hills won't keep ye without your doin' somethin', I tell ye!"

As Johnny tramped rapidly away Robert murmured, "Poor Johnny, why won't he stop? He'll be worn out by forty at this rate! Awful good feller!"

Thus the two boys and thus the two men of later years. While Johnny married and worked his farm all the time, Robert, too irresponsible to be a good homekeeper, roamed the woods, hunting and fishing, sometimes for days at a time. And however much the two still loved each other and admired each other in secret, when they met they were likely to scold.

Meanwhile the old enemies were watchful and busy. Pines sprouted in Robert's pasture, and hardhack crept in among the trees and killed the feed. Frost tipped rocks off the stone walls and pushed other jagged noses up through the spongy earth of field and pasture. Lightning and wind drove in among the trees and crashed a trunk down upon the fences, blotting out the barriers to freedom. In the fields that Matthew had long ago wrestled from the wild with agony the former wild flowers nodded secure. Snows piled themselves upon the house and barn until the roofs groaned. Gales attacked clapboards and blinds and shingles. The primal possessors were coming into their own again.

And Robert paid no heed. When one pasture failed, he tried another, or threw two together. When the

roof leaked, he set a pan to catch the water and was off to tramping his beautiful country, without a care. For every little pine that Johnny piously cut down, one gaily grew on Robert's land.

One afternoon, thirty years after the May morning when the two boys met on the ridge, Johnny was driving home from the barn that his father had built in the distant meadow. As he passed Robert's house, he called to Robert, who sat in the doorway smoking, "Rob, you'd ought to be licked for lettin' your farm grow up so to pines! Your pastures are nearly spoiled! You beat the Corinthians, lettin' things go to ruin so!"

Robert smiled and then looked grave. "What makes ye look so kind o' gray an' shaky, Johnny?"

Johnny quickly gathered up the reins. "Oh, nothin'," he replied. "I do feel rheumatically lately, I may as well own, especially when I've been workin' hard. We just finished hayin' down in the lower meadow, an' I've been at it pretty stiddy."

"You'd ought to take a rest."

"Can't do it. Can't work so hard as I used to, and have to keep at it longer. If some o' the children had stayed at home, 'twould be different, but they all thought the old farm was no place for them—perhaps it wasn't."

"How much hay did ye get?"

"Only half a barnful! Can't get so much as I used to. Sometimes I'm afraid the old meadow is failin' up." He drove dejectedly away.

That afternoon he was trying to dig out of his mowing a big rock that for a long time had been in the way. He had dug round it, had pried it, had jacked it with small stones, and was tugging with might and main but could not tip it out of the hole. Robert chanced by. Without a word he took hold, heaved his mighty muscles to a tremendous thrust, and rolled the gray enemy out on its side.

"There! Why Johnny, hadn't ye better sit down?"

Johnny's eyes were hollow and

agonized, his face as gray as ashes, his frame trembling loosely. He limply collapsed into a seat on the stone.

"I can't do what I once could, Bob. It takes a holt on me terrible, sometimes."

"Better quit for today. Come up to the house. I've got to go over to see a humming bird's nest that I found the other day."

Summoned by Johnny's horn in the early morning of the next day, Robert found him sick in bed with intense pain. "Rheumatic fever," the doctor said later. And Johnny came out of the fever a crippled man, with a heart that could bear no strain—he could never work again. There were no children free to come home, and the thought of leaving the old farm was like to break his heart. What to do he did not know.

One lovely day in late August Johnny hobbled with his cane painfully to the ridge and gazed out toward the mountains. A longing light filled his eyes—the old hills were unchanged. He turned and scanned the two farms: Robert's unkempt, his buildings dilapidated; his own still well-kept and neat but now forever beyond his power. Great sobs shook his frame and he beat passionately upon the rock with his cane. At sight of Robert swinging up the road he brought himself into control.

"There's no finer country in the world, Johnny," Robert said. "Look at those old mountains—I tell ye, they can't be beat!"

"I'll have time to look at 'em now that I can't do anything else," Johnny answered.

They fell into quiet until Robert remarked, "Do you know, I'm awful sick of livin' alone an' gettin' my own meals! 'Tain't right, 'tain't decent!"

After a pause Johnny said timidly, "You might come over and live with us, I suppose, if you want to. We might have lots o' good times together."

"Do you mean that, Johnny?" Robert smiled with a light of success

at the distant mountains. "To own right up to it, I've wished I could, but I never had anything to offer to make the bargain even. But the day you took sick a man from down country offered me four thousand dollars for the pines in my north pasture. So now, if you're willin', you've got the home and I've got some money, we might swap. I'd be obliged more than I can tell if you'd make a bargain of it."

Neither spoke. Neither dared look at the other. Johnny's struggle shook his very soul.

"No, Bob, I can't take your money."

"Now, Johnny," and Robert leaned out for a final appeal, "there's not a thing I want with the money, and two more woodlots coming on worth as much each. We'd get a hired man, and we'd set around and be like brothers clean to the end. There's nothing in the world I'd rather do. I've never been worth much to anybody; seems too bad not to let me have one chance to do something!"

Silence, broken finally by a sob from Johnny. He struggled his emotions down and spoke. "The children knew best—they could see that it was no use. I'm glad father died years ago so that he can't see the farm go to someone who won't care anything for it; 'twould kill him if he knew! And I've given my life to it, and you've never done a thing, and here you can buy me out, three times over! Seems almost as if there was something wrong, don't it?"

"The only trouble is, Johnny, you've tried to make the old hills do what they never were intended for. You wanted them to grow things, and they were meant to look at. Just look at the peak of Liberty there, black and straight! You'd ought to go up it—it's wonderful to pat its old sides and lay in the sun and smell the balsams! This old ridge was never meant to raise anything, but I tell you it's beautiful. They tell me you can

get rich farm land out west, but this was meant for something better. I've always felt mean when I've watched you workin', because I knew you were a better man than I was, but I've been a heap sight wiser, I took the hills for what they were. I'll prove it to ye if you'll only give me a chancee, too."

Johnny's face was turned away as he faltered, "Bob, you've been a better friend to me than the hills have, after all. Lets go home and live together."

"They're good friends, these hills, Johnny, but you've got to catch on to how to take them, that's all."

And the two men, the one broken and wrecked, the other straight and shapely, went down quietly over the ridge to the new life together.

V

PEACE

In their due time Robert and Johnny were laid away on the hill-side and gave their dust back to the earth. The spring breezes laughed over the ridge, the winter storms galloped past the old houses, and year by year the long feud softened into a mellow memory. For the busy city children wearied of the old farm, and forgot it, and the rooms no more echoed or thrilled to human laughter. Year by year the old houses melted, the timbers grew weak of heart, and one by one they fell. The memorable winter came that crumpled the roofs under their weight of snow, and sagged the floors into hopeless desolation. Then the winds seemed to shriek less fiercely round the corners, for the fighting souls of the intruders were gone, and the edges of the houses were soft and blunted with the years.

There was a day when only a heap of mouldy timbers was left to melt down into the grave that had once held proud store of fruit and spicy sweets. And then the old enemies stole in and softened the misery. The grass rounded off the grave, the

vines crept over the porous pile and made it even a spot of beauty. By the ancient granite doorslab, which alone had been unchanged, there bloomed a single red rose for a token to the passer-by—who never came.

Houses and sheds and barns, all gone, decayed, forgotten. For years an old grindstone held itself upright at the foot of a mighty maple that had known the first Matthew and Jonathan, but the day came when it, too, lurched over on its side, and the leaves fluttered down and softly covered it forever.

Everywhere the memories were erased. The pines crept even into Johnny's last field and made a forest such as the winds had known long ago before the troubled days. Through the aisles of the trees the foxes bounded undismayed, and the troops of deer stepped sniffing unalarmed. Even in the clearing that remained round the house, of a spring day the deer nipped the sweet buds from the bushes and never dreamed of the terror of the booming, fateful gun of former days.

Over the edges of the ridge the wind purred or howled, came across the billows of the hills, wave after

wave, from the unmoved northern mountains. And on the wind the perfume of arbutus and honeysuckle, the twitterings of the warblers and the cool notes of the thrushes wove themselves into an ancient fabric of loveliness that was undisturbed.

There was nothing left, it seemed; the old ridge had come into its own again. But when the last leaf of autumn had slipped its leash and danced away, and the low wind was moaning round the twigs, the sun shone upon the hillside through the apple trees that Matthew and Jonathan had planted, through the birches that had crept in to conceal, between the needles of the sighing pines that had grown unbidden, shone upon the gravestones, still uncrumbled, of the three generations of untamed souls. A masterly stone wall shut out the unquestioned domain of the ancient ridge, and here memory made a final stand. But year by year the stones tipped and sometimes fell, and year by year the names on the soft old slate were dimmed by the moss and the obliterating lichen.

No one passes that way now. Beauty and peace brood over all, and high in the blue the old bald eagle wheels over the granite ridge.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A SOUL

By Lucy H. Heath

Only a little while, Soul do not fear;
Only a little while, be of good cheer;
All sorrow soon will cease, battles be o'er,
Then you will rest in peace forevermore.

Only a little while, then you will rest;
Only a little while work, do your best.
Jesus was tempted, yet remained true,
He triumphed over sin, He will help you.

Only a little while, God will give grace;
Only a little while, then face to face
You will see Jesus, and with joy lay down
The cross which is heavy, to wear a crown.

HOME LEAVING

By Amy J. Dolloff

O thou loved home! How can I leave thee now?
My eyes are clouded by the unshed tears,
My heart is weeping tears of untold grief
Because I soon must leave these portals dear
And enter on a new—an untried way.
I stand within the entrance to thy wealth
Of warm and homely comfort known through years
Of joy and sorrow, peace and unrest too;
Of satisfaction in communion sweet
With those true friends who graced thy pleasant rooms;
Of knowledge gained from converse with the rare
And noble ones of earth who come each year
To dwell—a little time—beneath thy roof,
I think of those choice souls who long ago
Upbuilt thy walls and made the first home here—
Those patient toilers in a far off land
Who gave their strength in service for God's world
And at the last lived through the quiet years
And laid them down to rest in this loved home.
Their spirits are a benediction still,
Their lives of prayer and sacrifice live on
In many fragrant memories of love
Held by the village folk who tell with cheer
And wholesome pride the story of their days.
I think of weary ones who left these rooms
To join the spirits of immortals blest,
Where burdens are forevermore laid down
And happy labor brings unwearied joy,
And I rejoice that some who came to thee
Weary with strife and ill with pain and fear
Found help and healing and went out renewed
To bear a glorious message to mankind.
I think of little lives begun with thee—
Pure mother faces and sweet baby cries;
Deep tender thankfulness of father eyes
Gazing—awe stricken—on his first born child.
I think of little feet that up and down
And out and in through all the passing days
And weeks and months and years were traversing
Thy spaces as they grew to man's estate.
Ofttimes they paused at set of sun before
The fireplace gleaming with bright altar fire—
The center—the supreme delight of home.
Those feet far distant walk through college halls today,
When will they echo through these rooms again?
O, I am loath to leave thy sheltering arms,
For I could come to thee at dead of night
If need should be and come alone beside
And feel no fear but only sweet content

As soon as I had crossed the threshold o'er;
 For it would seem as if thy friendly arms
 Were folded round me in a warm embrace
 And I could enter in and know thy peace.
 O, I have dreamed sweet dreams of thee, my home,
 Sweet dreams of little children singing here
 And romping o'er the lawn with merry din;
 My grandchildren—and his—blithe, happy boys
 And girls with voices rippling out as clear
 As that brave oriole that came last June
 And sang and sang on yonder apple tree
 Before his mate had reached this northern clime.
 Now, if I leave thee will it ever be?
 How can I leave thee now, my dear, dear home—
 Most beautiful and precious in my sight?
 And yet I know that I shall go this hour
 And leave thee all alone, empty, forlorn,
 The stately ghost of thy warm breathing self
 That sent long shafts of light into night's gloom.
 But I shall think of thee in future days,
 And range thy spaces with a reverent tread,
 And I shall see the elm trees by the road;
 The little grove of beech and maple—pine;
 The quaint log cabin by the quiet woods;
 The Jordan Brook that murmurs just beyond;
 And all the glorious haunts of field and wood
 That form a frame—a setting for thy charms,
 And lend to thee a beauty all their own.
 And I shall thank the Giver of all good
 For every wholesome memory of thee;
 And pray that through the rolling years thou shalt
 Be tenanted by loving souls and know
 The care thou needest to receive to make
 Thy life a long—a nobly useful one;
 A shelter from the fiercest storms that beat;
 A refuge from the fears and ills of life;
 A sanctuary where true hearts shall meet
 And joy for all who love the name of home.

SUNSHINE

By Georgia Rogers Warren

Shut your eyes and think,
 Of anything but care;
 Hope, and look for pleasure,
 And you'll find it everywhere.

WHEN THE ICE GOES OUT

By Rev. Frank P. Fletcher

It is an event of no slight interest in the village by the Lake—the going out of the ice. For days, perchance for weeks, the wiseacres have indulged in reminiscences and hazarded prophecies. Last year the ice went out the first day of May. The year before and other years, thus and so; those dates being stored away in memory, so important has the event been deemed. One remarks that the ice here almost invariably follows by a single day the going out of the ice in the smaller pond just to the north. Another recalls how such a year the ice was urged out by the lash and fury of a gale, which drove it like a flock of frightened sheep crowding and trampling upon one another down the Lake, and piled it along the shore. While at another time so quietly did it disappear, yet so suddenly, that there still remain advocates of the theory that the ice simply sinks to the bottom of the Lake—drowned if you will.

This year the going out of the ice was delayed beyond the usual by the coldness and backwardness of the season, the very end of the first week in May marking its departure. Speaking of weather, one resident at the north end of the Lake, a man of admitted veracity, declared that he took a sleigh ride of ten miles that second day of May, and found good traveling until within a mile and a half of home. Careful measurements elsewhere of the snowfall that same morning indicated four inches.

Weeks have come and gone since the open water at inflow and outflow began, at first slowly, then more rapidly, to creep along the shore line, cutting the great body of ice from its winter moorings. Simultaneous with this process cracks, one after another in different directions, had shot across the expanse of ice, dividing it into

irregular yet still massive fragments. Now, when the ice giant first feels the freedom of broken fetters, is the time of danger to wharves and boathouses. For great is the power of a moving field of ice in the control of a strong wind. Inter-ice spaces enlarge and multiply, close and open, at the dictate of passing winds. Fishing guides scan the surface with eager glance. "Maybe in two or three days," they say, "maybe in a week." A little later we walk along shore by the stony path still covered with its brown blanket of dead leaves and needles. We jump to an out-jutting rock, and with a stick break off a piece of floating ice cake. How strangely unlike the ice we knew in winter, or that which, from the very same source, in the heat of summer will fill our refrigerators. No longer smooth, solid, clear. There in our hands it lies, in structure and appearance how like an unusually thick piece of empty honey comb, dripping coldness in the place of sweetness. And see! along the margin where disintegration has even further advanced, we gather up splinters in our hand, for all the world like so many icicles, only as large at one end as at the other, and sharp edged instead of round.

We sit on the rock, and watch the surface of the Lake. Yesterday in the morning one had seen the Harbor nearly clear of ice, but the wind had changed during the day, and back came the ice by nightfall, nearly crowding the Harbor again to its full capacity. Today there it lies, rippling expanse of water alternating with dark grey expanse of ice seamed and margined with white, while smaller cakes hug the shore. A breeze is blowing, and slowly the ice floe passes by, imperceptible its progress save for the apparent movement of the trees lining yonder shore.

Noiseless it moves save for the rustling in the waves of the ice splinters along the edge of the floe. What a voyage is this! Soon craft of varied description will be crossing and recrossing the surface of the Lake. Here is the first craft to venture forth—these the first trips of the season. With slow majesty of motion the ice craft moves on, propelled by the same power as the sailboat, though here no sail is set, steered, rudderless, by the unseen hand of the helmsman. Bon voyage, stately craft of ices though your journey's end is near, and this trip may be your last! Lingeringly we leave the spot as twilight gathers. Another day we return. The surface of the Lake is clear; no trace of ice as far as the eye can reach. The ice has gone out.

The going out of the ice means freedom; the going out of the ice means larger, richer life. The domain of the tyrant Winter is fully broken. His icy blanket of bondage is torn into a million shreds. "Loosed from Winter's icy yoke flow the leaping waters," as they sport once more with boisterous winds which toss them into foam and spray. Or, in gentler mood, again the little waves, released from long captivity, may chase one another along the sunlit surface. Once more various craft with eager human freight may thread and cross the willing waters. Wild ducks, long confined to busy and,

therefore, open streams, enjoy again the larger freedom which they love. While the finny tribes below, long shut from the light of day, must feel, one thinks, like frisking lambs first turned out to pasture in the spring-time. Freedom, larger life, riches, realities, because the ice has gone out.

Warmth comes as coldness goes. Lo! Springtime is come. Winter is over and gone. "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." The voices of the robin and his comrades are heard in our land. Summer is not far from our door. Spring styles are in order now. But nature wisely chooses for her new gown her favorite color and style of year after year—her favorite, ours as well, unsurpassed, unsurpassable. Gay pond pinks and modest sugar plums, hanging over the margin of the Lake, will soon smile at their own reflections below. Flower children will play at hide-and-seek in the grass. Beauty and warmth will be everywhere; for the ice has gone out. And I fancy that somewhere near, peering into the heart of a blossom, listening to a bird note, or playing with a sunbeam in the water's edge, is a tiny secret discoverable by him who really seeks—that much that is true of a lake in winter, is true of a heart with ice within; and much the same thing happens in a life, which happens in a lake, and its environs, when the ice goes out.

THE COLLEGE BELL

By Charles Nevers Holmes

O'er a quiet college campus
Shone the sun's departing light
And a shadow stole across it
Like a harbinger of night.

'Mid that slowly creeping shadow
Stood a man of many years
Who looked backward on life's valley
With its mingled smiles and tears.

Like a stranger that had never
Seen this classic spot before,
He stood pensive as some pilgrim
Just returned to shrines of yore;

Trees were gone, surroundings altered,
E'en the ivy-mantled hall
Where he roomed seemed unfamiliar
Though it scarce was changed at all.

'Twas another college campus
He beheld afar and near,
Not the one beloved and cherished
Of his Alma Mater dear;

For in these fond scenes around him
He had now no living part;
Memories which once were tender
Lay entombed within his heart.

Then, amid his mournful musings,
Came a sound he knew full well;
Clear and close was heard the ringing
Of an old-time college bell;

Just a college bell that called him
In the days of long ago
Ere his step was slow and heavy,
Ere his hair was white as snow.

Like a link from past to present,
Like a lost friend's voice again,
Woke those tones the same as ever,
With that same resounding strain;

'Mid the changes all about him
Since the years when he was young
He had found the past still living
As this faithful bell was rung!

Hat in hand he hearkened breathless
Till its last note wholly died,
And his face once more was smiling,
And his heart no longer sighed;

And again he saw his classmates,
As the campus shadows fell,
Summoned from the past to greet him
By this good old college bell.

TO MONADNOCK

By Vera Minnie Butler

I stand and I gaze at Thee, Mountain,
So majestic, so rugged, so grand;
And I think of the centuries passing
Since the touch of the Infinite Hand
Which moulded and fashioned your features
And made you so upright to stand.

They say that you once were enkindled
And with passion and fury did rage.
Now your heart is as cold as an iceberg
And you stand there as grim as a sage.
By what strength did you conquer your tempest?
What power did your anger assuage?

My heart, like a glowing volcano,
Often breaks into flame in hot wrath;
How it shakes me, crumbles my dwelling,
And leaves red-hot coals in my path!
Then I gather around me the fragments
And mourn o'er the ruin and seath.

The Hand which created you, Mountain,
Is the same that did fashion my face.
And the pow'r which your passion abated
Knows my heart and its bitter disgrace.
Can it cool me and gather my wreckage
And grant me so noble a grace?

God gave to us both in beginning
A heart that was glowing and kind.
We have spent of our strength in vain outburst
Which has grieved that All-wonderful mind.
Now you stand there so cold and majestic
Gray clouds round your dignity twined.

Must I, for my penance, be frozen?
Be encrusted and hardened and gray?
Have I spent all His glorious bounty?
And now in grim rock must I pay?
Oh! God of both mountain and mortal!
For peace and forgiveness, I pray.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. MANSON S. BROWN

Hon. Manson S. Brown, a prominent farmer and leading citizen of Plymouth, died at his home in that town, June 9, 1917.

He was a native of Bridgewater, born November 30, 1835, was educated in the common school and New Hampton Literary Institution. He engaged in blacksmithing in Campton in 1859, but enlisted in Company C, Thirteenth New Hampshire Regiment in the summer of 1863, serving with credit under Col. Aaron F. Stevens. He was wounded at Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor. Later he was made principal musician of the regiment and led the musicians of the First Brigade into Richmond when that city surrendered, April 3, 1865.

At the close of the war Mr. Brown took up his residence in Plymouth where he engaged in his old trade for a time, but in 1870 was appointed a deputy sheriff, and in that capacity, and as sheriff of Grafton County, to which office he was appointed in 1874, he served many years; but during the latter part of his life he was engaged in agriculture on one of the finest Pemigewasset Valley farms. He was a Republican in politics, and as such served in the State Senate in 1885, and, subsequently, served for some time as state liquor agent. He was an Odd Fellow, a Mason and a member of the G. A. R. He had been twice married and is survived by his second wife and an adopted son.

DR. FERDINAND A. STILLINGS

Ferdinand Anson Stillings, M. D., one of the most prominent members of the medical profession in the state, died at his home in Concord, June 22, 1917.

Dr. Stillings was born in Lancaster, March 30, 1849. He received a thorough medical education in this country and Europe. He was an assistant physician at the McLean Hospital in Somerville, Mass., 1870-73, and had been in active practice in Concord for more than a third of a century. He was surgeon-general on the staffs of Governors Tuttle and Rollins and had been a surgeon for the B. & M. Railroad in New Hampshire for more than thirty years. He was a member of the Center District and the N. H. Medical Societies, the American College of Surgeons, the National Society of Railway Surgeons, and the Medico-Legal Society of New York. He had been twice married, his last wife and a daughter by the first marriage —Mrs. Edgar C. Hirst—surviving.

HON. TYLER WESTGATE

Tyler Westgate, a leading citizen of Grafton County, long Judge of Probate, died at his home in Haverhill, June 6, 1917.

Judge Westgate was born in Enfield, December 2, 1843, being the oldest son of the late Hon. Nathaniel W. and Louise (Tyler) Westgate. His father, who removed to Haverhill when Tyler was twelve years of age, was a well known lawyer, and was also Judge of Probate for some time. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, graduating therefrom in 1864. He served as Register of Probate for Grafton County from 1871 to 1874, and from 1876 to 1879. He was also clerk of the State Senate in 1876, and postmaster of Haverhill from 1881 to 1885. Again, in 1889, he was chosen Register of Probate, but in the following year upon the death of Judge Frederick Chase, was appointed judge, continuing till 1913, when he retired, having reached the constitutional age limit, and devoted himself to probate practice. He served as a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902. He was a Republican and a member of Grafton Lodge, A. F. and A. M. He was chairman of the trustees of Haverhill Academy and the Haverhill Library Association. He was twice married, first to Lucretia M. Sawyer of Malone, N. Y., who died in 1884 and, second, to Phebe J. Bean of Livingston, Me., who died in 1894, leaving two daughters, who survive their father.

KATE SANBORN

Miss Kate Sanborn, teacher, author, lecturer and farmer, born in Hanover, N. H., July 11, 1839, died in Holliston, Mass., July 9, 1917.

She was the daughter of the late Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn of Dartmouth College, and was educated mainly under her father's tuition. She had decided literary talent and commenced writing for the press very early in life, contributing to various magazines and editing departments in the same. For a time she was a teacher of elocution in a Brooklyn institution, and later was for several years professor of English in Smith College. She published a number of books, the more notable, perhaps, being that entitled "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," in which was set forth her experience in managing a farm which she had purchased at Metcalf, Mass., after an aged millionaire, to whom she had become engaged, died and left her a fortune. She was a loyal daughter of the Granite State, and one of the original members of the "New Hampshire's Daughters" organization, at Boston.

REV. JOSIAH L. SEWARD, D. D.

Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, born in Sullivan, April 17, 1845, died in Keene, July 14, 1917. He was the son of David Seward, and was educated at Westmoreland

and Phillips Exeter Academies, and Harvard University, graduating from the latter in 1868. In 1870 and 1871 he was principal of the Conant High School at East Jaffrey, and in 1874 graduated from the Harvard Divinity School, immediately becoming pastor of the Unitarian Church in Lowell, Mass., where he remained fourteen years. Subsequently he served pastorates in Waterville, Me., and Allston, Mass., but, in 1899, took up his residence in Keene, though preaching many years in the Unitarian church in Dublin.

Dr. Seward was a deep student of history, and an eloquent and interesting public speaker. He was also eminent in Masonry and had long been Grand Prior in the Supreme Council of the 33d degree for the Northern Jurisdiction. He was a member of the N. H. Historical Society and the Sons of the American Revolution.

WALTER S. PEASLEE

Walter S. Peaslee, a well known Laconia lawyer, died at the hospital in that city, June 11, after a short illness. He was a native of Wilmot, born November 14, 1854, son of George W. and Caroline T. (Burbank) Peaslee

and was educated at Colby Academy, New London, and Simonds High School, Wolfeboro. He taught school for a time, studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1885, and located in Laconia. Politically he was a Democrat. He was solicitor for Belknap County, from 1891 to 1893, and judge of the Laconia District Court during the administration of Governor Felker. He had also served as chairman of the Democratic City Committee of Laconia. He was an Odd Fellow, a member of the Pilgrim Fathers, a Red Man and a member of the Belknap County Bar Association.

A. JUDSON SAWYER

A. Judson Sawyer, who died in Exeter July 3, was a native of Hopkinton, born February 16, 1841. He served three years in the Second N. H. Regiment in the Civil War and two years in the Heavy Artillery. He had lived in Exeter more than forty years, and had served as moderator, selectman, representative and two terms as postmaster. He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the G. A. R. He leaves a widow and one son, Fred E. Sawyer of Concord.

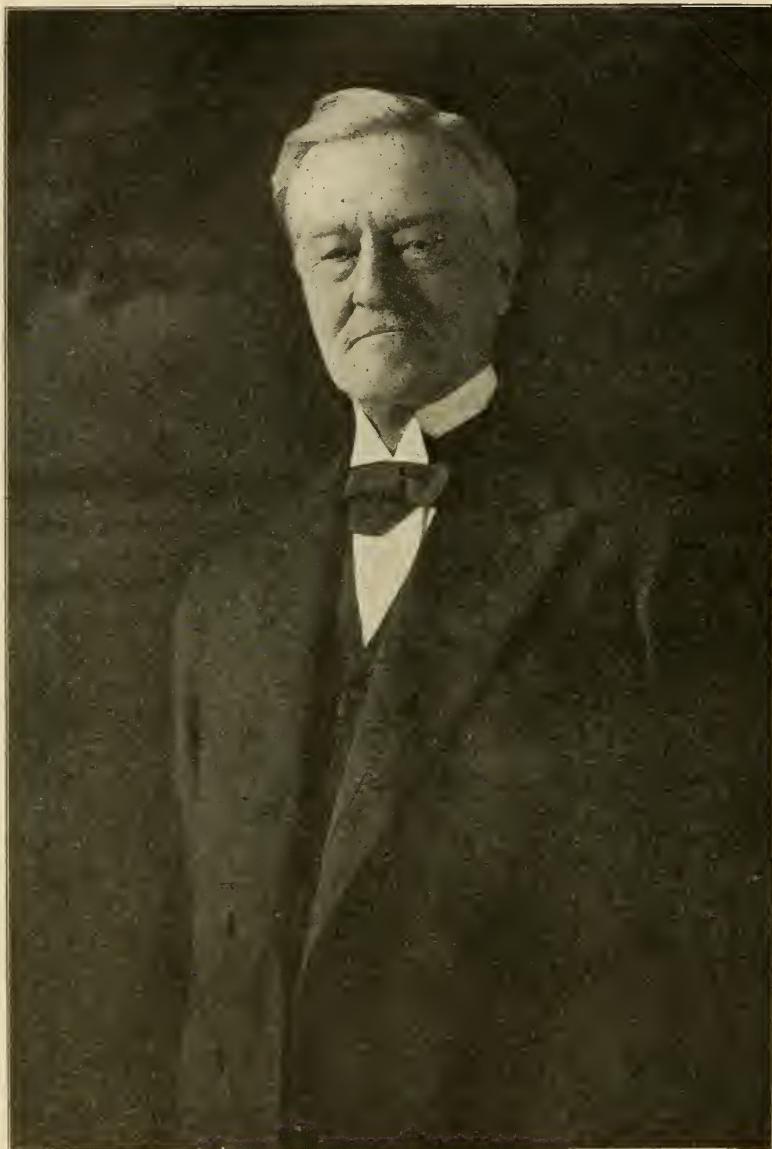
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

"Old Home Week," opening on the third Saturday in August, which comes this year on the eighteenth day of the month, is now not far distant, and it is time for the people of the various towns to be perfecting arrangements for the proper recognition of this important mid-summer festival, which had its inception in this State, and may well be regarded as primarily a New Hampshire institution. There seems to be a disposition in some quarters to avoid any formal observance of Old Home Day this year, on account of the war, which so engrosses public attention; yet if there was ever a time when love of home ought to be strengthened and encouraged that time is now. While some towns that have heretofore formally observed the occasion may pass it unnoticed this year, others which have never done so, it is hoped, may come into line. One of these, the town of Harrisville, has already announced the programme for an appropriate Old Home Day observance on Saturday, August 18, the opening day of Old Home Week. Two towns in the state, Lempster and Sandwich, will combine Old Home Day with the celebration of the 150th anniversary of their settlement, both celebrating on Wednesday, the 22d. Many churches are planning Old Home Sun-

day exercises; while the State Grange requires each subordinate Grange in the State to set apart the evening meeting nearest Old Home Week, as "Old Home Night," with a programme appropriate to the occasion.

The town of Pittsfield is fortunate in that it has recently been favored with the gift of a fine public playground and athletic field, the donor being Mrs. Georgia Drake Carpenter of Manchester, a native of the town and a daughter of the late Col. James Drake, in whose memory it is given. It is to be known as the "Drake Athletic Field," and was formally dedicated and opened to the public, with appropriate exercises, July 4. The field embraces twelve acres of land, and has a grand stand, athletic field, tennis courts and a rest house, with other facilities for the comfort and enjoyment of the public.

New Hampshire pride is gratified in the appointment of Harvey D. Gibson, a Conway boy, and President of the Liberty National Bank, of New York, as General Manager of the American Red Cross, an organization whose importance in the present crisis is not surpassed by that of the national army or navy.



HON. HOSEA W. PARKER, LL.D.
Orator of the Day

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIX, Nos. 9-10

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1917

NEW SERIES, VOL. XII, Nos. 9-10

LEMPSTER CELEBRATES

The One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Its Charter

Historical Address by H. H. Metcalf

The little town of Lempster, in the County of Sullivan, with a present population of less than 400, though numbering within one of 1,000 in 1830; with a rugged surface and not over-productive soil, where successive generations of intelligent, industrious and law-abiding men and women have lived and labored, reared their

larly observed the Old Home festival, since its establishment by Governor Frank W. Rollins in 1899.

At the annual meeting in March last the town voted to celebrate the anniversary, made an appropriation toward the necessary expenses, and appointed a committee to perfect and carry out arrangements to that

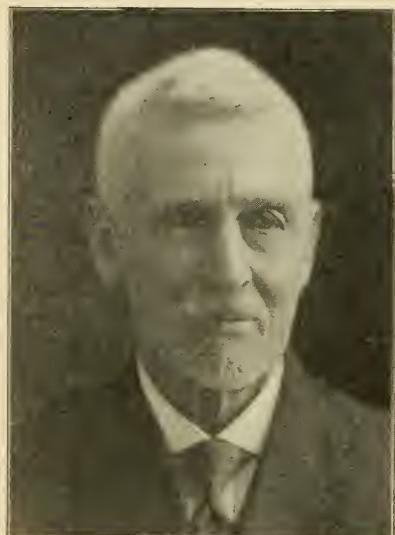


Old Meeting House and Town Hall

children and sent many of them out into the world to do valiant service for humanity, while themselves meeting faithfully all the obligations of loyal citizenship, celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the charter under which it was settled on the 22d day of August last, which was also observed as "Old Home Day," this town being one of the few in the state which has regu-

end. This committee, of which Hiram Parker was chairman and Arthur W. Welch, secretary, acted in coöperation with the officers of the Lempster Old Home Week Association, and arranged for a joint observation of "Old Home Day" and the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the town charter, on Wednesday of "Old Home Week," August 22, on which occasion the plans of the

joint committee were successfully carried out, it having been arranged that the Anniversary programme should take the place of the usual Old Home Day afternoon exercises. Hiram Parker, Esq., chairman of the Anniversary Committee, town moderator and oldest and most honored citizen, still vigorous and enthusiastic, though now in his 88th year, was selected as president of the day; Ex-Congressman Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, the most eminent living native was invited to deliver the oration, and



Hiram Parker
President of the Day

Henry H. Metcalf, president of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, who was a resident of the town for some years in youth, was assigned the task of preparing an historical address; while several natives of the town, resident abroad, were notified that they might be asked to respond to calls for short addresses.

The day set for the celebration proved an ideal one for the occasion, the sun's rays being obscured by clouds, but no rain appearing or threatening. Returning "prodigals" from a distance, began to arrive early,

and for an hour or two before the first bell for dinner, which was rung at 11.30, so that there would be ample time to serve all, there was a hearty exchange of greetings by old friends, companions and schoolmates long separated, and by townspeople from different sections who had not met since the last Old Home Day.

The audience room in the old church, or town hall, had been handsomely decorated for the occasion, and across the street, between the church and store, were hung the stars and stripes and the colors of the Allied nations. Dinner was served in abundance by Silver Mountain Grange. At 1.45 p. m. the audience room was filled to its capacity, the seats and standing room being fully occupied, and many being unable to get inside. It was estimated that five hundred people were in attendance, including many from neighboring towns, and returning sons and daughters from several different states. The assembly was called to order by Clifton A. Metcalf, president of the Old Home Week Association, who presented the president as one who needed no introduction in Lempster or Sullivan County. After calling upon the audience to join in singing "America," and the offering of prayer by Rev. Gerhard Dehly, President Parker gave a fitting address of welcome, which was happily responded to by Dr. Maude W. Taylor of Hartford, Conn., daughter of Levi C. Taylor an eminent dentist of that city and native of the town, who has been a most welcome Old Home Week visitor at the "Street" for several years. The oration by Hon. Hosea W. Parker was up to the standard long ago established by that distinguished son of the town, dwelling, after appropriate felicitations, upon some of the grave duties and dangers with which the American people are confronted in the great crisis which they are now compelled to meet, and was delivered with his accustomed earnestness and vigor,

although he had been suffering from a severe illness for several days previous.

Spirited and interesting addresses were called out from Dr. Charles A. Brackett of Newport, R. I., a distinguished lecturer in the Harvard Dental School, and a native of Lempster who was making his first visit there for many years, but who gave as-

birthplace, spoke briefly, but with happy effect. The exercises were interspersed with excellent music by the Randall-Greeley orchestra of Concord, and closed with the singing of "Old Lang Syne" by the audience.

In the evening a concert by the orchestra, with readings by Mr. Dehly, was enjoyed by an audience



Dr. Maude W. Taylor

surance that, if life is spared, it will not be his last, and Dr. Abram W. Mitchell of Epping, also a native. Following these the historical address was heard, after which Mr. Fred W. Blanchard of Vermont, and Dr. Carl A. Allen of Holyoke, Mass., another loyal son, who spends his summer vacations, regularly, on the shore of Echo Lake which borders the southeastern part of the town near his

which packed the hall, and was followed by dancing till the small hours, by a large company of old and young.

The historical address, which is published here at the earnest solicitation of many, was as follows:

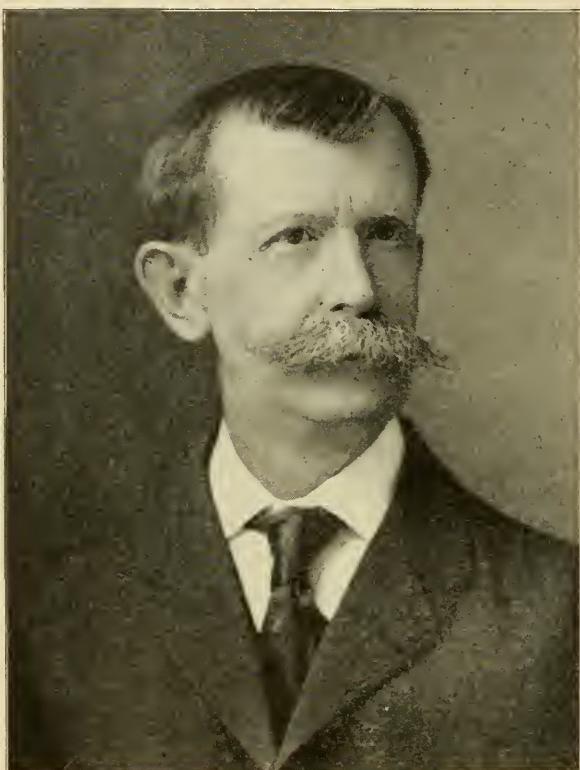
HISTORICAL ADDRESS

It may be said in the outset that no comprehensive historical sketch

of this town can ever be produced. The time when that could have been done went by, unimproved, years ago, and will never return. The only printed matter purporting to be a history of Lempster is embraced in a brief article in the so-called History of Cheshire and Sullivan Counties, published in 1886, by J. W. Lewis & Co. of Philadelphia, containing fifteen

their children's children, had passed on before the writing. This sketch, therefore, upon which the general public has to depend for its knowledge of Lempster history, so far as it goes, is not only necessarily incomplete, but not absolutely reliable.

The territory embraced in the town of Lempster was first granted by the Massachusetts provincial legislature



Charles A. Brackett, D. M. D.

or twenty pages in all and largely devoted to eulogy of one leading citizen of the town. Aside from the meager town records, which contain no note of important events in the social, educational and religious life and progress of the town, the writer of this sketch had to depend upon tradition for her facts, and that of the most hazy character; for every first settler, their children and most of

in January, 1735-6, New Hampshire being at that time united with Massachusetts. It was granted as "No. 9" in a line of towns running from the Merrimack to the Connecticut river. No settlement was made, and nothing done under this charter. In 1753, the government of New Hampshire, then independent, granted the same territory, under the name of Dupplin, to Samuel Clark Paine and



Silver Mountain from the Perley Farm

others. This charter also lapsed, and again—October 5, 1761—a new charter was issued to Benadam Gallup and others, the present name of Lempster being given. But old Benadam and his associates did not seem to appreciate the value of what had been granted them. At all events nothing was done under their charter, and the chances are that none of them ever came into the territory. Again—January 5, 1767—another charter was issued, under which the town was finally settled and its government ultimately organized.

While few of the original proprietors or grantees of our early towns ever settled upon the territory given them, usually disposing of their rights to others, it is proper to give the names of the grantees of this charter, under which settlement was made, which are as follows, so far as available record shows: Richard Sparrow, James Sparrow, Boginger Tatten, John Southmayd, Ebenezer Prindle, William Barnes, Stephen Barnes, Peter Spencer, John Langdon, John Church, Samuel Church, Joseph Church, John Watrous, Daniel Foot, Ebenezer Kellogg, Ebenezer Dutton, Ebenezer Spencer, Hobart Spencer, John Borden, Enoch Arnold, Matthais Fuller, Jr., Noadiah Fuller, Samuel Fuller, James Dickson, Daniel Gates, Jr., Stephen Scovel, Samuel Barnes,

Hezekiah Branard, Joseph Wells, Joseph Jewett, Harris Gold, Elisha Harvey, Elijah White, Samuel P. Lord, John Harvey, Robert Harvey, Isaac Ackley, Isaiah Barnes, Simeon Ackley, John Nelson, Simeon Chapman, John Willey, Sylvanus Cone, Matthew Smith, Israel Champion,

Old Beckwith House, First Framed House
in Town

Nathaniel Sparrow, Silas Clark, Theodore Atkinson, James Nevins, Theodore Atkinson, Jr., Aaron Cleveland, Nathaniel Cone, Elkanah Fox, William Stewart, John Chapman, Israel Spencer.

Some few of these will be recognized as family names in the early history of the town; others as those

of men prominent in the provincial government, whose names appeared among the grantees of most charters in those days. Shares were also set aside in the charter for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in



Congregational Church

Foreign Parts, for a glebe for the Church of England, a school, and for the first settled minister. Also 500 acres for the royal governor, the latter being, as usual, in the southwestern corner of the township.

Under this, as under all similar charters of the time, all white pines, suitable for masts, were reserved for the royal navy, though there is no evidence, and no probability, that any masts for the navy were ever cut here. It was provided that, annually, for the first ten years, one ear of Indian corn should be paid by the grantees to the province treasurer, if lawfully demanded. After ten years each individual proprietor or settler, was to pay annually, "one shilling, proclamation money, for each hundred acres he owned, and so in proportion for greater or lesser amounts." That none of these payments were ever demanded or made is safely to be assumed.

Aside from the provincial dignitaries whose names were included, most of the grantees of Lempster, under this charter, whose anniversary we are celebrating, were Connecticut men, as were a large proportion of the settlers of all our New Hampshire western towns. There is no certainty as to the precise date of the first settlement, but it was probably made during the year following the date of the charter. The historical sketch to which I have referred has it that, according to *tradition*, a young colored man, named Tatten, from East Haddam, Conn., was the first to locate here, building a cabin and returning for his wife; also giving such satisfactory accounts of the region that others soon followed. Whether this negro, Tatten, was the "Boginger" named among the grantees or a son or other relative, deponent saith not. His *given* name is *not* given. Among the first to follow him, were Elijah Bingham and Jabez Beckwith, the former becoming a long time deacon of the church and the latter a colonel of the militia.

It is stated in the sketch mentioned that there were eight families in town in 1772. The authority for this statement must be *tradition*, since



Old Nichols Tavern

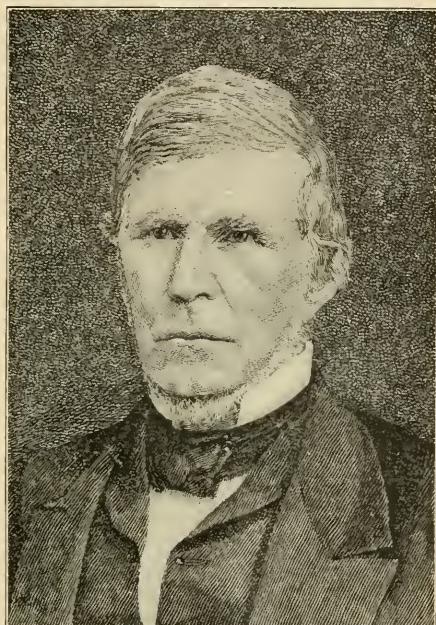
there is no record to prove it; but it is probably true.

No town meeting was held until 1774, and the only record bearing upon the history of the town previous to that date, is embraced in ten

foolscap pages of manuscript, recording the proceedings of certain proprietors' meetings, held between August, 1772, and June, 1776, and the record of three surveys of lots, made at different times, under their direction, being the first, second and third divisions, each of these surveys covering ten pages. This manuscript was deposited with the Secretary of State, some time ago, by Wallace D. Smith of Portsmouth, a grandson of

at the house of Jabez Beckwith in Lempster in August, 1772, John Arnold was chosen moderator, Benjamin Branard clerk and treasurer, John Perkins, Allen Willey and Benjamin Huntley assessors, and William Markham collector. William Markham was also appointed a committee to perambulate the line between Aeworth and Lempster.

This meeting adjourned till the second Monday in November, at the

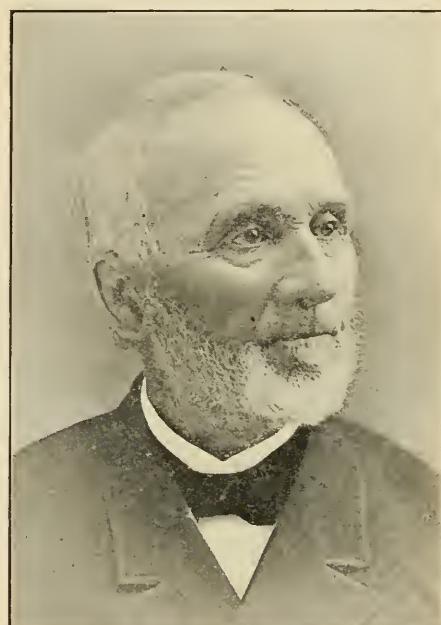


Hon. Alvah Smith

the late Deacon Alvah Smith, among whose papers it was found.

From the introductory note to the first of these recorded surveys, it appears that there had been laid out fifty acres to each proprietor in June, 1768, which were covered by this survey; subsequently there were second and third divisions of 100 acres to each proprietor, covered by the other two surveys, the numbers of the lots only, not the names of the proprietors, being given.

At the first proprietors' meeting covered by the record, which was held

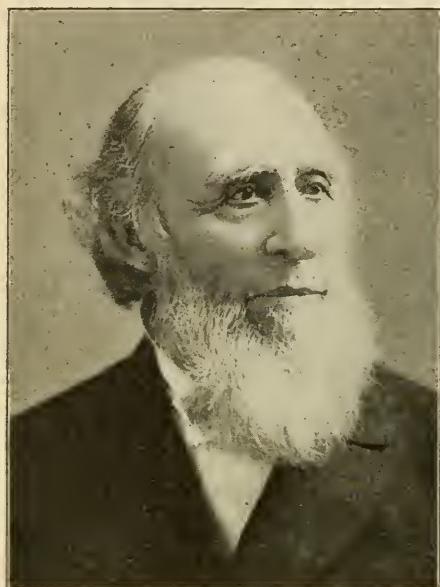


Dr. J. N. Butler

house of Nathan Branard in Haddam, Conn., and then adjourned, without further action, to the house of John Arnold on the first Tuesday of February, 1773, adjourning then to the next day, at the house of Ichabod Olmsted in East Haddam, when Elijah Bingham was chosen moderator pro tem, and the second division, of lots, of 100 acres each, was voted. A committee was appointed to lay out the land thus voted, and the same committee was directed "to find out the most proper places to build mills for the care of the town"—also "to

determine what will be the most suitable method to take to build said mills."

This meeting adjourned to meet at the house of Jabez Beckwith in



Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., LL. D.

Lempster on the first Monday in June, 1773, but what took place on this date does not appear, as there is no record of the proceedings, or of any other meeting till June 21, 1774, when it was voted that the first settled minister shall have the 59th lot in the first division, in lieu of the 32d, voted him at a proprietors' meeting, June 7, 1773—which, by the way, was the unreported adjourned meeting just mentioned. It was also voted that he have the 47th lot in the second division. Voted that Mr. Elijah Frink shall have lot 22, Eliphilet Barker lot 21, Silas Bingham 23, Jabez Hibbard lot 7, Samuel Fuller 6, in the second division of the town for their "pitch."

Voted that Oliver Booth have the first pitch on the second division for an encouragement to build a grist-mill in this town.

Right here it may be noted that the sketch of Lempster, formerly quoted, has it that the first mill in Lempster was built by Oliver Booth in 1780. This was undoubtedly assumed from the fact that in the latter year the town voted to exempt Oliver Booth's mill from taxation. The truth is that at the meeting of the proprietors, January 9, 1775, it was voted "the privilege to be continued to Mr. Oliver Booth, for building the grist-mill in this town to the first of April next, and if the said mill is completed, the present committee to give a deed of the land that was voted to him, the said Oliver Booth." That he completed the mill and got his land is altogether probable, though there is no further reference to the matter on record.



**Mrs. A. A. Miner
(Maria S. Perley)**

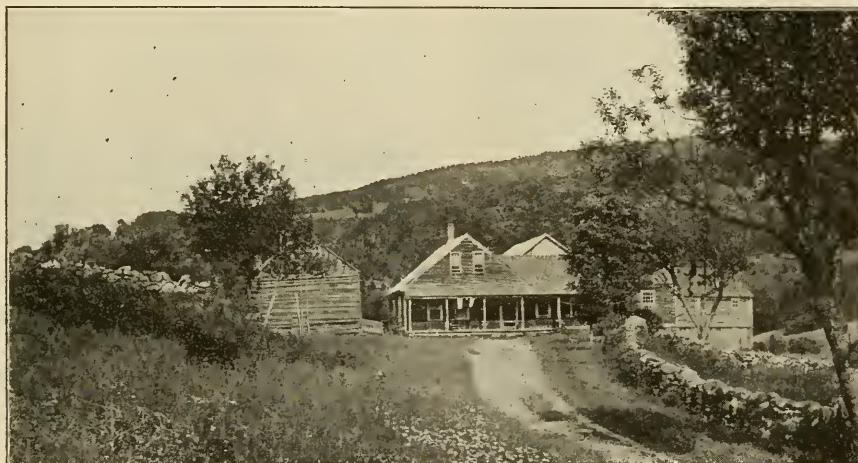
At this meeting of the proprietors in June, 1774, from the record of which we have been quoting, it was also voted that "the names hereafter to be mentioned shall have the privi-

lege to pitch their lots first—excepting those already voted away." These names are—Elijah Frink, John Perkins, Samuel Huntley, Vine Beckwith, William Markham, Jabez Beckwith, Asaph Branard, Elijah Bingham, Allen Willey, Oliver Booth, John Roundy, Joseph Wood, Eben Lewis, Urijah Branard, Phineas Abell, Samuel Nichols, John Arnold, William Carey, William Story, Hezekiah Linkham (Lincoln), Timothy Nichols, James Wright.

While not all the men here named were then in town, and probably some of them never came, the list gives

John Perkins, William Story, Timothy Nichols, Hezekiah Linkon, Silas Bingham, Jabez Beckwith, Elijah Bingham, Allen Willey, Elijah Frink, William Markham and William Carey.

Just how many voters there were in town at this time is not manifest, but some idea can be gained from the fact that by the census of 1775, the next year, taken by the selectmen under instruction from the provincial government, the entire population was given as 128, of whom 44 were males under 16, 31 males between 16 and 50, 4 males above 50, and females of all ages, 49.



B. A. Miner Place, Birth-place of Rev. A. A. Miner, D.D.

something of an idea as to who were residents of the town at this time and during the next few years.

A third division of land was voted at a proprietors' meeting, January 23, 1776, "giving each proprietor their equal share—quantity and quality."

The last meeting of the proprietors of which there is any known record was on August 17, 1776, when nothing was done and the meeting dissolved.

The first regular town meeting in Lempster, as the records show, was held April 29, 1774, at the house of Elijah Frink, having been called by Benjamin Giles of Newport, a justice of the peace, upon petition signed by

At this first meeting Elijah Bingham was chosen moderator; Allen Willey, clerk; William Carey, Elijah Bingham and Elijah Frink selectmen; John Perkins, constable, and William Carey, tythingman.

At the second annual meeting, in 1775, held also at Elijah Frink's house, the same men were chosen for moderator, clerk and selectmen, but Samuel Nichols was elected constable, Joseph Wood, Jabez Beckwith and William Carey tythingmen, and Samuel Nichols and Joseph Wood fence-viewers, a new office being created.

At this meeting it was voted that

the warrants for future meetings should be posted "at the place of our meeting on the Sabbath." It is evident, therefore, that the people held religious services on Sunday, in the early years of the settlement,



Dency Hurd

although the records show no action by the town in relation thereto, until March, 1779, when it was voted to raise 100 pounds to pay for preaching the year ensuing, and Oliver Booth, Elijah Bingham, and Samuel Nichols were chosen a committee to hire a preacher, and instructed to join with the committee from Aeworth and hire the same minister—also to agree with Elisha Beckwith for the privilege of holding the meeting in his house.

At the annual meeting in 1777 a town treasurer was chosen for the first time, Elijah Bingham being elected.

At a special meeting on April 14, of that year, it was voted to raise forty pounds by tax on polls and ratable estates, that William Carey be the receiver, and "that he pay the same to our Continental soldiers." This is the first reference in the records to anything in connection with the Revolutionary War.

At a special meeting in June, 1788, it was voted to raise forty pounds in money "to pay Capt. William Carey for hiring Matthew Greer to list into the Continental army as a soldier for this town."

At another meeting the same month a bounty of thirty dollars was voted to any person who should kill a grown wolf in town. Seemingly a pretty liberal bounty, but not so very much when considered in connection with a vote at a later meeting the same year, to raise 400 pounds in money or labor at *six dollars* a day for making and repairing highways and bridges. The currency at that time was, manifestly, greatly depreciated. This, by the way, was the first money voted in town for highway purposes.

In 1779, three more new offices were established: Sealer of measures,



Rev. Homer T. Fuller, D. D., LL. D.

Oliver Booth; deer-reeve, Samuel Nichols; leather sealer, Elijah Frink.

At a special meeting in May of this year it was voted to raise 150 pounds "to pay the bounty to our Conti-

nenital soldiers." It was also voted to release Thomas Eggleston from tax on his poll, "on condition that he prove himself a prisoner of war and that he had not been exchanged."

At the annual meeting in 1780 it was voted not to allow sheep or swine to run at large, and Thomas Scovil was chosen *hogreeve*. It was not till 1790, however, that a pound was built, John Way being authorized to build one that year at his own expense, and appointed poundkeeper.

At a special meeting, July 4, 1780, called "to see if the town will vote to raise money to hire a Continental soldier for 6 months; also to see if the town will vote to give any encouragement to the militia that are to be draughted for 3 mos.," money was



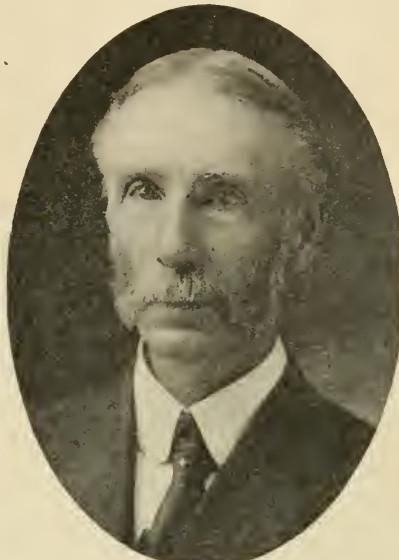
Levi C. Taylor, D. M. D.

voted to hire the soldier, but *no encouragement to the militia was given.*

At a meeting October 5, 1780, held to choose a grand juror to serve at the Court of General Sessions, in

Keene, Uzel Hurd was chosen—the first grand juror from Lempster.

At the annual meeting in 1781, the town voted "to give Abner Bingham what the selectmen agreed to



Dr. C. A. Allen

give him on his being returned as a soldier from this town in the three years' service."

That there was suspicion, in those early days, that official conduct was not always what it should be appears from a vote at this meeting "that the present selectmen be a committee to inspect the former ones, and the constables, and lay their doings before the town." Yet if any crookedness was found nothing seems to have been done about it, as no report is recorded.

At a special meeting in July, 1782, Allen Willey was appointed "to settle with the Committee of Safety concerning our return for Continental soldiers." At an adjourned meeting, a week later, a committee was appointed "to settle with Acworth and Charlestown in regard to the claims made by said towns, of soldiers in the

Continental army which this town challenges."

A note at the bottom of the page, under this record, reads:

"Lempster credit for Continental soldiers at the Committee of Claims office, agreeably to a return received by Mr. Silas Mack:

"Abner Bingham,	16-10-0
"Ashiel Roundy,	8-11-0
"William Tatten,	20- 8-0
"Matthew Greer,	9-11-3"

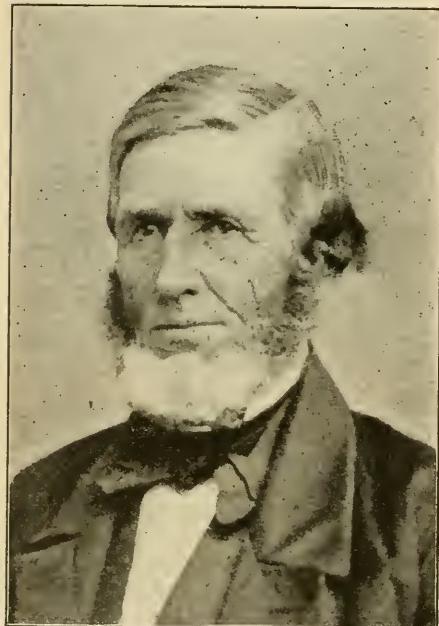
A special meeting, April 2, 1783,

of Abner Bingham for twenty pounds, nineteen shillings, for service in the army during the war, and a copy of his receipt for that amount, at the hands of William Carey, treasurer, dated February, 1787, is the last reference in the records to the matter of Revolutionary service.

Right here it is proper to present the names of the Lempster men of legal age, who signed the famous "Association Test," in 1776, pledging themselves to oppose at the risk of life and fortune, the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies. It is Lempster's "roll of honor."

The names are: Oliver Booth, William Carey, Joseph Wood, David Willey, Phineas Abell, Reuben Bingham, Elijah Bingham, Samuel Nichols, Abijah Brainerd, Asaph Brainerd, Timothy Nichols, Shubael Brainerd, Allen Willey, Jabez Beckwith, Elijah Frink, Thomas Schophel (Scovil), Benjamin Abell, Frederick Abell, Thomas Schophel, Jr., Samuel Roundy, Silas Bingham, Freegrace Booth, John Perkins, William Story, Uzel Hurd.

The population of the town increased after the Revolution to such extent that in 1790, when the first federal census was taken, there were 415 inhabitants.



Alden B. Sabine

was held "to see if the town will grant any relief to Bethuel Beckwith, he having enlisted as a soldier for said town, or whether he shall be taken to a Continental officer.

"Voted that Jabez Beckwith be and hereby is appointed to attend on the above named Bethuel Beckwith to a Continental officer, and make a return to the Committee of Safety if he thinks proper, his expenses to be paid by the town."

At a special meeting, December 11, 1786, the town voted to pay the claim

The building of the Second New Hampshire turnpike in 1790, constituting the great highway from Windsor, Vt., to Boston, which ran through this town, and included the main street of the village, or what soon became a village and quite a center of business activity, greatly enhanced the town's prosperity and insured still more rapid growth. Taverns, particularly, sprang up in considerable numbers, the great amount of travel by heavy teams, over the turnpike, calling for extensive accommodations in this line. The records show the issuance of a great number of licenses to different parties to keep tavern in town, by the

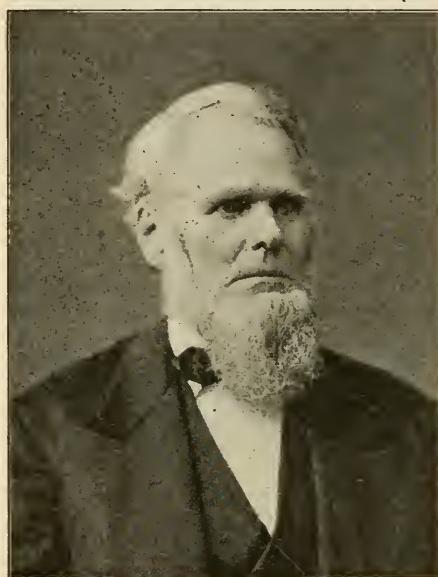
selectmen, between 1790 and 1820, and not a few for the sale of spirituous liquor—one of these latter, strange to say, in the early part of the last century, to that staunch old father of Methodism in Lempster—Abner Chase.

In 1830 the population reached its highest point; but one less than 1,000; since when it has steadily declined, being but 383 in 1910, and is today probably not over that figure.

Agriculture has ever been the principal industry of the town. Its water-power is limited in extent, the most important being that furnished by Cold River, at what was long known as "Cambridge Hollow"—more recently "Keyes"—where Oliver Booth's mills were located. The name of "Cambridge Hollow" came from one John Cambridge, who, with his son, operated a cloth dressing and fulling mill here in the first quarter of the last century, doing quite an extensive business for the times. Later, along in the sixties and seventies, the Keyes Bros., sons of Orison Keyes, carried on a large wood-working business, employing many men and teams. There were mills on the south branch of the Sugar River in this town in the earlier days, and at Dodge Hollow in the Southwestern part of the town, there was a grist and sawmill for a long time.

The most extensive manufacturing establishment known in the town's history was the tannery, originally established by Capt. Timothy Miner, but which came into possession of his son-in-law, Deacon Alvah Smith, about 1818, who carried it on, having meanwhile added a large shoe manufacturing plant, until final destruction by fire in 1863, it having been burned once before, some ten years previous. At one time there were from seventy-five to one hundred men employed in this establishment, and it was a very material factor in the town's prosperity.

Lempster has never been the home of wealthy men, though some men have gone out of Lempster, and acquired handsome properties. The first recorded invoice of the town is that of 1793, at which time the three heaviest taxpayers in town were James Bingham, Jabez Beckwith and William Carey, Jr. In 1850 the largest taxpayers were Alvah Smith, whose money tax was \$42.94; Milton Bingham, \$33.84; Truman Booth, \$33.44; Alden Carey, \$30.90, and Horace W.



William B. Parker

Sabin, \$30.73. The selectmen this year were William B. Parker, Joel Dame and Luther Pollard.

In the war of 1812, when the call came for men for the defence of Portsmouth from feared attack by the British, the following named men, under Lieutenant William Carey, responded: Daniel Rogers, Jeremiah Parker, Leonard Way, Jerome Strickland, Luther Reed, Silas Chamberlain, Benjamin Chamberlain, Charles V. Ames, Timothy Scott, George Way, Willard Rogers, John Wheeler, Anson Wheeler.

The only recorded action by the town in connection with this war, was the holding of a meeting September 18, 1812, to choose delegates to attend a county convention "for the purpose



SCHOOL HOUSE, DISTRICT NO. 1

of deliberating on the perilous situation of our country." Capt. Shubael Hurd and Deacon Joseph Smith were the delegates chosen.

Lempster responded nobly to the call for defence of the Union in the Civil War, generous bounties being paid, and over fifty sons of the town, in all, went into the service, under the different calls, aside from a number of substitutes furnished by others who had been drafted.

A granite monument at East Lempster, erected by the town some years after the war, to the memory of those who were killed or died in the service, bears the following names:

George O. Bruce, Truman A. Spencer, Lucius A. Spencer, George A. Gunnison, Henry J. Davis, George W. Libby, Charles W. Corey, Truman Young, Solyman Way, Henry L. Morse, Isaac M. Dodge, Marshall P. Hurd, Capt. Orville Smith.

An exciting contest in which the town was engaged before the legislature, starting some two years before and culminating in 1791, was that in reference to the incorporation of the town of Goshen, made up of

parts of the towns of Newport, Unity, Wendell (now Sunapee) Fishersfield (now Newbury) and Lempster. A corner was cut out of the northeastern part of Lempster toward making up the new town. Lempster fought hard against the movement, and sent an agent or lobbyist to Concord to work against it, but without avail. This lobbyist was James Bingham, who had succeeded his father, Deacon Elisha Bingham, as one of the big men of the town. He built the finest house in town, still standing, in which it is said, Daniel Webster, the college classmate of his son James H., was frequently entertained in youth.

The oldest house in town, by the way, was built about 1780, by Col. Jabez Beckwith, one of the leading first settlers. In this house his son, Capt. Martin Beckwith, who was 101 years of age at death, lived and died.

While religious services had been held with more or less regularity from the first, and a church had been organized in 1781, November 13, with Elijah Bingham, Thomas Scovil, Nathan Scovil, William Carey, Samuel Nichols, Shubael Hurd and Samuel Roundy as original members,



SCHOOL HOUSE, DISTRICT NO. 7

it was not till 1787 that a movement was made toward the settlement of a minister. On April 16 of that year it was voted at a town meeting "to hire the Rev. Elias Fisher to preach in

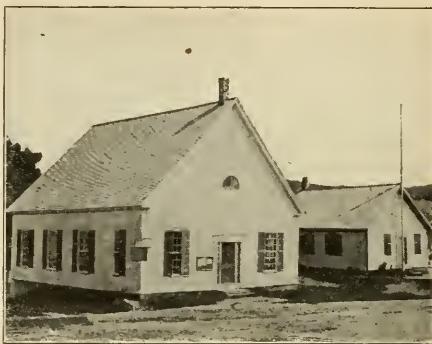
this town on probation, for settlement," and a committee was appointed "to treat with him, and direct in what place or places they judge will be most convenient to meet for public worship." Three months later, on June 25, it was voted to call Mr. Fisher to settle—"to give him 30 pounds, in addition to the 'ministerial right' as a settlement, and 40 pounds salary, to rise annually until it reaches 70, and firewood to be cut and drawed." The salary, it may be said, was to be paid in produce at certain stipulated prices.

The arrangement was effected and Mr. Fisher was publicly ordained and installed at a great outdoor meeting at the north end of the village, September 26, 1787. He continued in the pastorate till his death, March 22, 1831, a period of nearly forty-four years. But the town was yet without a meetinghouse, and the greatest controversy in its history was had over the selection of a site. Between the annual meeting, in March, 1790, and November, 1792, numerous meetings were held, committees were appointed, reports made, votes taken and reconsidered, outside advice called in and rejected, till finally, November 12, 1792, the town voted to build a meetinghouse 40 feet by 50, the money to build to be raised by sale of pew-ground, and the site to be twenty-five rods northwesterly from the dwelling of Elijah Frink. At an adjourned meeting a week later, however, the vote as to site was reconsidered, and it was voted "to set the house on the hill, about fifty rods northwest of Elijah Frink's house." This vote stood, though an attempt was made to nullify it, and at another meeting, November 26, it was voted that the contract to build the house by the first day of December, 1795, for 560 pounds, "be let to James Bingham, in such pay as is voted for the pews." The stone work and underpinning was let to Elijah Frink for 25 pounds. The first choice of pews went to

Daniel, James and Calvin Bingham, for thirty-seven pounds, and the second to William Carey and son William for thirty pounds.

The church was completed in due season, and in it, on its commanding site, Priest Fisher proclaimed the doctrines of undiluted Calvinism for more than a quarter of a century.

Difficult as it was to fix the location of the church, it was not destined to remain permanently where placed. Many had never been satisfied, and the increase of the village population, increased the measure of dissatisfaction, till finally, in 1822, its removal to this present site was voted and



Town House and School House, East Lempster

effected, the work of removal being contracted for and carried out by Deacon John Taylor. A tower and belfry were added, making it an imposing structure for a country village and here it has remained these ninety-five years, becoming indeed a noted landmark.

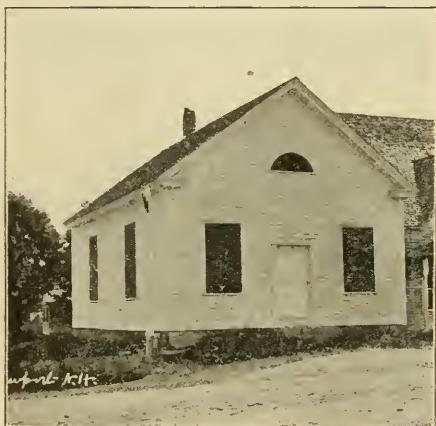
The First Congregational Church, starting with its seven members in 1781, grew and flourished under Priest Fisher's ministry, over 200 members having been admitted under his pastorate. Following his, however, there were no long or strong pastorates. No less than five different clergymen were settled here between Mr. Fisher's death and the pastorate of Rev. Robert Page, who came in 1851 and remained some six

or eight years. In 1856 the membership had declined to eighty-five, and later fell off even more rapidly, till for many years past there have been practically neither pastor nor people. Meanwhile, and contributing in no small degree to the decline of the First Church, a Second Congregational Church had been organized, erecting an edifice at the Pond Village or East Lempster, near the geographical center of the town, in which the Methodists, of whom there were then quite a number in town, had an interest, as well as the Universalists. This Second Church flourished but a short

with Goshen, once or twice with Marlow, several years alone, and for a number of years past with South Acworth. The largest number of members ever returned for the Methodist church, was seventy-eight in 1870. At last accounts there were less than thirty in Lempster and South Acworth combined.

The Universalists never had preaching but about one-fourth the time, but for many years held regular weekly Sunday services, some member of the parish conducting the service and reading a selected sermon every Sunday when a minister was not in attendance. I have a very distinct personal recollection of those services in the years 1854-5-6, when the preachers were Rev. N. R. Wright, Rev. Lemuel Willis and Rev. Joseph Barber, and among the readers were the president of the day and his since distinguished brother.

The east village, with its two churches, the cemetery, located here in 1773 when one Rufus Beekus was killed by a falling tree and a place had to be selected for interment of the remains, and the new town hall, built sixty years ago, and dedicated with great éclat, a cold winter night, with the silver tongued Rev. Willard Spaulding as the orator, put on airs for a time and assumed to be the metropolis, notwithstanding a new Congregational church had indiscreetly been built, at the "Street" back in 1835, and a high school room had been finished off in the upper story of the old church building, and successful fall terms conducted therein. Its glory, however, vanished, with decreasing population, and of recent years the "Street" has held undisputed first place; though with a hotel no longer, where a hundred years ago there were half a dozen, and no regular church services, even the "Street" has little to give it prominence, but the stately old building wherein we are gathered, Parker's store, where for fifty years Abner Chase dispensed groceries and dry goods,



Universalist Chapel

time, and the Methodists came into possession of the house, the Universalists building a chapel for themselves, also, at the east village, in 1845. This chapel was built for \$500 by the late William B. Parker, and paid for by subscription.

It was not until 1840 that the Methodist church here came into regular connection with the New Hampshire conference, the first regular pastorate being that of Rev. S. A. Cushing, assigned that year to Lempster and Unity. Since that time about thirty-five different clergymen have been assigned to Lempster, or East Lempster, which has been classed some years with Unity, some

and some *wet goods* for a time, and Silver Mountain Grange with its home in the old high school hall.

When or where a school was first established in town is not a matter of record. That the cause of religion was regarded as paramount to that of education by the early settlers here, as well as in other towns, is doubtless true. Money for *preaching* was appropriated long before any was given for *teaching*. It is manifest, however, that there had been a school in town before 1780, since a special town meeting, held in October of that year, was called to meet in the "schoolhouse." The first money voted by the town for school purposes, however, was the sum of *twenty pounds*, voted at the annual meeting in 1788, for the purpose of supporting a school. Evidently there had been but one school up to this time, and that had been supported by private contribution, and the schoolhouse must have been built through similar means. Again at a special meeting in April, 1790, it was voted to sell the town's school right of land, so called, and appropriate the money arising from such sale for the support of a school.

There is no record of any division of the town into school districts, yet that this had been done at some time between 1790 and 1792 is apparent from the fact that at a meeting, in November of the latter year, the town voted that *seventy-five pounds*, lawful money be raised "for the purpose of building schoolhouses in the districts that are now destitute." How many districts had been created at first cannot be stated, but it is certain that in 1806 there were *eight districts*, since at the annual meeting, in March of that year, the town voted to choose a committee of two from each district to fix the bounds of the several school districts in town, and the following named *sixteen men* were chosen: Timothy Miner, Harris Bingham, Jacob Smith, Jasper Way, John Taylor, Samuel Fletcher, Aaron

Hardy, Roswell Bingham, Charles Miner, Sewell Bennett, Levi Barney, James Spaulding, Timothy Nichols, Luther Pollard, Benjamin Hudson, Joseph Smith.

Under date of June 26, following is a detailed record of their work, showing the boundaries, by lots and owner's names, of the eight school districts. That some change was afterwards made, and an additional district created is certain; but just when, can be stated no more definitely than when the first division was made.

As appears from a printed report of the superintending school committee



School House, Dodge Hollow

for 1857-8 (sixty years ago) there were then *nine districts* in town. It may be of interest to some persons present to know who were then the prudential committees in the several districts. Their names are given, as follows:

- District No. 1, Benoni Fuller.
- District No. 2, Ransom P. Beckwith.
- District No. 3, Solon Pollard.
- District No. 4, Joseph Ware.
- District No. 5, Luther Pollard, Jr.
- District No. 6, Thomas Wellman.
- District No. 7, George W. Bryant.
- District No. 8, Samuel Blanchard.
- District No. 9, Oliver Davis.

All of these men have "passed on," and a majority of their children have followed them.

The summer school teachers for that year were:

District No. 1, Eunice E. Hurd.

District No. 2, Maria A. Parker.

District No. 3, Hannah Carey.

District No. 4, Georgianna Carey.

District No. 5, Sarah A. Lewis of Marlow.

District No. 6, Ellen M. Spaulding of Goshen.

District No. 7, Olive Richardson.

District No. 8, Helen Chase, Washington.

District No. 9, Sylvia Clark.

The winter school teachers were:

District No. 1, Deney Hurd.

District No. 2, Ezra M. Smith, Langdon.



The Old Bingham House

District No. 3, Daniel W. Howe, Newport.

District No. 4, Hiram N. Hayward, Aeworth.

District No. 5, Alfred B. Tables, Washington.

District No. 6, Maria A. Parker.

District No. 7, Henry H. Metcalf.

District No. 8, Lyman C. Allen, Aeworth.

District No. 9, Sarah M. Peck, Aeworth.

The whole number of scholars attending summer schools that year was 158; winter schools, 235; average wages of teachers, including board,

per month, *summer*, \$13.33; winter, \$23. Whole amount of money raised by the town for support of schools, \$516, being \$100 more than the law required.

According to the report during that year, District No. 1 had built a fine new schoolhouse, at a cost of \$800.

Lempster has never furnished a governor or United States senator for this or any other state. One of its sons, the distinguished orator of the day, represented the old Third District in the national house of representatives from 1871 to 1875, to his own credit and that of the state and the material advantage of the whole people. Two only have sat in the executive council of the state, and the same two, and these only, in the state senate. These were the Hons. Daniel M. and Alvah Smith, the former serving as senator in 1842-3 and as councilor in 1854; the latter as councilor in 1849-50, and as senator in 1871.

The delegates from this town in the several conventions that have been held to revise the constitution of the state, adopted in 1792, when Capt. John Duncan of Aeworth represented that town, Lempster and Marlow in the convention, have been: Daniel M. Smith in 1850; Cyrus H. Hodgman, 1876; Asbury F. Perley, 1889; Loren A. Noyes, 1902; Hiram Parker, 1912—Lempster's grand old man—still very much alive.

The town was classed with Aeworth and Marlow for choice of representative for several years in its early history, Oliver Booth being the first man elected from this town, in 1778. Others serving in the legislature from Lempster, in succession, have been:

Elijah Frink	1781-3, 1788
James Bingham	1791-7
Jabez Beckwith	1798-9
James Bingham	1800-05
Jacob Smith	1806-13
Shubael Hurd	1813-16
Jacob Smith	1817
Harris Bingham	1818-20

John Way	1821-23	Moses A. Cragin	1895-6
William Carey	1824-26	Bela N. Gordon	1897-8
Abner Chase	1827-29	William E. Perry	1899-00
Alvah Smith	1830-31	Herbert S. Hooper	1901-2
Daniel Smith	1832-34	None	1903-4
Martin Beckwith	1835-37	Isaac H. Hodgman	1905-6
Alvah Smith	1838	Fred A. Barton	1907-8
Matthew Parker	1839	Frank W. Huntoon	1909-10
Daniel M. Smith	1840	Arthur W. Welch	1911-12
No choice	1841-2	Elbert E. Hurd	1913-14
Martin U. Beckwith	1843	None	1915-16
Benjamin Parker	1844	Lucius H. Nichols	1917-18
No choice	1845		
Nathaniel B. Hull	1846		
No choice	1847		
Lemuel Miller	1848-49		
Aaron Miller	1850-51		
William B. Parker	1852-53		
Jacob B. Richardson	1854-55		
James Booth	1856		

Did time permit I should like to pay a word of tribute to the memory of some of the men who were prominent in the active life of this town from sixty to sixty-five years ago, when I was resident here in early



Echo Lake From Silver Mountain

Jacob B. Richardson	1857
Harvey Dudley	1858
Hosea W. Parker	1859-60
Ransom Beckwith	1861-62
Hiram Parker	1863-64
Dennison Nichols	1865
Nathan George	1866-67
Abram Bean	1868-69
George E. Dame	1870-71
Edmund B. Richardson	1872-73
William T. Thissell	1874-75
Andrew J. Mitchell	1876-77
Cyrus H. Hodgman	1878
Arvin S. Roundy	1879
Lucius A. Purmort	1881-2
None	1883-4
None	1885-6
William A. Morrison	1887-8
William C. Sabine	1889-90
Rockwell T. Craig	1891-2
None	1893-4

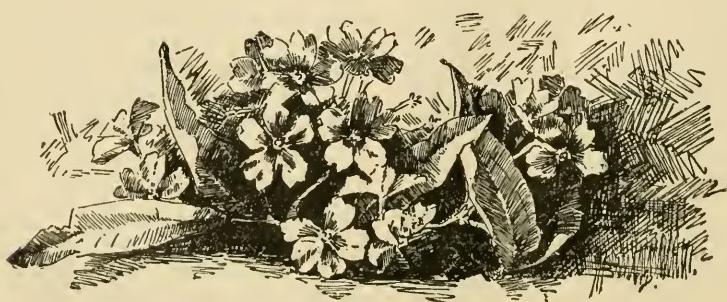
youth, but there is time for mere mention only. Alvah and Daniel M. Smith were the leading men and the leaders of the opposite parties, but there were many men of strong character and stalwart manhood, such as Milton Bingham, Alden B. and Horace W. Sabin, Abner Chase, Lemuel Miller, James H. Collins, John Wilcox, Hiram Fletcher, Nathan George, Erastus D. Taylor, Alden Carey, William B. Parker, William Spaulding, Jacob B. Richardson, Timothy Bruce, Asbury F. Perley, Luther Pollard, Collins Hurd, Smith Hurd, Saxon Carey, Ralph Spencer, Ransom P. Beckwith, Duren Honey

and a host of others; most beloved of all—that good Samaritan doctor—Jacob N. Butler.

Mention should be made of the many men who have gone out of this town to win success in various lines of the world's work—at the head of the list that greatest of New England's preachers for a generation—Alonzo A. Miner, successor of Hosea Ballou, and first president of Tufts College; and that other scholarly teacher and preacher, Homer Taylor Fuller, principal of St. Johnsbury Academy, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute and Drury College. Rev. Dr. Willard Spaulding, Sylvester A. Parker, Lucius A. Spencer, and others from this town were ministers of the gospel. The present president of the Sullivan County bar and your orator of the day has been the most prominent member of the legal profession that Lempster has produced, though James H. Bingham of an earlier day ranked well, and Anson L. Keyes and George E. Perley, both long prominent in Minnesota, have well maintained the reputation of their native town. Truman Abell, Yorick Hurd, William Hurd, Osman B. Way, Carl A. Allen and Abram W. Mitchell have honored the medical profession. Waldemar W. Spaulding, teacher, manufacturer and banker, Levi C. Taylor, Charles A. Brackett and Ozias M. George eminent among New England dentists, Hira Beckwith, successful architect, George A. Butler and Bertrand T. Wheeler civil engineers

of high standing—the latter now chief engineer of the Maine Central railroad, are a few of the men from this town who have "made good" in the world's broad field of action.

Let us not forget, today, the faithful few who have remained in the old home town, toiled against adverse circumstances and unfavorable conditions to maintain the standard of honor and integrity which their ancestors set up, to save the lands from the wilderness and preserve the traditions and the sanctity of the "Old Home" life; who have kept Lempster still on the map and in every year since Old Home Day was instituted have called the wandering children back to the homes and scenes of childhood and youth. All honor to this faithful few and the highest honor, Mr. President, to him whose active life has covered more than half the entire history of the town, who has held more offices than any other man who ever lived in town, and honored them all, who is the friend of every man, woman and child in Lempster, beloved, esteemed and respected, and now in his 88th year, presides over these anniversary exercises with the same enthusiastic spirit which he has manifested on Old Home Day for the last two decades. May he live to rival Capt. Martin Beckwith in length of years. May his last days on earth be his happiest, and his final reward such as the faithful servant of his fellowmen is justly accorded.



REV. JOSIAH L. SEWARD, D. D.

Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D., of Keene, died there July 14, 1917, notice of his decease appearing in the Necrology Department in the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY. At his funeral held in the Unitarian Church in that city, July 18, Rev. S. H. McCollester, D.D., of Marlboro, an early friend and teacher of the deceased, delivered the following eulogy, which is published, with a portrait of the deceased, for the benefit of his many friends:

Sixty-one years ago I tarried for a night in a real New England home, some eleven miles to the eastward of this large, sad assembly, in the town of Sullivan, in which resided a brainy farmer and a noble wife and two promising sons. It was an ideal dwelling-place, where snow drifted deep in winter and the clover blossomed sweet in summer. Here I saw for the first time the son, Josiah Lafayette Seward, a robust boy of twelve years old. I was there as a school commissioner of New Hampshire, to visit on the morrow their district school, in the little red schoolhouse.

As the morning came I went into the school of some twenty pupils. Here I really saw Josiah. He was prominent among other students, older than himself. He had already mastered Colburn's Arithmetic and Leonard's New England Speller, and was advanced in all the other elementary branches which he pursued.

The next fall he came to Westmoreland to attend the Valley Seminary, which was under my charge, taking up higher English branches and ranking well in them all. He was large of his age, having a fine physique and an active temperament. He was highly esteemed by teachers and

scholars. He was with me several terms, ranking high in all respects.

After this he went to Exeter Academy, the finest college fitting school in the country, taking the three years' classical course. He ranked among the best in scholarship and deportment while he was there, and graduated with honors.

The coming fall he was matriculated in the classical course of Harvard University, without any examination. Here he stood first-class in



Rev. Josiah L. Seward, D. D.

all his studies and in his deportment, graduating at the end of four years Bachelor of Arts, without a demerit mark during the whole course. He was so intensely engaged in mastering the different subjects pursued that he could not find any time for "sowing wild oats."

Thereafter, for some time, he engaged in teaching both in the South

and in the North. After this he entered Harvard Divinity School, proving himself high-minded and a fine scholar. When he graduated, S.T.D., the professors spoke of him as a learned preacher and a wise man.

For a year after leaving the Divinity School he preached most acceptably to a church in Springfield, Mass., when he was called to settle over the first Unitarian Church in Lowell, where he remained fourteen years, making himself known and felt as an eloquent preacher, a good pastor and an enterprising citizen.

From Lowell he was called to settle in the college town of Waterville, Maine. Here he remained ten years and became popular as a religious teacher, and as he mingled with the students of Colby University, he was often asked to address them, in the different departments, on various subjects. While he remained here he was loved and honored.

For reasons he was made to feel, when he received an unexpected invitation from Allston, a suburb of Boston, to settle over the Unitarian Church there, it would prove best for him to do so. Accordingly, a change was at once made and here he continued for six years, doing successful work in and out of the pulpit.

But now, as his hair was becoming somewhat silvered, his heart waxed warm for his native state, his beloved New Hampshire, and this induced him, against the wishes of his church, to break off his connection with them as pastor and to the Granite State turn his steps for his last settlement. Really New Hampshire had become somewhat of a Holy Land to him. Keene seemed his New Jerusalem; Ashuelot River his Jordan; Sullivan his Nazareth; Dublin his Mount Zion, and Monadnock, his Mount Sinai.

He had scarcely got settled in his home at Keene, before he was urgently requested to supply the Unitarian pulpit in Dublin, which he

did to the great delight of the people there, and faithfully served them up to the time of his illness—some fourteen years—preaching to them many an able sermon and giving them an abundance of large-hearted sympathy in their sorrows. He had not been there long before it was generally discovered that he was a learned man, having much knowledge of the world and especially of the history of our country, state and county. He was unsurpassed by any other in this region as a genealogist and chronologist, so was very often called upon to give lectures and addresses before religious bodies, centennial celebrations and other public gatherings. He was well versed in the lore of Freemasonry and did an immense work for the order in Keene and throughout the country. His historical addresses, delivered in this vicinity and elsewhere, will long be remembered, as treasures of great worth. He was a broad minded, consecrated Christian, wishing to help everybody.

As the true Christian passes off the stage of action, not a few Croesus and Napoleons would gladly exchange their wealth, or fame, for the priceless riches he has borne into eternity. As the years roll on his name does not tarnish. He built upon the solid rock, while on earth, a monument to himself out of kind and noble deeds, which remain intact when bronze has corroded into dust and granite dissolved to ashes. His character must be beautiful in the mansions above.

Is not this true of Paul, Tabitha and Lincoln? Such, in crossing the Jordan of death, have no occasion to say as did Horace Walpole, "Life is a comedy to those that think, and a tragedy to those that feel"; nor to declare as did Solomon, "All is vanity of vanities!" But the Christian life is a success and sends out the thrilling canticle of Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

May not this be said of Dr. Josiah Lafayette Seward, whose mortality

is beautifully and magnificently embanked in wreaths of exquisite flowers, secured and set by artful hands—the presentation and outgiving of loving and sorrowing hearts?

He believed intensely in the Fatherhood of God, the Sonship of Christ and the Holy Spirit. As he dropped his sickle, 72 years old, he was still an intense almoner in blessing others religiously, educationally and socially. He was a remarkably wise and cultured man, wishing to help all souls, believing most devoutly that one is to reap *just what he sows.*

Blessed spirit! we are glad thy way
Is onward and upward on high,
Midst angels and fair works alway
With no more grief nor any sigh.

What throngs of old friends must have stood
At the gates ajar, whom he knew,
As he passed to the other shore,
Being delighted and still true!

What welcome he must have received!
What good news from dear friends on high!
What blest tidings from friends below,
Wishing all very dear ones nigh!

So, friends, let him not be lifeless,
But more alive and active henceforth
Than ever while in mortal mold,
Doing works of very high worth.

KATE SANBORN—AN APPRECIATION

By Edna Dean Proctor

Miss Kate Sanborn has gone from us, and left us and the world poorer for her going. She died July 9 of this year in her summer home at Metcalf, Massachusetts.

What state but New Hampshire could have produced a woman like her? Grand niece of Webster, there was in her nature something of the dignity and poise of its mountains—of the rush and force and sparkling brightness of its high-born streams; yet, withal, something of the freedom and abandon of its winds when they blow for a frolicsome day—ruffling the sturdy oaks, waking the music of the pines and playing with the trim gardens and the hats and wraps of the people on the street; yet as these same winds can subside to the quiet of the remotest vale among the hills, so she could quickly pass from vivacity and merriment to silence and repose.

New Hampshire is proud of her gifted daughter, and now that her life of effort and achievement is ended, welcomes her to rest with her kindred on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, where she was born.

A warm heart, a valiant spirit, trenchant yet kindly wit and keen insight, love of work and high ambition, were combined in her to form a unique, delightful, vivid personality.

Her books, her generosities, her brilliant sallies, her loyal friendships will long be treasured by her host of friends. Asking one who knew her well what single adjective would best describe her, the answer was, "Refreshing." This was most true of her. There was nothing monotonous or stereotyped about her. Her entrance to a room was like a cool breeze springing up in a tropic day. Always responsive and interested in her surroundings, whether of city or country, she loved not only men and women, but the wild creatures in her woods and meadows at Metcalf, and protected them as far as possible from hunters and prowlers. With much care she planted the blue forget-me-not on the banks of her brook and domesticated the dear, old-fashioned flowers in her garden. Dogs were her especial pets and her last book, handsomely illustrated, and on which she had spent much time, was, "Educated Dogs of Today"—the Iliad of dogs it might be called.

Who that has enjoyed her hospitality can ever forget her home and her?—so gracious, so hearty she was—so lavish of her treasures for the pleasure of her guests. Such welcome be hers in her new life as she gave her friends in this!

OUR COUNTRY*

By Edna Dean Proctor

Our Country! Whose eagle exults as he flies,
 In the splendor of noon-day, broad-breasting the skies,
 That from ocean to ocean the land, overblown
 By the winds and the shadows, is Liberty's own.

CHORUS

We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west,
 God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
 While all thy domain with a people he fills
 As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! bright region of plenty and peace,
 Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
 Where manhood is king, and the stars, as they roll,
 Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul.

CHORUS

Our Country! whose story the angels record—
 Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord,
 When men shall be brothers and love, like the sun,
 Illumine all lands till the nations are one.

CHORUS

THE GOLDEN ROD.

By Mary J. Campbell.

All the waste places are filled with their splendor
 The dry barren soil, e'en the rocks they defy,
 To highways, and byways, their homage they tender
 And wave a salute, as the traveler goes by.

The sweet birds of heaven dip low, in their flight;
 In their velvety branches a moment they sway,
 Trill forth in their gladness a song of delight;
 With a new note of rapture go singing away.

On the high mountain tops their bright beauty waves.
 And down in the gully the boulders enfold;
 In churchyards forgotten, the low sunken graves,
 Are tenderly covered with blossoms of gold.

*This song, written by Miss Proctor, and set to music by her nephew, David Proctor of New York, was first sung in public in New Hampshire, at the "Patriotic Night" meeting of Capital Grange, P. of H., of Concord, on the evening of July 4, 1917, by Miss Alice M. Rainie, soprano soloist.

Kind nature has given to summer her blessing
In garlands of beauty that all may behold
But to highways, and byways, her glory possessing,
She scatters her splendor in numbers untold.

Beauteous bloom, sweet summer's last token,
Long lovingly held in a parting embrace;
O'er natures vast acres unclaimed and unbroken,
The living, and dead, partake of your grace.

O FLAG OF MINE!*

By Charles Nevers Holmes

My Country's Flag! O Flag of mine!
Watch o'er this land, this land of thine!
Watch o'er its homes from sea to sea,
Its happy homes and liberty;
From grand Atlantic's rock-bound strand
To great Pacific's mountain land,
From coral reef to northern pine
Keep watchful ward, O Flag of mine!

My Fathers' Flag! O Flag of mine!
Wave o'er this loyal land of thine!
Wave o'er thy children day by day,
Around their hearths or far away;
When sun awakes in morning's sky
Or sinks to rest as dusk draws nigh,
O'er barren sand and fruitful vine
Wave far and wide, O Flag of mine!

My Country's Flag! O Flag divine!
Reign o'er this land, this land of thine!
Reign o'er thy nation all alone
Like rightful king upon his throne;
In peace or war, in life or death,
As long as man has mortal breath,
With stripes that gleam and stars that shine
Reign far and nigh, O Flag of mine!

41 Arlington St., Newton, Mass.

*This poem, or song to the flag, set to music by Herbert W. Rainie, was first sung by the Capital Male Quartette at the meeting of Capital Grange, on "Old Home Night," August 15, and again at the "Old Home Sunday" meeting in Rollins Park, August 19.

ATKINSON'S ANNIVERSARY

Among the New Hampshire towns celebrating their 150th anniversaries this year, was Atkinson, a little town on the Massachusetts border, long noted for its famous academy. The celebration immediately followed "Old Home Week" and was the occasion, of course, of a grand home coming of the absent sons and daughters of the old town.

A bonfire on Fuller's Hill, Saturday August 25, heralded the opening of the festivities. On Sunday there were appropriate services in the Congregational church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. A. Goodwin, assisted by Rev. Roger F. Etz of Concord and Rev. C. R. Hamlin of the Plaistow Congregational church, the house being filled to its capacity. Monday was given up to baseball and sports for the amusement of the young, and on Tuesday occurred the celebration proper, with informal addresses in the forenoon, by Prof. J. V. Hazen of Dartmouth College, Rev. B. H. Weston of Georgetown, Mass., a former principal of the academy; Prof. C. H. Noyes, principal of Nashua High School, Prof. H. N. Dunham, principal of the academy, and others. Music was furnished through the day by a male quartette from Haverhill, Mass. At noon a fine banquet was served by Page of Lowell, Mass., following which a historical sketch was presented by George A. Page, and the oration was given by Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth, Herbert N. Sawyer, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, presiding. Following is Mr. Page's historical sketch:

HISTORICAL SKETCH

In giving an historical sketch of Atkinson we will go back to the time when it was a part of Haverhill, which was settled in 1640. It was a portion of territory which was conveyed to the settlers by the Indians, Passaquon and Saggahew, with the consent of their chief, Passaconnoway, by their deed,

now in existence, dated November 15, 1642. Thus we see the early settlers started right by getting a good title to the land we now call Atkinson. In 1727 or 1728, Benjamin Richards of Rochester, N. H., Nathaniel, Jonathan and Edmund Page, and John Dow of Haverhill, moved into the wilderness and were the first settlers of our town. In 1749 Plaistow was set off from Haverhill and incorporated as a town, and it then contained the territory of Atkinson. On September 3, 1767, our own town was incorporated by the legislature, John Wentworth being governor and Thomas Noyes was given authority to call the first town meeting. The town then received the name Atkinson, it being called after Hon. Theodore Atkinson, who was a large real estate owner on Providence Hill. He was an influential man, being a member of the council of the state. There is a tradition that he bought this large estate for a barrel of rum on agreement that he should have all the land he could go around in one day on horseback, starting at an oak tree on the land now owned by H. N. Sawyer.

The town was set off from Plaistow for the purpose of accommodating the inhabitants in attending public worship. The first church was built in 1768-69, and was taken down in 1845. It stood just below the cemetery. Previous to the building of the church, most of the town and church meetings were held in the home of Mr. Nathaniel Cogswell. The increase in the population was very rapid from the first settlement of the town, so that in 1775 the population was 575. In looking over the first book of records, I find the names of Atwood, Brown, Bradley, Cogswell, Clement, Dole, Dow, Emerson, Eaton, French, Greenough, Gilbert, Grover, Hale, Johnson, Knight, Little, Merrill, Noyes, Poor, Page, Richards, Sawyer, Taylor, Whittaker, Webster, and many others.

The first house was built by Benjamin Richards in the lane just below

my home. The old house was burned some forty years ago. It was there that Ezekiel Belknap died. He had been a soldier in the French and Revolutionary wars, and was present at the execution of André.

In 1774 the town voted to buy 100 weight of powder and 200 weight of lead, and 600 flints for town stock.

In the beginning of the Revolutionary War a pledge was circulated in town which every man signed, and which is as follows: "We do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will to the utmost of our power at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies." History tells us whether they did well or not. Mr. Nathaniel Cogswell's eight sons all took part in the long and bitter strife between them and the mother country. These sons performed 38 years of service in that struggle for liberty. Probably no other family in the country could show so long a service in opposing the oppression of King George III. The father of these patriotic sons also lost heavily by loaning money for the use of the good cause, by the depreciation of the currency. Gen. Nathaniel Peabody, of whom I shall soon speak, did great service.

The first minister of the church was Rev. Stephen Peabody, who received a call in 1772, and who was pastor for so long a time. He received about eighty pounds a year for his salary. He was born in Andover in 1741 and died in 1819. He was a chaplain in the army in the Revolutionary War; was married twice, the first time to Polly Haseltine of Bradford, Mass., and his second wife was the widow of John Shaw of Haverhill, daughter of Rev. John Smith of Weymouth, Mass., and sister of Mrs. President Adams. To show how different customs were then from those of the present time I will tell you he always kept open doors at all times of the day, and, as many persons from the northern part

of the state and Vermont travelled through this town on their way to and from Massachusetts, where they had been to trade, they would enter his sitting-room, where they always knew there would be a good fire, and would warm themselves and talk with their host; and oftentimes at night he would be in bed in an adjoining room and would talk with them, and they, not seeing him and he not even asking their names, would go on their way. I understand this is the custom at the present time in some parts of the West. As he was one who was identified with the town in so many of its interests, I will describe him in the language of one who lived in his family:

"In person Mr. Peabody was large and commanding, having attained full six feet in height and being otherwise of a portly dimension. His eye was black, and his face was swarthy, but well proportioned. His hair was bushy and curling. Though in general courteous and bland in his address, yet when he heard profane language or received a personal insult an awful shadow would gather on his visage; his eye would roll fiery glances in every direction, and a dauntless volley of rebuke would be poured from his lips."

Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, who was born in 1741 was the first physician of this town. He held many high offices in the state and nation. He was lieutenant-colonel of the seventh New Hampshire regiment, delegate to the Continental Congress, speaker of the New Hampshire house of representatives, state senator and councilor, and major-general in the militia. He was undoubtedly a man of great ability, surpassed perhaps by none in the state, yet he died in the jail yard, after being involved in debt.

The petition for a charter for the academy in this place was dated in 1791 and the inhabitants all deserve much praise for their interest in education. Its principal leaders were the men I have spoken about, Parson

Peabody, Doctor Peabody, and Doctor Cogswell. The academy building was begun in 1786. It stood just above the residence of John H. Smith. The raising occurred on the 18th of September, which was a fair day, which was quite a contrast to the celebration we had in 1887. The building stood fifteen years, when, on the 16th of November, 1802, it was consumed by fire.

The second academy was raised on the 12th day of May, 1803. It cost \$3,100 of which \$2,000 was a debt, of which Preceptor Vose took one-eighth and Parson Peabody the remainder, which must have been a great burden to him through life. One of the bills of the building committee was cash paid Moses Atwood for rum, to the amount of \$50.73. It was a question for some time whether the academy should be open to both sexes, and it seemed at one time as if another school would be established for girls, but they at last came to the conclusion that it would be better to let the fair sex enter the school.

Many noted men have received instruction within its walls, among whom were Levi Woodbury, Governor Kent, Gen. James Wilson, Judge White, President Hale of Hobart College, Benjamin Greenleaf of mathematical fame, and President Brown of Dartmouth College.

Many noted business men of other places have gone out from this town. Atkinson has furnished our neighboring city of Haverhill with two mayors while the banks of Haverhill and some other places I might mention are filled by the descendants of this town. One of its citizens, William C. Todd, who gave Atkinson its soldiers' monument gave largely to Newburyport and Boston libraries and to Mt. Holyoke College. Rev. Joseph Kimball gave Atkinson the public library which was the home of Rev. Stephen Peabody, the first minister of Atkinson.

Atkinson has two organizations which have done a great deal for the

town: the Jr. O. U. A. M. and Atkinson Grange; both of these orders are large and flourishing and have a good standing throughout the state.

Some of the town's inhabitants have held long service in town affairs; Peter Clement, one of the first settlers, held the office of selectman a score of years and John H. Smith and Edward N. Greenough held this office more than half that number. The late Samuel B. Mason held the office of town clerk twenty-five years, and was tax collector twenty-one years, while the office of representative to the legislature has been held for three generations in the Sawyer family which includes our present representative, H. N. Sawyer, who is serving his thirty-second year as a member of the school board. There have been many military officers in town in earlier days. It has had one major-general, eight colonels, five majors and thirty-one captains.

Atkinson has always been noted for being free from calls to help the poor. The old residents of Atkinson were a strong and hardy race, possessing none of the luxuries of life; working hard from morning to night and receiving a small amount of money in return. Yet they could be depended upon in all calls for upholding patriotism, education, and religion. The votes of the town in Revolutionary times showed that they did everything in their power to help on the cause which they loved and fought so nobly for. The descendants showed the same mettle in the war of the rebellion, when they followed the old flag to victory.

Now that we have learned something of what our forefathers did, in the sacrifice of their lives and fortunes, let us go forward and do our bit, remembering the boys who are called upon to defend our country in the greatest war known in history. Let us stand for our town, state, and nation, and let us be lifters, not leaners, in life's struggle, and keep Atkinson in the front rank as one of the grand old towns of the Granite State.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

REV. EDWARD ROBIE, D.D.

Rev. Edward Robie, D.D., pastor of the Congregational church in Greenland for more than 65 years, died at the Boston City Hospital, September 20, 1917, as the result of injuries from a fall on the steps of the State House in that city, a few days previous.

Dr. Robie was a native of Gorham, Me., born April 5, 1821, son of Deacon Thomas S. and Clarissa (Adams) Robie. He was graduated from Gorham Academy in 1836 and from Bowdoin College, where he gained Phi Beta Kappa rank, in 1840. He was a student at Andover Theological Seminary till 1843, when he graduated, and immediately went abroad, pursuing advanced studies for two years in the University of Halle, near Leipzig, Germany. Returning home, he became teacher of languages in Gorham Academy, continuing till 1848, when he became assistant professor of Hebrew in Andover Seminary, remaining three years, meanwhile occasionally preaching as a supply. He commenced supplying the pulpit of the Congregational church in Greenland in September, 1851, and on February 25, 1852, was ordained and installed its pastor, continuing regularly in the service until his death, his pastorate having been more extended than that of any living clergyman in the state and probably in the country, covering practically, a period of sixty-six years. Indeed it has been exceeded by those of only two others, in the entire history of the state, so far as known, those being that of Rev. Laban Ainsworth of Jaffrey, seventy-five years and five months, and Rev. Joseph Adams of Newington, sixty-seven years and seven months.

Dr. Robie, who received the degree of D.D., from Dartmouth College in 1876 and from Bowdoin in 1894, was a deep thinker, and a close student, and his sermons evinced a high order of scholarship. In 1893, when over 70 years of age, he took a special course at Harvard in order to master certain subjects with which he proposed to deal in his sermons. He was universally beloved and respected as a citizen and friend, as well as pastor, by the entire community where he had passed so long and useful a life.

Dr. Robie was united in marriage, December 28, 1852, with Susan P., daughter of Rev. Thomas and Elizabeth (Lord) Jameson, of Effingham, N. H., who died June 12, 1878, without children.

GEORGE R. BROWN

George Rensalaer Brown, born in Aeworth, March 4, 1834, died at the Clara F. Wright Hospital in Newport, September 17, 1917.

He was a son of Aaron and Eadey (Watts) Brown, received his early education in the district and select schools of his own and

neighboring towns, and taught several winters with much success, before determining upon a college course, for which he prepared at Mt. Caesar Seminary, Swansey, entering Tufts College and graduating with the class of 1866, having paid his way by teaching, in which occupation he had few superiors.

After graduation he entered the office of Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, as a student at law, was admitted to the bar in June, 1868, and immediately commenced practice in Newport, where he continued through life, being for a time associated with Mr. Burke. While a student he engaged in teaching, was active in the organization of the Newport Union School District, and was the first principal of the high school. He was also, for several years, a member of the board of education, and never lost his interest in school affairs. As a lawyer he was well-read, alert, and thoroughly devoted to the interests of his clients. Indeed he only failed of reaching the highest measure of professional success because of a stronger interest in the financial welfare of his clients than himself—a failing not common among lawyers. His charges were always moderate when made, and frequently uncollected, and very often his service was gratuitously rendered. His generosity and kindness of heart was only excelled by his modesty. He would render a favor to a friend, neighbor or acquaintance, at personal sacrifice, with the greatest pleasure. To his interest in an unfortunate client the State of New Hampshire is indebted for the obliteration, through a decision of the Supreme Court, of the disgraceful law authorizing the sale of unpaid taxes to the highest bidder.

In religion Mr. Brown was a Universalist, and in politics an uncompromising Democrat. He was appointed Register of Probate for Sullivan County by Gov. James A. Weston in 1871, serving till the political overturn of 1876. He leaves one brother, James H. Brown of Hillsborough, and a number of nieces and nephews.

HON. JOHN G. TALLANT

John G. Tallant, long active in agricultural life in Merrimack County, and prominent in both political parties, died at his home in West Concord, July 8. He was a son of the late John L. Tallant, an extensive East Concord farmer, and was himself long engaged in farming in that place, breeding fancy Jersey cattle as a specialty. He was the first Master of Rumford Grange, and prominent for many years in the order. He removed to Pembroke about twenty-five years ago, and was Master of Pembroke Grange and active in town affairs. He had served in both branches of the legislature, first in the house as a Democrat, and later in the senate and

again in the house as a Republican. He was also for some years an active member of the board of trustees of the State College. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

HON. ROBERT N. CHAMBERLIN

Hon. Robert N. Chamberlin of Berlin, Chief Justice of the New Hampshire Superior Court, died on Friday, September 20, in a hospital in Boston, whither he had gone a few days previously to undergo a surgical operation.

Judge Chamberlin was a native of Bangor, N. Y., born July 24, 1856, son of Antoine and Electa B. (Sears) Chamberlin. He removed with his parents, when quite young, to West Stewartstown, N. H., where he was educated in the public schools and at the academies in Colebrook and Derby, Vt. He read law in the office of G. W. Hartshorn in Canaan, Vt., was admitted to the Vermont bar in 1881, and in that year located in practice at Berlin, where he continued till his appointment as an Associate Justice of the Superior Court in 1903. He was prominent and successful in his profession and active in politics as a Republican, serving as a member of the house of representatives in 1889, and again in 1892 when he was chosen speaker filling the position with marked ability. On the death of Chief Justice Pike in January last, Judge Chamberlin was named as chief justice.

November 2, 1882, he married Miss Maria H. Mason at Berlin. He had one son, Lafayette Chamberlin, now a practicing lawyer in Boston.

PROF. JOHN SEWALL BROWN

John Sewall Brown, for thirty-five years a member of the faculty of Doane College, at Crete, Nebraska, died in that place August 4, 1917.

He was a native of the town of Bridgewater in this state, born November 20, 1844, prepared for college at New Hampton Institution and graduated from Bates in 1872. He was for a time principal of the Lyndon, Vt., Literary and Biblical Institute, but went West, on account of health, serving one year as superintendent of schools at Avoca, Ia., before he was called to Doane College.

November 30, 1876, he was married to Miss Emily A. Davis of Auburn, Me., to which union three children were born, Judge Ralph Davis Brown, Gertrude and Emily, the last of whom died, October 14, 1897.

GUSTAVUS F. KIMBALL

Gustavus F. Kimball, born in Orange, N. H., May 6, 1836, died at North Topeka, Kan., August 21, 1917.

He gained a college preparatory education, studied law and went West, entering upon editorial work on the Belleville, Ill., *Advocate*, but removed to Kansas in 1881, where he engaged in printing and publishing, for some time editing a genealogical magazine. He was interested in historical and philosophic subjects, and had been president of the Kansas Society, Sons of the American Revolution. He is survived by a son, Park B. Kimball, of Haileyville, Oklahoma, and four daughters.

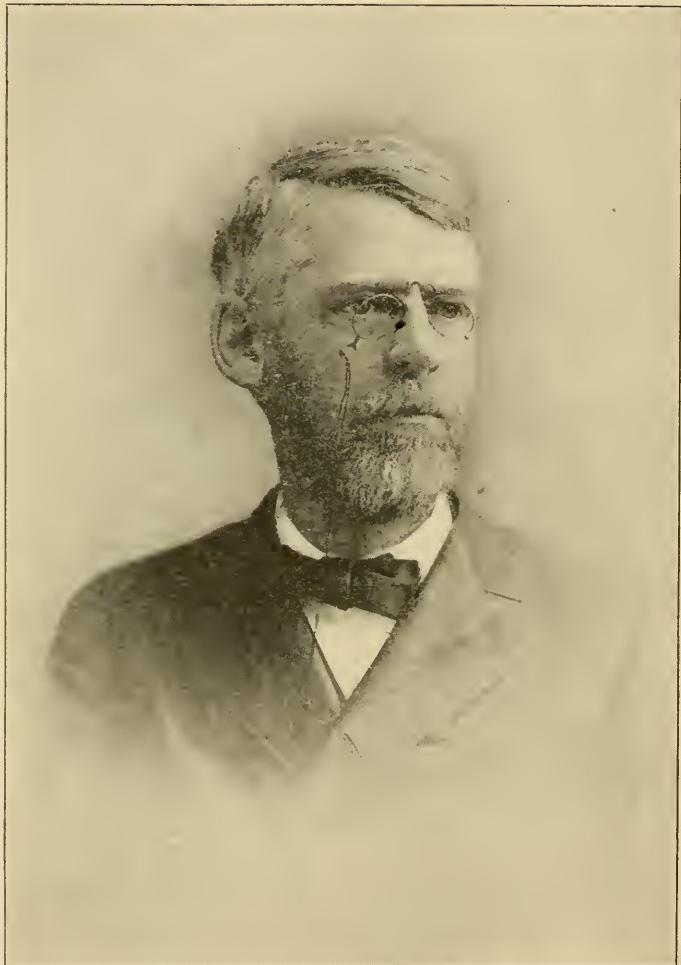
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

While not quite as many towns as usual held Old Home celebrations this year, the war excitement deterring some from so doing, there was a more general observance of "Old Home Sunday" than has heretofore been the case, and nearly one hundred subordinate Grangers in the state had meetings devoted to "Old Home Night" with appropriate programmes, in response to the State Lecturer's request for such recognition. It is safe to say, therefore, that there has been on the whole, an increase rather than any diminution of the Old Home spirit in the state where the institution had its origin.

It has been found necessary again to combine two numbers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* in a single issue of the former size of one, on

account of the increased cost of production, and the negligence of many subscribers in the matter of remitting for the present year. The next issue will probably be for the months of November and December combined and will appear some time before the middle of the latter month.

A remarkable instance of physical and intellectual vigor, continued through long life, is that presented by Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, president of the New Hampshire Universalist State Convention, who presided at the recent annual session of that body in Manchester, and was unanimously reelected for another term. Now in his 85th year, he is more vigorous and alert than most men of sixty.



HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIX, Nos. 11-12

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1917 NEW SERIES, VOL. XII, Nos. 11-12

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER

By H. H. Metcalf

On Sunday afternoon, December 2, from the Unitarian Church in Concord, where appropriate service in his memory had been held, there was borne to its final resting place in Blossom Hill cemetery the mortal form of one who in life had been a power in the state and held high place in the councils of the nation.

The life of William Eaton Chandler has been sketched more than once in the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY, by competent writers, and there is no occasion now for the repetition of mere biographical data. Nor is this the time for any formal analysis of his character, his work, or its influence upon the life of the state or nation. Years hence the impartial historian, uninfluenced by any feeling of partisan friendship or hostility, will assign him proper place in the country's annals. What this writer thought of his methods and conduct in partisan political affairs, during the quarter of a century and more in which Mr. Chandler was a dominating power therein, was set forth in plain words in the columns of the newspapers of which he had editorial charge during a large portion of that time. In the final analysis, however, methods and conduct are justly to be considered only in relation to motives and results.

William E. Chandler, throughout his active life, was an intense partisan. He loved the Republican party, in whose organization, young though he was, he bore an active part, with a fervor and intensity only equalled by that of his hatred for the Democratic

party, whose defeat, in his mind, seemed an end justifying any available means. In that party, in New Hampshire, and in no small measure in the country at large, he was an acknowledged leader and a controlling force for many years. Through his initiative, in whatever light it may be regarded, the Republican party held control of the national administration, for the four years following March 4, 1877, and more than once—notably in 1891—its control of the New Hampshire state government was insured by his "fine Italian hand" and master mind in the management of its affairs.

And yet, intense partisan as he was—standing by his party, right or wrong, as against the Democracy—he fought valiantly within the party for measures which he deemed just, and against policies which he regarded as improper and hostile to the public welfare, and in so doing sacrificed his own personal interests and his political power and leadership. It cannot be denied or doubted, that by his opposition to railroad domination in New Hampshire, in which his party had acquiesced and by which it had long profited, against which he inveighed with all the force and vigor of his ready pen, backed by a keen intellect and a facility and force of expression seldom equalled, he lost the seat in the United States Senate, where he had been a marked figure and a potential force for fourteen years—a longer period of service than had then been enjoyed by any senator from New Hampshire, save only his dis-

tinguished father-in-law, John P. Hale.

But it is not in connection with partisan affairs, merely or mainly, that Mr. Chandler is to be considered at this time. Devotedly as he served his party, he nevertheless served his country and his state and the community in which he held residence, in numberless directions which cannot now be mentioned in detail. Notably, it is fair to say, he inaugurated, while Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Arthur, the "New Navy" movement, which resulted in the building up of an American naval establishment, which has made the United States a power to be reckoned with on the seas for many years past. In this connection it is but fair to remark that, intense Republican as he was, opposing the Democratic party generally as he always did, he did not hesitate to commend a Democratic administration, or a Democratic official for good work done in the country's interest, as, for illustration, the tribute which he frankly paid the present Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, for his splendid work in carrying forward the naval programme of the present administration; whom he unhesitatingly pronounced as efficient a public servant as ever filled the office, and this in face of the fact that the anti-administration press was habitually engaged in slurring and deprecatory comment upon Mr. Daniels and his service. And here may well be cited the tribute of the latter to his departed predecessor, upon receiving news of his decease, in which he expressed his heartfelt gratitude for the encouragement and support in his work, which he had received from the ex-Secretary.

While he hated the Democratic party in general, and the Southern Democracy in particular, he did not carry his animosity into the field of personal relationship. His friendships were not confined to the party of which he was a member. On the

contrary, some of his warmest and closest friends were Democrats, as most of his bitter enemies were Republicans, and that he had bitter enemies is not to be denied; but the man who has made no enemies in his life has made small mark in the world at best. Among all the men, North or South, with whom he was associated in the Senate, he evinced no stronger personal regard for any than for Benjamin F. Tillman of South Carolina, who was the most uncompromising opponent of most of the political measures for which he stood sponsor or to which he gave his support. The two were on terms of the closest intimacy, and it was at Mr. Chandler's solicitation that Mr. Tillman came up into New Hampshire some fifteen years ago or more, and gave an address at the Grange State Fair at Tilton, which is still remembered with pleasure by many of those present.

The interest which he manifested in the success of this fair was typical of his interest in all movements and instrumentalities calculated to advance the welfare of the state, to promote its honor, or to perpetuate the memory of its worthy sons, in some of which he was a leading and directing spirit, as, for instance, in the organization and successful work of the Daniel Webster Birthplace Association, through whose agency the birthplace of New Hampshire's greatest son has been restored, and is to be preserved by the state as a sacred shrine for all the generations of the future.

Even more notable, from the fact of the bitter opposition of men of his own party, was his successful espousal of the movement, long delayed and viciously obstructed, for the erection of an appropriate memorial to Gen. Franklin Pierce, New Hampshire's only occupant of the presidential chair, for whom he had entertained feelings of deep regard, approaching love, from his boyhood years, on account of kindness shown him by General Pierce.

Whatever may have been his virtues or his failings in other directions, William E. Chandler was a loyal son of the old Granite State; and whether in the Senate of the United States in the Capitol at Washington, in the legislature or the Constitutional Convention of the State, as a citizen of

the "Stormy Petrel" of American politics passed to the infinite realm wherein the fondest hopes of human hearts are centered, but of which no actual knowledge has yet been revealed to man.

Man passes away, but his memory lives if he has accomplished anything



A Glimpse of Hon. W. E. Chandler's Summer Home, Waterloo

Concord where he was born and where he held his voting abode, or as a resident of Warner, where he maintained a summer home in the quiet village of Waterloo, he never failed to manifest that loyalty by word and deed.

His life work is ended—its record is closed. Peacefully, quietly, in the early morning hour, the tired spirit of

in life. William E. Chandler is no more of earth; but it will be a long time before another son of New Hampshire commands as wide attention, or fills as large a place in the public eye as did this virile spirit who knew neither peace nor rest, while strength remained to contend for what he believed to be the right, or against what he deemed the wrong.

THANKSGIVING

By Harry B. Metcalf

Thanks for life and thanks for light;
 Thanks for home and thanks for hope;
 Thanks for power to see the right;
 Thanks for strength with wrong to cope.
 Thanks for brightness of the day;
 Thanks for God's blest care at night;
 Thanks for roses by the way—
 Thanks for thorns, lest joy should blight.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

By *Le Roy Smart*

"I am always thinking, thinking of the days that used to be,
 Where the spring and golden autumn flushed the friendly fields of Lee;
 And as I look back yonder, on them far off plains and skies,
 The sun may be a-shining, but it's raining 'round my eyes."—*Stanton.*

* * * * *

I too oftentimes am thinking of the days of long ago,
 Of the days of happy childhood, and the friends I used to know;
 Again I see the old church spire with tall and stately mien,
 And hand in hand again we walk upon the village green.
 Here idly turning mem'ry's pages come the days of yore,
 And flit, like ghostly phantoms, thoughts and deeds of youth once more—
 The singing brooks and meadows, broken fences, tumbled walls,
 With sunshine through the branches, and the splashing waterfalls,
 The cave off in the mountains, playing "Huckleberry Finn,"
 And Injun huts and wigwams, and the battles we was in.

And then there were the girls that lived and played about the town,
 Who came to dance and Sunday school from miles and miles around;
 Susette and Mary, dressed in bombazine and calico,
 With cheeks of pink and hearts of love—the girls I used to know;
 Their faces now are gone and strangers greet me at the door,
 And gone the trellised vine and bright red rose to bloom no more.
 I see away off yonder, in those days of youthful morn,
 Life's story then beginning, like Aurora's rosy dawn—
 Now at the twilight hour, sweeter dreams I ne'er can know;
 O come you back in fond review, the days of long ago!

DAWNS

By *Lawrence C. Woodman*

Early dawn.—The east in glory wakes!
 Fair is Aurora, luring the god of day—
 A song of a mating lark, her soul at play,
 Choruses through the world until it aches!
 Rosy morn goes whispering through green brakes
 That frame a highway, winding dim, to gray.
 But the sandy mists of the road find new array,—
 Wrapped in a flame that the spirit of morning makes!

Young, urged on, I'm off with the calling road!—
 My soul paints pictures of brakes and flowers and walls,
 And trees in bud, and grass, blue hill and vale.—
 But the slopes grow steep: my soul bears ill its load—
 Its mission—I compromise.—But a god recalls
 A Something I dreamed in youth, beyond the pale! . . .

EARLY SETTLERS OF NORTHWOOD

By J. M. Moses

The pages of Rev. E. C. Cogswell's History of Northwood will always be read with delight. Nothing but gratitude is due him for making this beautiful memorial, in "moments snatched from a busy life," preserving so much that would otherwise have been lost. He was too much a maker of history to have time for very extended research, which was then much more difficult than now. So much escaped his pen that I have been led to write a supplementary history of the early settlers, nearly as large as his. In this, as in my article in the last February-March number, I refrain from repeating Mr. Cogswell's history, and give only new matter.

Northwood Ridge was properly enough called Clark's Hill, as the Clarks were the first settlers, and came to own most of it. Jonathan was our first citizen in civil affairs, somewhat as John McClary was in Epsom. He kept tavern for many years, being first authorized in 1777. The town meetings were held at his house for the years 1779-1786. He was justice of the peace, our first representative, and always put forward in business requiring special intelligence.

About 1804 Rev. Eliphalet Merrill settled on the corner next his house, which was called Federal Corner. Here he edited and wrote the preface to our first New Hampshire Gazetteer in 1817, the materials for which had been mostly collected by his brother, Phinehas Merrill of Stratham. The book is now rare, and of great historical interest.

The land on which the church stands, and southward, was first occupied by Nathaniel Chandler, who came from Epping in 1775, soon removed to the Mead farm, and about 1783 to Sanbornton. See Chandler Genealogy. He was an active maker of history while with us. We find

him blacksmith, auctioneer, on the committee of safety, presiding over town meetings, going to war and carrying the flag, yet finding time, in 1781, to build a gristmill at the outlet of Harvey pond, where the dam raised the water so as to upset the log bridges on the Harmony road. He had so many irons in the fire that he neglected his fences. There is sacredly preserved in the town record an account of the impounding, appraisal, etc., of a stray steer by Jonathan Clark. It was his neighbor Chandler that paid the costs.

Levi Mead was in town in 1787, then "cordwainer," but "gentleman," by 1789, when he bought the Mead farm at the Ridge. He was prominent in town affairs, and became very much of a gentleman, if we are to judge by the extent of his landed possessions. He owned a great farm to the eastward of Blake's hill, including the Haley, latterly Breene, farm.

Going westward, the Akin farm was settled as early as 1774 by William Prescott, from Epping, later of Vershire, Vermont. He was a leading townsman and business man while here. The records speak of his fitting out a "boy" for Revolutionary service. He left town in 1789.

In this vicinity, during the Revolution, lived Benjamin Wadleigh, from Epping, probably later of Candia, his wife a sister of General Henry Dearborn. Like several others, he was a leading man while here, but soon gone.

By the Tucker brook, probably as early as 1768, settled Thomas and Elizabeth Piper, the son of Thomas and Tabitha (Rollins) Piper of Stratham. They were ancestors of our present Piper family, and probably the earliest settlers between East Northwood and the Narrows. He

had a lot of about two hundred acres. Town meetings were held at his house for the years 1775-1778. He was town clerk in 1776 and 1777.

He had a large family, of whom the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married, December 30, 1785, Peter Blaisdell, a blacksmith, who came here from Kingston, and became more noted for industry than piety. In 1799 Blaisdell wished to be excused from the minister tax. It was agreed to allow it if he would attend any kind of preaching one third of the time, and stop working Sundays. He had been too obliging to his wicked neighbors, who wished to have their horses shod Sundays.

Thomas Piper's eldest son, Thomas, Jr., had from his father thirty acres off the north end of the farm, now the farm of G. B. Small. He lived here a few years, having married Mary, daughter of Arthur Bennett. They had a son Joseph, who lived at the head of Bow Lake in Strafford, and was father of Arthur Bennett Piper of Northwood.

Thomas Piper, Sr., died in 1791, leaving an estate so much indebted that all the land had to be sold, including the reversion of the widow's third, so that the family became separated and disappeared from town.

Jeremiah Dow of Hampton bought the lot east of the town house in 1770, and settled on it, but sold January 11, 1773 to Valentine Keniston, from Lee, who held it twenty-two years, probably living on the site of the Godfrey residence. His wife was Comfort, daughter of Samuel Sias of Lee. The town records have the birth dates of six of their children, the names now gone. The dates: June 8, 1759; December 24, 1770; June 27, 1772; April 25, 1774; December 21, 1775; and June 7, 1780. They probably had sons, Nathaniel, Jonathan and Jeremiah.

The lot to the south, which now has the summer home of Miss Abbie Hill, was bought in 1789 by Dr. Benjamin Kelley, who lived there about nine

years, then removing to Gilmanton. A few years later it was bought by Daniel Tilton French, who lived here many years, rearing a large family. He came from Pittsfield, and had lived for some years on the Veasey farm.

The road northeasterly from the Centre was first made for Samuel Edgerley, who settled on the hill, about half a mile from the main road. He came from Madbury about 1790, and cleared a large farm, on which he was taxed for thirty years.

Harvey pond was at first called Long pond. The settlement of this region brings us to the consideration of an interesting family not mentioned in the History, the Dearborn family. Henry Dearborn, born in 1712, uncle of General Henry, married Margaret, sister of the John Sherburne born in 1723, who was son of a John born in 1688. This last John, according to family records, died in Northwood. If so, he was probably one of the two men over sixty years old found here by the census of 1773, as Henry Dearborn undoubtedly was the other.

Henry Dearborn and John Sherburne, Jr., came from Epping, where they were living on one farm in 1762. In Northwood they settled close together, perhaps in the same house, near the southwest shore of Harvey pond. A road was laid out for them March 10, 1774, of which the record is interesting: "Whereas there was a way wanting from Henry Dearborn's to Reuben Morgan's, we, the subscribers, have laid out a highway two rods wide beginning at the east side of Samuel Dearborn's land near Long pond, running north-westerly, as the way now goes, to John Sherburne's land, then running south-west to the way that goes from Sherburne Blake's to the range near said Morgan's house." This road went up Poor Farm Hill, and then followed the present roads to the Gulf road.

Henry Dearborn's eldest son was Samuel, born in 1738, who was a speculator in up-country lands. He

was "of Northwood" January 15, 1773, back in Epping the next July, where had wife Mary, and a daughter Hannah born; was of Epping "gentleman" in 1778; is said to have settled finally in Goshen, Vermont. He had bought the lands north and south of the west end of Harvey pond before April 1, 1772, and then sold Nicholas Blake of Epping the present Veasey farm, including the Academy lot, and to John Harvey the sixty acres next west.

Nicholas Blake was in Vershire, Vermont, in 1790, a place to which several other Northwood families went about this time. His farm, after several sales, was bought in 1809 by Jonathan Piper, who kept hotel there for many years.

Samuel Dearborn sold the land south of the pond to his brothers, Sherburne and Nathaniel, and to his cousin, Levi Dearborn, who was a brother of General Henry. Levi lived at the top of Poor Farm hill. He was town clerk 1779-1783, and served on many committees. He left town about 1784, and settled in Monmouth, Maine, which, like Vershire, Vermont, received many other Northwood settlers. See History of Monmouth.

Levi's farm, with the other Dearborn and Sherburne lands by the pond, was bought about 1890 by Col. Valentine Mathes of Lee, who lived there about thirty years. In 1852 the farm was taken for a town poor farm.

Sherburne Dearborn, born September 2, 1744, married in Kensington, October 41, 1768, Mary Keniston. Births of nine of his children, 1770-1787, are recorded in Northwood, namely, Samuel, Sarah, Benjamin, Sherburne, Edward, Mary, Margaret, Henry and Joseph. He removed to Gilmanton about 1789.

Nathaniel Dearborn, born 1756, married June 16, 1779, Betty Hill. They lived for a few years on the Harmony road; perhaps went to Vershire, Vermont, as Betty is said to have died there.

Henry Dearborn had also four

daughters: Jane, who married Timothy Osgood of Raymond, and was mother of Mrs. Michael Brown; Margaret, who married Jeremiah Haines of Epsom; Mary, who married William Prescott; and Love, who died unmarried in Epsom.

John Sherburne, Jr., and son Samuel soon removed to the Knowles district, where Samuel became a leading townsman. He was chosen selectman almost as soon as he was of age, and held the office four years. Later he was a great business man, and colonel in the militia. He died April 21, 1827. The Sherburne and Dearborn lands by the pond are now completely covered with forest, and few know that two of our best families pioneered there.

Blake's hill was settled by the brothers Asahel, Jonathan and Sherburne Blake, and their brother-in-law, Jacob Swain, who came in 1779 and took the place of Reuben Morgan, deceased. Asahel had the Piper, now Towle, farm. He was chosen to office at the first town meeting. He sold in 1788 to Jonathan Foss of Nottingham (son of Thomas), and removed to Monmouth. Sherburne Blake bought in 1768 land that included the Mayhew Knowlton, now Spencer, farm. He was chosen to office in 1774, and almost constantly for many years after. His wife, Dorothy (Harvey), died June 5, 1829, aged 79. He lived at Blake's hill till about 1805, then for fifteen years at the Centre, after which he returned to Epping, where he died March 2, 1822, leaving no children.

Jacob Swain was son of William (5), (John 4, William 3, William 2, Richard 1) of Hampton Falls. He became quite prosperous, and built the fine old colonial house, that is still in the family. He had no children, but brought up two, Samuel and Judith, children of his brother Reuben, who had come to town and settled on the Harmony road, but was drowned in Harvey pond July 28, 1780 (from which accident the pond

was sometimes called Swain's pond). Jacob bequeathed his homestead to his nephew William Swain, son of his half-brother, Phineas, who was also father of Jonathan Blake Swain.

The Hill farm, which has been in the family since April 24, 1795, was first improved by Phineas Blake (son of Jedediah, and cousin of the other Blakes), who was there in 1776, and for some ten years after. His wife, Ruth, was a sister of General Henry Dearborn, and they followed him to Monmouth. David Rollins, from Epping, had the farm 1778-1795, after which he lived at the Centre.

On the Deerfield road, about a mile from Deerfield line, settled Ephraim Small, who came from Canterbury about 1793. He died there November 28, 1841. He and wife Mary (Burleigh) left a family of five sons, William, Samuel, Moses, Josiah and John, and two daughters, Nancy, who married John Shute, and Lydia, who married William Watson of Nottingham. This John Shute was son of Joseph and Sally (Mead) Shute, who settled on this road as early as 1785. Joseph died in 1805 or 1806.

The Blake's hill district became well settled and prosperous. It will surprise some to learn that it had thirty-five men in 1825. The part called Griffintown was so named in the records as early as 1794, when the Gulf road was laid out. Its beauty of location, east of Pleasant pond, early attracted settlers, but it was unfortunate in the difficulty of giving it road connection with the rest of the town. For many years the inhabitants practically belonged to Deerfield. The Gulf road, after it was built, was so difficult to maintain that it took all the taxes of the region to keep it in repair.

Theophilus and John Griffin, from Deerfield, bought east of the pond in 1771 and 1772, and were probably soon located there. John's house was mentioned in 1781. Theophilus was "of Northwood" in 1784. He probably died about 1807, leaving

sons: John who married September 17, 1802, Patience Knight, both living in 1858, and Dominicus (whose mother, by his death record was named Eunice), who lived for a time in the bottom of the Gulf. He died in 1862, aged 78, leaving sons, Hiram, Theophilus and Eben.

John Griffin married Martha, daughter of Thomas Rand of Rand's Corner. Their children that lived to maturity were: Job, Theophilus, Edmund, Ruth, Polly, Thomas and John, Third. Of these, Theophilus left a son Hiram; Edmund lived in Chichester; Polly married Jonathan Edmunds, and lived in Griffintown; John, Third, married Mary McDaniels, lived in Griffintown, and had children: Josiah, Thomas, George, Jacob, Mary, Eliza, and others that died young.

Jonathan Folsom, soon after of Gilmanton, was in 1773 living near the northeast corner of Pleasant pond. In 1777 he sold his farm here to William Willey, who was probably a relative of Folsom's wife. Willey held the land forty years, and raised a large family, some of whose names probably were John Third, Isaac, Jonathan and Lydia.

Nathan Bartlett was an early settler east of the pond near Deerfield line. Charles Fernald succeeded him about 1791, and lived there many years.

The Knowles district is so well treated in the History that little needs to be added. Benjamin Hill arrived in 1771; his brother Robert probably as soon; Zebulon Norris by 1773; David Knowles by 1774. Norris had what was lately the Hayes, now Drake, farm. He removed to Loudon in 1781, succeeded here by Paul Wiggin, who removed to Lee soon after 1790. Robert Hill, after the death of Benjamin, sold to Samuel Sherburne, and removed to Nottingham. Simeon Knowles was here in 1777, Thomas Bennett, in 1783, Ebenezer, by 1785, Arthur, soon after. John Elliott, son of Jonathan of Ep-

ping, had the John Bennett, now Carlisle, farm 1791-1811; then sold to the Bennetts and removed to Corinna, Maine.

Samuel Durgin, of Durgin's hill, came from Lee soon after 1790. He was son of Jonathan and Judith (Edgerley) Durgin. He died in 1814 or 1815, his widow, Mary, July 27, 1836. He had sons: Nathaniel, who had the homestead, Samuel, of Roxbury, Maine, John, and, I suppose, Jonathan, Joseph and Jeremiah.

The Narrows village is on land settled by Bartletts, Bickfords, Johnsons and Hoyts. The line between Samuel Bartlett, on the west, and Solomon Bickford crosses the brook back of the church; that between Bickford and Moses Johnson passes through to old cemetery; that between Moses and Samuel Johnson passes through Sunnyside park. John Bickford lived south of his brother Solomon, near the Turnpike, his farm next west of the Tasker farm. He left town about 1800. Josiah Prescott had the place 1805-1822. Next west, Joshua Hoyt had a great farm, extending to Suncook pond, and as far north as Cemetery street.

Moses Johnson, brother of Samuel, was born April 13, 1746, and died April 8, 1821, a widow surviving him. He had wife Mary in 1794 and 1799. He owned many tracts of land, all of which he sold before his death, the last, the homestead, to his son Joseph, who had been of Sanbornton. Joseph married Nabby Doe, both of Northwood, August 28, 1796. October 8, 1821, Joseph and Nabby deeded the homestead to Jonathan Tasker of Pittsfield.

The town records give birth dates of three children of Moses Johnson, the names gone: December 23, 1770, October 16, 1772 and September 8, 1774. They were probably Elisha, Joseph and Samuel, and there was probably a younger son, John. Elisha married January 29, 1792, Ruth Elkins, daughter of Jeremiah and Keziah (Tuttle) Elkins, and

granddaughter of Daniel Elkins of Nottingham. He died, leaving children, Moses, Jeremiah, Warren, Mahala, and Hiram, and Ruth married, second, in 1811, John Bartlett. Samuel Johnson, son of Moses, lived on the border of Epsom and Deerfield. Gravestones in the old Epsom cemetery have inscriptions stating that Deacon Samuel Johnson died September 6, 1845, aged 71, and his wife, Catherine, February 8, 1859, aged 91. Betsey Johnson, daughter of Moses, married September 15, 1800, Elias Gove of Nottingham.

Samuel Dow, who settled between the Narrows and Blake's hill, was son of Benaiah of Epping, who was son of Philip (4) (Joseph 3, Joseph 2, Henry 1, of Hampton). Phineas Dow was son of Winthrop, who was a brother of Samuel. Phineas settled on the Turnpike soon after 1800, where he died April 14, 1845, and was succeeded by his son Eben.

Up near Epsom line settled, about 1795, the brothers Joseph and Stephen Emerson, sons of Macah, of Lee. Joseph removed to Barnstead about 1809, leaving his farm to his son Charles. Stephen lived last on the Edmunds farm. He sold in 1815, and removed to Livermore, Maine. His wife was Eunice Watson, and they had a son, Jonathan Watson Emerson.

James Stevens James, from Madbury, bought a part of the present James farm in 1779. In 1785 he had James Dearborn as an adjoining resident owner, I suppose on Richardson's hill, where John Rundlett of Deerfield bought in 1805, and was later succeeded by his son-in-law, Edward Richardson.

The Jenness pond region was early settled by related families from Salisbury, Mass., and vicinity. Some of them lived for a time in Hampton and Epping. The roots of their family history may be found in Hoyt's Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury. The first settlers were probably Nathaniel Morrill and his wife Elizabeth,

who were here in 1767, on the Emerson farm. They united with the Epsom church November 27 of that year, bringing letters from South Hampton. Caleb Clough, whose land adjoined theirs on the east, may have come as soon. He was here in 1774.

East of Clough, on land bordering on Strafford line, settled Morris Lamptrey (1737-1815), from North Hampton. He had bought in 1769; sold in 1782 to Capt. Samuel Buzzell of Barrington; after which he was in Epsom. This farm was then occupied for about fifty years by William Buzzell, who had a large family. It is now the summer residence of Dr. J. F. Merrill.

Samuel and Reuben Brown were on the Brown farm before 1790. They had a brother Benjamin, who lived in Pittsfield, Northwood and Deerfield. Reuben's daughter Deborah married Jonathan Watson (1793-1856), of Nottingham. The Browns and Watsons were long residents about the eastern end of the pond.

Nathaniel Morrill had sons: Nathaniel, Jr. (1746-1829), who had the homestead, and bequeathed it to his Emerson descendants; Hibbard, who was here 1790-1802 at the west of his father, on a farm that was occupied successively by Samuel Lawrence, Ballard Pinkham and James C. Locke; and Timothy, who lived in Barnstead. In 1790 Hibbard removed to Vermont. There is a little book in our State Library that gives an account of his descendants.

Caleb Clough was born about 1742; died in Northwood July 7, 1817. He came from Newbury to Hampton; was in the last French war in Captain Marston's company, going to Quebec, where he served from the spring of 1759 until late in the following autumn. He married Elizabeth Cooper, March 10, 1761. He and wife Elizabeth deeded in Northwood in 1786. She died in 1831. They lived on the west corner of the road to Strafford.

Their children, that lived to maturity, were: sons, Josiah, William and Benjamin, and daughters, Rhoda,

Sarah, Elizabeth, Judith and Mary. Josiah lived mostly in Pittsfield; had children: Lowell, Nancy, Caleb, Rhoda and Miriam. Benjamin was for many years a school teacher; left no children. William (1764-1845) married Sarah, daughter of Richard Swain of Barrington. They lived on a farm in Pittsfield, near Jenness pond, where the buildings were burned in 1900, and had children: Richard, Eliza, William, Joseph, Micajah, Judith, Daniel, Benjamin A. and Sarah P.

On the Pittsfield side of the pond lived also a Watson family, very much connected with Northwood. William Watson (1756-1827) came from Dover. He married August 17, 1779, Sarah Buzzell (1759-1855). They settled on the farm now owned by George B. Johnson. Their children (1780-1800) were: Stephen (1780-1855), Daniel, Hannah, William, Andrew, Betsey, Sarah, John, David, Solomon, and Mehetabel. This Stephen lived by the shore of the pond, where he had the farm for many years occupied by his grandson, Plumer Watson. His children were: David, who went to Waterville, Maine; Lydia, who married James Bickford of Northwood; Mehetabel, who married Daniel Clough; William, who married Maria Jane Davis, and lived in Northwood; and John Buzzell Watson, who married Fanny Blake and was father of Plumer Watson.

Other pioneers on the Pittsfield side were Jabez Tucker, by 1772, on the James, now Stimmells, farm, and Jonathan Fogg, who lived to the west of the schoolhouse. His sons, Simeon and Jeremiah, settled on Fogg's hill in Northwood about one hundred years ago, giving it their name.

Northwood furnished more than her share of Revolutionary soldiers, as is proved by the following entry in the town records, in the annual statement of March, 1793: "Received on account of hiring soldiers in the late war more than was our proportion, 16 pounds, 12 shillings, 7 pence."

This is greatly to our credit, considering how small and poor the town then was.

The following seventy-two men, and probably others, went into the war from or for Northwood. The

first two were minute men, perhaps not otherwise in service. The last eight may not have lived in Northwood; but we have no tax lists or other lists of people preserved for nine years after the Association Test:

William Blake	Joseph Grant	William Prescott
Eliphalet Taylor	John Harvey	Stephen Rollins
Abraham Batchelder	Benjamin Hill	Benjamin Sanborn
Simon Batchelder	Nicholas D. Hill	Jonathan Sanborn
John Bickford	Robert Hill	Samuel Sherburne
John Blake	Daniel Hoitt	Joseph Stevenson
Nicholas Blake	Stephen Hoitt	Phineas Swain
Phineas Blake	Richard Hoitt	Samuel Trickey
Henry Butler	Benjamin Johnson	Nathaniel Twombly
Solomon Buzzell	John Johnson	Elijah Wadleigh
Joseph Caswell	Samuel Johnson	Simon D. Wadleigh
John Chandler	Valentine Keniston	William Wallace
Nathaniel Chandler	John Knight	William Watson
Caleb Clough	David Knowles	Andrew Willey
Nathaniel Dearborn	Simeon Knowles	Charles Willey
Sherburne Dearborn	Ebenezer Knowlton	John Willey
Joseph Demeritt	Reuben Morgan	Andrew Adams
Benjamin Dow	Hibbard Morrill	Charles Cook
Ebenezer Durgin	Nathaniel Morrill	Jacob Davis
Joseph Durgin	John Murray	Thomas Fernald
Philip Fowler	David Norris	James Murray
William Glidden	James Norris	Simon Taylor
James Godfrey	Moses Norris	(Levi Hutchinson?)
Solomon Giles	Zebulon Norris	(Joseph Libby?)

OUR COUNTRY

By Martha S. Baker

There's a land to my heart ever dear,
Sound her name but to ring out a cheer,
'Tis the land of the free and the brave,
Where the Stars and the Stripes proudly wave.

On her altars of *freedom and right*,
Are the fires of devotion kept bright;
In her temples the incense of praise
To the God of our fathers we raise.

Loyal guard we her gates—they are wide—
Guard our home for which patriots died;
We, their children, will cherish, defend,
For our home even life we will spend.

May no traitor's base act e'er betray,
Nor an alien dishonor, we pray,
This fair land we so fondly call *home*,
This the dearest 'neath heaven's high dome.

We're allied with all nations who fight
 For a world free from tyranny's might,
 Where the strong help the weak loads to bear,
 Each his good with his brother doth share.

Sons and daughters shall kneel at her shrine,
 And the Stars in "Old Glory" still shine,
 Like a torch to illumine and to guide,
 Till *democracy's road is world-wide.*

SOMETIMES WE'LL KNOW

Anonymous

Sometime, when this life's cares are o'er and ended,
 When earthly troubles vex our souls no more,
 When with Eternity Time's years are blended,
 And we are gathered on the farther shore—
 Then we shall know!

Then we shall know the now unraveled reason
 For all the changing fortunes of this life,
 For hours of light, and dark days in their season,
 For scenes of pleasure and of care and strife—
 Yes, we shall know!

Sometime, when all Life's riddles have been solved,
 The tangled threads of Fate all straightened out,
 When clouds have passed, the dark'ning mists dissolved,
 And Faith, serene, stands in the place of doubt—
 Then we shall know!

Yes, we shall know why friends, we deemed unfailing,
 Forsook us when the hour of trial came,
 When Faith was weak, and prayer was unavailing,
 And vain seemed every earthly hope and aim—
 Yes, we shall know!

Yes, we shall know why all the heartache and the sorrow
 Which burdens this poor mortal life today,
 Is needed, that the coming fair tomorrow,
 May bear us onward in the better way—
 Yes, we shall know!

Sometime, when we have passed from scenes terrestrial,
 To all earth's joys and heartaches said "goodbye,"
 When we have reached the higher realms celestial,
 Then we shall know the *wherfore* and the *why*—
 Yes, then we'll know!

ALONG OUR SHORE

By B. B. P. Greene

The Piscataqua River flows between Kittery, Maine and Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In the early days all the land round about was given to a company through the King's Council. This tract was called the Laconia Grant. Later this land came into the possession of two "promoters" who were members of the company,—Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and Capt. John Mason. The last named took for his share the west side of the Piscataqua River and established his plantation at Odiorne's Point, which was in the original limits of Portsmouth. The baronial estate which he planned, was to be called "My Country of New Hampshire" or "Manor of Mason's Hall." His stewards and agents were of one mind with him in this business venture. Servants to labor, and everything to labor with, were sent from England to establish a "fishery"; which necessitated the erection of salt works. Sawmills were also built, and fur trading with the Indians was to be carried on, while the earth was to yield an abundant harvest, with especial reference to the cultivation of the vine.

But Captain Mason died in 1635 without ever having seen his dominion (although his descendants came to this country, and in 1646 sold the title to this New Hampshire land). Captain Mason's death naturally halted operations somewhat until some sort of settlement, for his widow in England evidently had not unbounded faith in this project, and lacked confidence in its financial returns. For that reason she neglected to send funds or furnish supplies.

Many left the settlement for other places, but the agents and stewards who had managed thus far, worked on the problem left for them "to solve,

and for their services divided the houses and goods and then proceeded to business. Those who had chosen to remain and continue what had been begun, had, by 1640, formed a government among themselves. They were men of "good repute and some account for religion." But their church was the Church of England and the Massachusetts Puritans, having eliminated the pomp and ceremony of that church in their simpler form of worship, disliked such a settlement and they felt suspicious of the influence these men might have with the king, lest he should impose the old form of the Established Church upon them.

From what has been handed down of the remarks and written words of our Piscataqua pioneers it seems they must have used a lot of picturesque language towards the "Bay" people; but I suppose we get the heated words of the rank and file, while the expressions of the Bay folks are confined to those in authority, who used more discretion in expressing themselves.

John Winthrop, who was governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, seemed to feel devoutly thankful when Captain Mason died. He seemed to think it was a just retribution on this Episcopal settlement; for in a letter, writing of Captain Mason's death, he said: "But the Lord in mercy taking him away all the business fell on sleep." The governor seemed to hold a very poor opinion of them as individuals and as a whole. In speaking of another member he said "He lives wickedly," and to return the compliment the governor was called "a rogue and a knave"; relieving his pent feelings more fully he volunteered the information that "they all were at the Bay."

One of these energetic and rather

humorous men being in England on business, or pleasure, in 1632, said of the "Bay" men, "They would be a peculiar people to God but they all goe to the Devil." He also in exasperation added, "They are a people not worthy to live on God's earth."

Governor Winthrop had remarked that "some of them are professed enemies to the way of our churches." And these professed enemies of the Winthrop colony answered: "That fellows that keep hoggs there all the week preach there on the Sabbath," and "They count all men out of their church as in a state of damnation."

Naturally at this place there bred an animosity toward the strong Bay Colony, for it held a government over them that they felt should not be. It would seem that neither said or did much—one to the other—that the other would have had said, or done, unto them.

So leaving our first settlers in the safe harbor of Portsmouth, we take our way from the rocky shores of the Piscataqua, out where ocean waves pound and a surge of waters troubles all the way to a "Bound Rock" at the mouth of Hampton River, with its date "A. D. 1657." And back here on their land boundary they erected in 1634 a "Bound House" at Winneconett (Hampton). Between this boundary and Portsmouth the length of our coast is less than a score of miles, with homes on beach and cliff so near to one another that in no place a call could not be heard from home to home.

Most of the beaches are gently shelving all along the shore. In their long slope toward the deep lurks no undertow, and on the firm and glistening sands there is scarcely a shell or stone to mar these perfect bathing places. Long curving strips of beaten silver, where you look across their shining crescents stand mammoth rocks on guard, while the surf pounds its foam-lashed waters against their wave-worn battlements. Again you find boulders strewn along the way;

round and smooth with the wear of waters. Between them tangled weed and shell, with the ruffled streamers of the sea-kale, that move in the restless pools like some slow crawling things.

Some of the wave-washed sand on beach and dune has been protected by a breakwater, as part of this low-lying shore is owned by the United States Government, and in time all along the way Old Neptune, in his angry moods, will expend in useless stormings, his strife to gain more of a stronghold that will be stubbornly defended against the ocean's warfare which has often broken through the dunes in its rampage, leaving furrows plowed by these battling waves, and a shore strewn with stone, weed and shell; gifts flung ungraciously, and as thanklessly received.

The man-made defences that have taken the place of sandy dune will neither advance nor retreat, there to hold their own as allies of the dune and rock, standing fortifications that have done their part for long ages. Many of the dunes were builded by perhaps, a small piece of timber cast upon the shore from the drift of wreckage, after the taking of old ocean's toll; around it gathered bits of seaweed, shell and stone, to give the grains of sand a resting place, with every wind and tide to help along in the building of these tiny mountains by the sea.

The bayberry and wire beach grass root grow on their umber gray; they help to hold with tough and clinging strength, these shifting wind blown hills,

Of whirling sands that drifting, grow
To build a dune of their decree;
With rugged batteries of stone
They make defence against the sea.

Along our shore the graceful flood gull wings its way or settles down to rest upon the wave, while all along the beach sandpipers mince along with rocking steps to pick the dainty bits they see along their way. In the sand are excavations where you find

the plover has laid her eggs; four, of creamy color, and speckled over with little dots of brown. This piping plover and family stay the winter months along a southern shore, leaving their summer home early in October, to return in the spring.

Where the crow has builded its nest and raised its young there it will return, for that is home. Those from our inland hills when the cold becomes too severe, flock to the warmer coast of their native state, and feast upon the translucent berry of the bay, spending their time beside this winter sea.

In a walk not many years ago, as age reckons the years, places were found along the beach where long stretches of shining sands were without sign of habitation to detract from the view of distant beach, which merged into the seascape, as the lapping water on the sand blended into the sand itself.

When the shimmering haze of fall hung over the sea and earth, you felt to dream away such a day by the ocean, with no other sound to break the throbbing stillness. You saw the limitless sea with the distant Isles of Shoals upon it resting; beyond whose smoky blue ships sailed into the unknown from out the range of vision. Or, standing on the Great Boar's Head, was a wide sweep from Cape Ann to Portsmouth, with River-Mouth Rocks showing their wicked heads when the tide was low, or angry waters tumbling there when at its flood, while western wind across the marshes brought the odor of the sweet-gale, purpling in the salt grass where it grew.

And these same marshes were probably one reason, and an important one, in the settlement of Winnecunett in 1638—a thousand acres of waving grass in these salt meadows which were as level as a prairie. In 1639 a request was made by the Rev. Stephen Bachilor that "Winnacunnet shal bee called Hampton." Which was one of the four original towns of New Hampshire.

Many of the first settlers were farmers, but fishing was not neglected, for in 1656 Sargent's Island was appropriated for the use of fishermen to build stages for the curing of fish. Ships were built and sailed from Hampton; big ships, little ships, sloops, whaleboats and dories; one little sloop, built in 1705, in which civic pride was such that this note of her has been recorded: She sailed from Hampton to Boston every week, arriving at her landing place on every Saturday night for six weeks in succession; making the round trip each week. Sixteen tons and no guns, navigated by two men. Her clearance papers stated that, "She hath loaden and taken on pine boards and staves." In an old United States Government Report of 1836, it says of Hampton's whaleboats, "They will beat up Boston Bay in a nor'wester when a ship cannot."

The old boats have gone, and many of the old homes. Time has changed the old town's boundaries, but other towns, other boats, and other homes have more than filled their places.

Rye Beach claims about one-third of the coast line; included within its limits are the beaches of Wallis Sands, and Foss Beach, their old name being Sandy Beach.

The first settlement on this shore was at Odiorne's Point about 1623. But the town was incorporated April 30, 1726, and was taken from Portsmouth, Greenland, Hampton and the largest part from New Castle. It is one of the most delightful summer resorts on the New England coast, having about six miles of water front. The summer tides and summer suns have worn a groove of modern change along this shore of homes, and the days are not spent as were the summer days of old.

Some of the first settlers at Odiorne's Point discovered "The great harbor of the Piscataqua" by chasing a goose round Great Island. This island is now called New Castle and not so long ago you could rest in the

embrasures of the old fort and hear the bell-buoy toll its warning out across the deep, swung and rung by waves that surged along the shore and broke against the foundations of old Fort Constitution. Its granite mass still stands, but modern defences have been erected on the island, with men to guard and protect the entrance to New Hampshire's only harbor.

Until the snows of winter cover, wild flowers bloom all through the tangled wood of the island, from the first violet in the spring until October's gift of color, flaming in the woodbine over your head, and in the goldenrod and aster all along the way; while in some damp spot under your feet, you may find Mr. Jack-in-the-pulpit. Not many of his family seemed to be about. If the Indians on Great Island hungered for their favorite dish they must have had to go to the mainland to dig its root, for not much of the island seems suited to its growth. By sampling a bit of the root you will understand why the Indian boiled the "bite" out before introducing it into his system. It is a tender plant, as graceful as any of the orchid family, unless it be the tropical air plant variety. It is in the spring time when Jack stands in his pulpit with the sounding board above, while underneath the "Indian's turnip root will in another spring send forth to the world again more of his children.

Among the rocks in the pasture stood the mullen, stately and tall, with its soft velvet green and spiked yellow bloom. To gather the leaves for winter's use was the duty of every good housewife; for mullen, wet with vinegar and bound about some human neck with red flannel, was surely the "major cure" for sore throat. If a disciple of "mind over matter" wished to illustrate his theories such a patient would be a living, burning example, if cured, and they could be persuaded that the mullen was only the means to an end.

The deep pink of thoroughwort

stood as pertly at your feet, as in the days when Indian medicine men used it as a spring tonic. Joe Pye, the Indian herb doctor of Pilgrim days, claimed to cure typhus fever with its brew; and the anguished shaking of the bones in an ague patient were supposed to cease their chilling rattle, and rest, after imbibing freely of this bitter drink. The name "boneset" is said to have been thus acquired. And Joe made his name immortal in the use of the "Joe Pye weed" as it is also called.

Beside the roads that rose and dipped, winding, crooked and rock filled, stood old homes. Some faced the sea, and some the rutted roadway; roofs, moss-grown and of ancient architecture. Tiny and time glazed were the windowpanes where you seemed to see worn patient faces behind them, watching, waiting for return of husband or son—when waves pounded on the shore or fogs came in and shut the land from the sea; and some, you felt, would watch and wait until the sea gave up its dead.

These quaint houses of the past were beautiful. Only Time, with his pigments and patient brush, could have given them the softness here pictured, with the huge square chimneys of age-stained brick, against the silver of the deep, with the ocean view itself, and all the beauty that lay spread about—rugged shore, and old brown boats, rocking on the tide, with sailing ships outward bound from that harbor, where in 1699 the Earl of Bellemont wrote the Lords of Trade of this Piscataqua: "It is a most noble harbor, the biggest ships the king hath can lie against the bank at Portsmouth."

This island was the most fashionable part of Portsmouth until 1693. In the records of New Castle, which were supposed to have been lost, but were returned from England some years ago, it was found that on the 30th day of May, 1693, in the fifth year of the reign of William and Mary,

the town was granted a charter, and Great Island became New Castle, with Little Harbor and a part of Rye. That same year they built a church; for the people of the Island had been attending worship at the South Church in Portsmouth (built in 1638) and many times they were in peril of their lives by angry seas in the going.

In 1706 New Castle built a new and finer place of worship than even Portsmouth had. A clear toned bell was brought from England, an altar piece, and a silver communion service, with a "splendid silver cup"; the cup being given by the sister of Sir William Pepperell.

At New Castle the governor and many notable men had their homes. Standing here was Fort William and Mary (later Fort Constitution), where we suppose was observed His Majesty's Birthday, with the firing of cannon round the ramparts of the fort; and bumper to the health of king, queen and princes, with as many toasts to other highnesses, as would in the end make a gentleman only decently drunk; for at night there must have been a ball at the governor's mansion, where, gorgeously bedight in clothes of rich and varied colors, satin and gold lace, with peruke, powder and patch, they danced the minuet in stately grace, the contra-dance, or the latest dances introduced from France—the gayest town of any round about.

And, later, when Colonel Wallbach was in command at the fort, it was a social center for fashionable folks, with morning and evening parades and music by the band, which it is said contained every known instrument of martial music. There in imagination we can picture the belle and beau of that olden time strolling on the shore, or ascending the bluff—where, spread before them, lay Portsmouth and the sea.

At the time of which I write, you could wander at will along through the fort and on the rise where stands

old Wallbach Tower, whose interior was cluttered with crumbling brick and broken stone. Around the inside at its base were caverned arches of brick, a shelter in need for those whose duty it was to guard this place. In the center had been built a round pillar of stone (where for completeness you might wish to see a gun mounted on its carriage to swing for any quarter upon its top). Fort Constitution stood in solid firmness, with its interior piled high with massive blocks of hewn granite, that had never found their proper resting place. In the arched embrasures many guns were mounted. There also were casemates, seemingly waiting for their cannon to protect this roofless castle. Yet the thought that went into its construction, would amount to more in defence of this island today, than would its granite face.

History says that, in 1631, several cannon and other warlike implements were sent from England, and placed on "the northeast point of Great Island, at the mouth of the great harbor," which they called Fort Point; and in 1700 there were said to have been thirty guns mounted to defend the river. This fort was called Fort William and Mary for the king and queen whose reign was from 1689 to 1702. This old brick fort had badly crumbled, and the broken material had fallen so that ascent had been made possible—for that day a brindled cow grazed along its grass grown parapet. The sally-port was filled with the accumulations of age, and the port-cullis hanging, grown old with time and disuse, rusted and at rest, high above, with free passage for the enemy to walk beneath.

Rotting wharves in the little cove were hung with seaweed. Slime covered piles thrust through the sagging timbers. A few flakes for drying fish still stood; they told their tale of past activity, when her sailor sons brought in their loaded dories. Their "weather report" was read from the

sky. They knew the tonnage of the clouds and where they would discharge their cargoes. They knew pretty much what the cargo was and judged well in their preparations to receive it.

Sometimes it was a hard won battle, lasting through wild days and nights without a beacon on the lonely waste of waters. But this day, out where you felt the surge of ocean, was Whale-Back Light; two towers of stone on the solid rock, standing fifty-eight feet above sea level. This light was built in 1828. On the island just beside the fort was Fort Point Light, built in 1771.

And when the west had dipped her banners,
Furled them for the close of day;
Then the sea reflected colors
From Fort Point Light, and
The light from Whale-Back;
Gleaming out across the way—

To guide the mariner through the entrance to this harbor “Where the biggest ships the king hath can lie against the bank. . . .” (In the time of the Revolutionary War, this harbor was protected from the

enemy by Fort Constitution and Fort McCleary on the Maine shore.) Standing here you could almost see the old ships sail past, with their low bows and high carved sterns. There were the gilded and ornamental ships of France and Spain reflected in these waters.

You felt the romance that must be hidden in the old gray homes, in the island town itself, and in the grass grown graves, whose inscriptions of rude lettering told earthly name of those long buried. And many graves were only known by little hollows and hillocks which told their silent tale.

As the yellow sunset tinged the foam flecked waters, lighting the autumn woods of russet and brown, it struck a shaft of silver across the old slate stones

Whose lengthened shadows in the twilight
Reaching, touched mound after mound.
While from the shore the restless waters
Made a moaning, sobbing sound.
There a mist came slowly creeping
To spread its veil where the ocean lay,
And the darkness grew and deepened
On the graves—at close of day—

A THRUST FROM OUR OWN

By Sarah Fuller Bickford Hafey

We plod on life's journey, from youth to old age,
Propelled, by ambition and income and wage;
And stave through all hindrance, with strong sturdy arm,
O'ercoming all obstacles, grief or alarm.

And truly are thankful, for seeming success,
Good, from our approval, be it more or less;
And while we are groping and working and whirled,
Help many poor stragglers, along this old world.

But, one thing can hurt us and cripple us, too,
Especially when it is far from our due;
The thrust is so deep, *when we're struck by our own*,
That trying our best, we can't stifle a moan.

The wounds are near mortal, the pain is immense,
And makes a scar deeper than other offense;
And will God in mercy, such base wrong forgive,
And teach erring tyrants “*to live and let live*”?

SUNS OF THE NIGHT

By Charles Nevers Holmes

Myriads and myriads of suns shine upon us by day as well as by night but King Sol outshines them all by day. Therefore we see only one sun during daytime, but after Sol has set then the other stars begin to sparkle one by one. Some of them are bright, some are dim, yet all of them, if we except an occasional planet, are suns—suns smaller than, as large as, or larger than our own Sun. The whole darkened heavens are gloriously ablaze with them, but upon every clear night some particular star appears to shine more brilliantly than any of the others.

Let us seek a dark, secluded spot beneath the starlighted firmament. Overhead there are myriads of suns twinkling brightly, but nevertheless, one of these is preëminent in its splendor. Let us study carefully this brilliant sky-gem. It is as real a sun of night as King Sol is sun of day. How it glitters, flashing with colors. It is certainly very beautiful, this sun of night. Surely it cannot be vastly remote, sparkling so brightly amid the darkened dome. Of course such a star must be farther away than our own Sun, more distant than 93,000,000 miles. Possibly it may be a hundred times as far to yonder glittering sun. No?—well, then, a thousand times. Or even ten thousand times! Let us consider the matter more thoughtfully. After all those myriads of twinkling stars do seem to be at an enormous distance from us. Indeed, they are so far off that we cannot really see them, no shining disk, as in the case of our Sun, being visible to us. And then we feel no heat from them, not the slightest warmth, whereas King Sol blazes in the firmament like a veritable sky-furnace. Moreover when we compare them with our Sun and remember that so many of them are as large

as or much larger than he, we begin to believe that these sparkling stars are even more remote from us than ten thousand times the 93,000,000 miles which lie between our Earth and King Sol.

It takes light only about eight minutes to pass from the Sun to our world, whereas it takes light approximately four and one-third years to travel from the nearest known sun of night to our planet! In other words, that nearest known sun of night, Alpha Centauri, by name, is distant not ten thousand times, not a hundred thousand times, but somewhere around two hundred and seventy-five thousand times as far as it is to our Sun. So that, in all probability, every twinkling star in the darkened dome overhead must be at a distance of or more than 275,000 times 93,000,-000 of miles. That is to say, all of the suns amid night's firmament are 25,000,000,000,000 or more miles remote from us.

Now let us consider what such vast remoteness really means. In the darkened firmament the brightest of tonight's suns is shining upon us just as it shone during the nights of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. Of course, through past centuries, it has changed slightly its firmamental position, for everything material in our universe is in motion, more or less, including our own Sun and his solar system. Now, as we know, Alpha Centauri is distant about 275,000 times as far as it is to King Sol. Then, for example, we will say that this brightest of tonight's suns is at a distance approximately twice as far as Alpha Centauri. This is about the distance of Sirius, popularly known as the Dog-star, whose appearance is most brilliant of all the suns of night, a distance of eight and six-tenths light-years or twice that of Alpha

Centauri. Accordingly Sirius would be twice 275,000 times 93,000,000 miles or around 550,000 times as far as it is from our Earth to the Sun. Therefore were we to board in the future some sort of sidereal craft and speed with a velocity of, say, 1,000 miles per second towards brilliant Sirius, we should arrive near his surface, provided all went well, about sixteen centuries after our death!

And brilliant Sirius is the second nearest known sun of night visible to us without the assistance of the telescope. He is by comparison a "neighbor" of our solar system, and his distance seems almost like a cipher when we consider the remoteness of many of the suns of night. It is true that not a few of the stars which we perceive with unassisted sight are less than a hundred light-years away; but some of the so-called first-magnitude suns, suns that shine very conspicuously, are several hundred light-years distant. It has been proven satisfactorily that light speeds with a velocity of about 186,000 miles per second, and we begin to appreciate vaguely the size of the darkened dome above us when we ponder upon the distance of some sun whose rays, speeding with such great velocity, take a hundred or more years to reach our Earth. Indeed, none of the sparkling stars, despite the swiftness of light, informs us of its present history. It is certainly most probable that all of the suns that seem to twinkle tonight are in existence, but we are not absolutely sure. What changes may occur between the time that their rays leave their fiery surfaces and the time that those rays arrive at the terrestrial surface, are somewhat conjectural. Not until those rays are actually visible, are we certain that no change has taken place in one of the suns of our universe. It is true that we seem to see Sirius sparkling and scintillating tonight in all his usual splendor, but we do not perceive Sirius of tonight, we discern his rays as they were eight and six-

tenths years ago. Indeed, we do not really see Sirius at all, for it is impossible that we can discern his disk, shining approximately 50,000,000,000,000 miles distant from us.

These solar rays are, therefore, the sidereal historians of our universe. Moreover, they tell us about the size and motions of these various distant stars. Having measured our own terrestrial dimensions and having found the distance from our Earth to the Sun, by a series of careful calculations astronomers are able to announce the remoteness of not a few stars; but as yet the distances of most of the so-called "fixed stars" remain uncomputed. Respecting the exact sizes of these suns of night, astronomers have obtained, as in the case of their distances, more or less of an approximation. It is, however, certain that all of the first-magnitude stars are much larger than our own Sun, and that were King Sol placed close to any of these other monarchs of the firmament he would be practically invisible, owing partly to distance, partly to the brilliance of the other sun. With regard to the motions of these shining bodies, such movements are detected after some time, by observing the firmamental positions of the different stars. Some of the suns are moving more rapidly than others and a change in their sky-positions is discovered sooner than when the motion across the firmament is slower or when a star is at a great remoteness. The velocities of many suns have been calculated, varying from a few miles per second to a hundred or more miles.

The solar rays tell us, also, some other information about these twinkling stars. Their light has been analyzed, that is, passed through a glass prism and otherwise studied, and the resulting colors and bands, called a "spectrum," have been used not only to discover what metals exist on these suns but also whether these suns are approaching or receding from our Earth. In this way, it was found

that Alpha Centaurus is approaching our solar system with the "radial velocity" of thirteen and seven-tenths miles per second and that Sirius is also coming nearer, only more slowly. It certainly seems remarkable that these light-rays which have travelled trillions of miles through interstellar space, whose source seems so insignificant compared with the radiant glory of our own Sun, should be capable of revealing so much to us respecting the sidereal characteristics of that source. Certainly, Sirius is very brilliant and spectacular during the cold, clear nights of winter; but that we should be able to interpret the meaning of his light after its journey of some fifty trillion miles, is, to say the least, a remarkable phenomenon.

Such are the suns of night, not only jewel-ornaments of God's glorious firmament but also glittering sky-monuments, proclaiming His eternal might and majesty. Created out of fiery chaos, moving about accom-

panied by small or large systems of satellites, these firmamental gems sparkle all around the solar system containing our Sun, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. How far these stars continue, whether or not they are present beyond the confines of the remote Milky Way we are, as yet, not absolutely certain. But that they exist in myriads we are sure. And they shine upon us by day as well as by night, some of them bright, some of them dim, some smaller than, others as large as, or larger than, our own Sun. Around and around him year after year our little planet-home revolves swiftly, and thus these suns of night seem constantly to change their positions in the firmament; but we know that the real change of the so-called "fixed stars" is very gradual and that apparently brilliant Sirius will be in exactly the same place firmamentally a year hence where he is scintillating and sparkling tonight.

A PRAYER

By Amy J. Dolloff

Through chaos and mist, when time was young,
Thy mighty word was said,
And light and beauty and life were formed,
And over the new world spread.

Thy mighty word had strength and power
To work Thy glorious will,
And down through the ages it thrilled all life,
And moves with the same power still.

Now humbly we bow and beseech Thy grace
To speak to all men today,
And end the chaos of strife and stress
That over the earth has way.

O speak Thy word to those who rule
Wherever war's dark stream rolls,
And, while we wait for Thy light and peace,
Put iron, O God, in our souls.

“PINEHURST”

“How Mildred Jones Helped Father”

By Helen Adams Parker

“Oh, dear!” sighed Mildred Jones’ father, replacing a slip of paper in its envelope and laying it on his desk, “the usual rent bill, and prices of everything higher than ever—will this house *ever* be paid for?”

Mildred looked up to hear what her father was saying. Going to the back of his chair she patted his head where it was getting a wee bit bald.

“Never mind, father,” she said. “Johnny got first prize for speaking and will soon be old enough to help you, the twins did not die with the measles, and anyway, the dear old house is just beautiful if we do not own it yet—and sometime we *will*,” she added confidently. “So don’t worry, father dear, ‘there’s a good time coming!’” and she ran out of the room for her mother was calling her to help get supper.

But affairs did not brighten in the Jones household.

The twins caught cold and were sick again, requiring the time and patience of the whole family to take care of them, as well as more of the doctor’s visits. Johnny must have a new suit for high school graduation. The rent bills continued to come, and, to cap the climax, the doctor said the twins must have a change of air, “And you better go too, Tom,” he said to Mr. Jones, “if you don’t want an illness yourself—you look like Marley’s ghost!”

An aunt living on the Maine coast had invited them many times to make her a long visit; so this decided them to accept, and Johnny was allowed to go, as he had studied so hard in school, and “he will be such a help with the twins,” his mother added.

Grandma Lane came to stay with Mildred, but she was not very strong, and the responsibility of the house

would devolve mainly upon Mildred, who, although she was the oldest, had never been left alone before in her life.

“Be a good girl, and don’t forget Rover and the chickens,” said her father as he bade her goodbye, and he put a two hundred dollar bill in her hand for expenses.

After they drove away Mildred drew a long breath. “How lonesome I shall be!” she said to her best girl friend, Nora Sammons, who was there to see them off.

“Never mind,” said Nora, “I will stay with you, I will run over this very minute and ask mother.”

She soon returned with permission to stay, and the two girls went into the dining-room and began to clear the table, for they had just had dinner.

It was a large house that the Jones family lived in, set up on a knoll, very cool looking, white with green blinds and a wide piazza in front. Pine trees entirely surrounded it, and some particularly tall ones grew in front.

Behind was the barn and hen house, and back of them an orchard sloped down to a little lake. Over the front door of the house was “Pinehurst,” in big gilt letters.

Mildred was just getting some wood from the woodhouse to heat water for the dishes when a large automobile stopped in front of the gate and seven people got out.

They came up to the piazza and seeing Mildred said, “Can we have some dinner? We have come a long way and are fearfully hungry!”

Mildred looked up in surprise.

“Why! isn’t this a hotel?” one of the ladies said. “We thought it was, it is so large and with the name over the door. But,” she added

coaxingly, "couldn't we have just a bite? We haven't had a thing to eat since we started from the mountains early this morning."

"You are welcome to what we have," said Mildred, and she ran to get chairs for them on the piazza.

Taking a large pitcher of ice cold milk from the refrigerator and a plate of ginger cookies from the pantry, she carried them out to the strangers.

"You can eat these until dinner is ready," she said.

Meanwhile Nora had re-set the table, and together they re-heated the dinner. Fortunately it had been an unusually good one in honor of the family's going away. There was spring chicken, and they warmed over the potatoes. There was fresh lettuce from the garden, also beets, peas and tomatoes. When all was ready, Mildred asked them to come into the dining-room.

"Oh, how good it all looks!" they cried in chorus and they ate and ate until not a crumb remained.

Then Mildred brought fresh strawberries and strawberry ice-cream, with more ginger cookies.

"What shall I pay you?" said the gentleman in charge of the party, when they were ready to go.

"Oh nothing!" Mildred answered, "You are quite welcome."

"But may we not stop and help you with the dishes?" said the ladies.

"No, indeed," said Mildred, "Nora and I can do them very quickly."

They left with most cordial goodbyes.

When Mildred took up one of the plates in clearing the table she found a crisp new twenty dollar bill hidden under it.

"What luck," she said, "I will keep it to give father to help pay for the house."

A few days later two young men and girls came in the same way.

As they insisted on paying her, Mildred asked them each a quarter.

"It is much too little," they said, and handed her ten dollars.

From that time, all through the summer people came almost every day and one party asked to stay all night in the cool front chambers.

When the family returned at the end of the summer, a smiling face met father in the hallway.

"Here father are your two hundred dollars and five hundred dollars besides," said Mildred triumphantly, and then she told him what she had done.

Mr. Jones was greatly pleased. "Why! Milly," he said, "this does me more good than my summer's trip—but, dear child, I shall take but the two hundred dollars and will put the rest in the bank for you. You have well earned it, besides—Aunt Isabel has given us the house. And," he added with a sly wink, "you may need it later for your wedding fixings!"

For Nora's big brother was just opening the gate.

AIM HIGH

By Georgie Rogers Warren

Aim at the moon, you might hit a star, and shine.

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

So aim at the moon again;

And even your enemies will say, "We'll not fight him—
He'll win—some day."

We doff our hat to no one, and why should we, pray,
When we've whipped every rebel flag of the nations
Up to the present day?

So we will aim at the moon again—and win—
But when?

IN A NEW HAMPSHIRE GARRET

By Norman C. Tice

Memories of an olden time are recalled as I climb the narrow stairway leading to the attic. Here are treasures of the long ago hanging from the dusty rafters, while others still more cherished are wrapped in tissue paper, scented with the fragrant lavender or the crisp leaves of faded roses, and hidden from the eyes of the curious in brass-bound trunks. The sunshine streams in through the dusty window panes and softens the dusky gloom that lurks in the corners beneath the low sloping roof.

Among this conglomeration of relics of a bygone day are the joys and sorrows of a generation that has passed. Here is the low rocker where some fond mother hushed her baby to sleep as she sat in the warm glow of the firelight. The armchair beckons in vain for some grandfather to settle in its capacious arms again and smoke his evening pipe. Here are the cradle and the broken toys of some child who grew up and left the childish things for broader visions of life. All the comic and pathetic instances of the past are recalled by these mute tokens of a former day.

In this low garret, with its sloping roof, are the firearms that were borne by a past generation in the great struggle for liberty. The years of strife that occurred during the making of the state are now written in a few short paragraphs on the pages of our histories.

Here are the clusters of dried herbs, gathered by the careful hand of the housewife and hung on the rafters ready for use. They are now a mass of powdery dust. On the shelf are the candlesticks, some broken china and pottery, and a tarnished silver tea-urn that graced the evening meal in the evenings of long ago.

Near the window the idle spinning wheel sleeps in the sun. It is heavily draped with the gossamer-like threads of the ever busy spiders. Beneath

the eaves is the old clock that used to tick so loudly in the old kitchen. It is silent now, save when some intruder sets the loose springs into vibration as he treads the creaking boards beneath his feet.

I open one of the trunks and a faint odor of some delicate perfume steals forth. Beneath the tissue paper wrappings gleams a satin gown. I lift it from its coverings and the yellowed satin gives out a faint rustle as I lay it against the broad surface of the easy chair. The narrow waist, zoned by a band of pearl embroidery, the low cut neck and fluted undersleeves, betoken the youthful wearer of the gown. In imagination I can see her enter the ballroom, arrayed in her first party attire. And here is the embroidered waist coat, the ruffled shirt with its accessories of lace that her husband, or perhaps her lover, wore on that eventful night.

In the bottom of the trunk are a few daguerreotypes, a powder horn, and a bloodstained coat with faded shoulder straps. The pictures are of a sturdy youth in army dress. The powder horn is fitted with a wooden plug and is scratched and scarred in many places. In the pocket of the coat is a faded rose and a letter. I must not read it for it is a sacred epistle and hallowed by a life, given perhaps for liberty. A rag doll, soiled and ill shaped, tells the story of some adoring little maid. A yellowed kerchief and a broken bracelet lie within a faded fancy box.

What a memory casket is an old garret! What treasures are placed therein, and how infinite are the tales that each treasure mutely tells! These treasures have all been near and dear to some fond heart in its time. Reluctantly I leave the garret and descend the stairs, while the twilight glow steals into the dusky recesses of the treasure chamber.

OUR NEW HAMPSHIRE TOLSTOY

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

Noah Worcester, Apostle of Peace, was born at Hollis, N. H., Nov. 25, 1758. His life with its inner motives, outer conditions, his great aims and ideals, ran along the same lines as did those of the great Russian of the nineteenth century. Worcester took part, at the age of eighteen in the battle of Bunker Hill.

The battlefield produced in him the revolt that Sevastapool did in Tolstoy, and he returned to the humble life of a farmer in summer and shoemaker in winter. His bench was a study, over it lay the few books and the writing material by which he was educating himself.

By the age of thirty he is an ordained minister, in spite of difficulties to support his family. He struggles along in a small parish, patching out with manual toil the means of subsistence. Religious letters and writings show the original power of his mind and his fearless grappling with great questions.

In 1814 he sends forth his famous

pamphlet, "A Solemn Review of War." It led to the formation of the American Peace Society.

Noah Worcester was a great admirer of William Penn; a Quaker on the war question, he saw the tremendous place in the philosophy of Jesus of his teaching "Resist not evil"; and he was a believer in the dignity of toil with the hands. Not to him was given the powerful literary talent of Tolstoy, but just as sane, just as fearless, just as keen, was his perception of truth as it appeared in his day. All honor to our humble shoemaker-reformer and religious teacher.

Had the world heeded his appeal sent forth in 1814, it would not have launched a war in 1914, that has already killed five million soldiers, one million non-combatants, crippled millions more, cost directly \$100,000,000,000, piled up misery and debt for future generations as well as this. It is timely to think of the message of our great New Hampshire son, Noah Worcester.

THE FLAG RAISING

By Hester M. Kimball

See yonder, up against the blue,
The grandest flag that ever flew;
Shout as she breaks out full and free,
The flag that stands for liberty!
We pledge thee all; hand, heart and head,
Oh flag of blue and white and red.

Did ever prouder pennon wave,
Calling to all, "Be brave, be brave?"
And hearts beat faster, wills grow strong,
Seeing Old Glory pass along,
So bare the head and touch the brow,
Where'er you see the flag wave now.

Say, shall that flag e'er know defeat,
Shall Kaiser might our country beat,

Or shall the stars on field of blue,
 The bright red stripes and white ones too,
 Trail in the dust to rise no more,
 While sun and stars rise o'er and o'er?

“Never!” the shout is loud and long,
 “Never!” 'tis stronger and more strong,
 Forever shall Old Glory fly,
 Free in the wind, beneath God's sky,
 As yonder; up against the blue,
 Flies the best flag that ever flew.

Therefore we hail thee, flag we love,
 We joy to see thee float above
 The school, the church, the home, the store,
 That seeing we may love thee more.
 Wave then up yonder, 'gainst the blue,
 Grand flag, best flag, that ever flew.

Pittsfield, N. H.

MARCHING SONG

(Adapted to the tune of “John Brown's Body”)

By a Member of the New Hampshire Bar

We are coming, Mother England—your errant daughter comes,
 We are marching—marching—marching to the beat of fife and drums;
 We will win or we will perish in our conquest of the Huns,
 For our souls are marching on.

We are coming France—we're coming—we come to fight with you;
 We'll ne'er forget that ancient time when we were weak and few
 And the sword of France gleamed brightly in our cause of Justice, true,
 And your soul was marching on.

We are coming, we are coming from the North, the South, the West,
 We are sending you our dollars with our bravest and our best;
 And the East, she joins our forces, for she knows not ease or rest,
 As her soul goes marching on.

We will greet you, when we meet you, with our ripping battle yell
 We will drive the German despot to the lowest depths of Hell;
 We will lift the yoke from Belgium, and we'll do it jolly well,
 For all souls are marching on.

Hurrah! for bull-dog England. Hurrah! for La belle France,
 Their flags entwined with ours gives all the world a chance
 To live the life of freedom, or fighting, die—perchance,
 With souls still marching on.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. HORATIO COLONY

Hon. Horatio Colony, for many years a leading citizen of Keene and Cheshire County, and for a time one of the most prominent Democrats in the state, died as the result of an automobile accident in the town of Goshen, October 11, 1917.

He was the son of Josiah and Hannah (Taylor) Colony, born in Keene November 14, 1835, educated at Keene academy, graduated from the Albany Law School in 1860 and was admitted to the New York and New Hampshire bar the same year and practiced until 1867 when he devoted his attention to manufacturing, as a member of the firm of Faulkner & Colony, woolen manufacturers, of which his father was one of the founders. Later he became one of the owners of the Cheshire mills at Harrisville, and had since been president and treasurer of the company, their offices being in Keene.

Mr. Colony was the first mayor of the city of Keene, chosen in 1874, and re-elected in 1875. He represented his ward in the legislature in 1877, serving on the Judiciary Committee. He was a delegate in the Democratic National Convention of 1868, and had frequently been urged to become a candidate for governor and member of Congress. He was a director of the Cheshire and Citizens National banks of Keene and the Winchester National bank, president of the trustees of the Keene Public Library, of the Cheshire County Humane Society, and the Keene Steam Power Company. He was a Mason, Knight Templar, and a member of Cheshire Grange.

He married, December 10, 1863, Miss Elmeline Eames Joslin, who died some years since.

He is survived by three children, John J. Colony, Charles T. Colony of Keene, and Kate, wife of General James A. Frye, of Boston.

JAMES R. JACKSON

James Robert Jackson, eldest son of William and Prucia (Morrill) Jackson, born in Barnet, Vt., October 5, 1838, died in Littleton, N. H., November 22, 1917.

On his father's side he was a direct descendant of Hugh Jackson, the linen-draper of Carrickfergus, Ireland, who was the ancestor of President Andrew Jackson; while his mother was of the Morrill family of Vermont, of which the late Senator Justin S. Morrill was a member. He was educated in the public schools of Littleton, was clerk of Company B, Fifth N. Vols., in the Civil War, studied law with the late Hon. Harry Birmingham, and was admitted to the bar in 1867, but practiced little, devoting himself largely to politics and railroad matters, being for many years a retainer of the Boston & Maine

railroad, in its contest for supremacy in the state. He was a great student of political history, and no man in the state was better informed than he in the field of American politics. He took an active part in Democratic party affairs for many years; was clerk of the House of Representatives during the memorable session of 1871; clerk of the Constitutional Convention of 1879; served as secretary of the Democratic State Committee



from 1886 to 1892, and was appointed U. S. Consul to Sherbrooke, by President Cleveland in 1893, serving through that administration. His later years were passed quietly in historical study and research, and not without result, as the fine history of the town of Littleton, in three volumes, of which he was the editor, attests.

Mr. Jackson married, July 16, 1879, Lydia A. Drew of Dover, who survives, with six children—Robert, the well-known Concord lawyer, now a member of the New Hampshire Excise Commission, Andrew, a Rochester lawyer and superintendent of schools, now in the U. S. Military service abroad, Harry B. and William M., also in the army, Elizabeth and Rachel. One daughter, Katherine, died in youth.

HON. JOHN H. HARDY

Judge John Henry Hardy, of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, died October 10, at his home in Arlington, Mass.

He was born in Hollis, N. H., on February 2, 1847, the son of John and Hannah (Farley) Hardy, and prepared for college at the academies at Mont Vernon and New Ipswich, N. H. At fifteen he enlisted in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was in the siege of Port Hudson. After his discharge from the service, in 1866, he entered Dartmouth College, and was graduated, A. B., in 1870. He earned his way through college by teaching during vacations. While teaching at Chauncy Hall School, Mr. Hardy studied law with R. M. Morse, Jr., and later attended Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in January, 1872, and soon formed a partnership with George W. Morse, which continued two years, after which he became associated with Samuel J. Elder and Thomas W. Proctor, under the firm name of Hardy, Elder & Proctor.

Judge Hardy served as town counsel of Arlington from 1873 to 1885, and in 1883 was in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He became an associate justice of the Municipal Court in Boston in May, 1885, and in September, 1896, became a justice of the Superior Court. He was married twice. His first wife was Miss Anna J. Conant of Littleton, Mass. On June 16, 1913, he married Miss Ada McNab, of Arlington. He is survived by his wife and one son, John H. Hardy, Jr., of Middleton.

JOHN DOWST

John Dowst, long a prominent citizen of Manchester, died at his home in that city, November 22, 1917.

He was born in Allenstown January 12, 1848. He attended Pembroke Academy, and taught school in youth, but went to Manchester quite early in life and became a member of the firm of Head & Dowst, builders and contractors, with which he continued, and of which firm he became treasurer upon its incorporation some years since. Politically he was a Democrat of the conservative type and was a frequent attendant at party conventions though never a seeker for office. In religion he was a Unitarian. He was deeply interested in historical and genealogical matters—particularly in the history of his native town, in connection with which he had collected much material. He was an Odd Fellow, a member and trustee of the New Hampshire Historical Society, a member of the Manchester Historical Society, the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, the Sons of the American Revolution and the Derryfield Club.

Mr. Dowst married in 1874, Alma L. Olmstead of Potsdam, N. Y., who died in 1900. He leaves one daughter, Ella M. Dowst.

REV. BENJAMIN F. EATON

Rev. Benjamin F. Eaton, one of the oldest Universalist clergymen in the state, died at his home in Dover, October 2, aged 81 years.

He was born in South Hampton, son of Moses and Betsey (Jones) Eaton. He joined

the Portsmouth church and served as a lay preacher, before studying for the ministry at Tufts College. His first pastorate was in Dover where he was settled in 1862, continuing five years. Subsequently he held various pastorates, in Ohio, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, returning to Dover in 1906, where he again preached four years, resigning in 1910, on account of failing health. Mr. Eaton was an incorporator of Buchtel College, Akron, O., and at one time was field agent of Tufts College.

He married at Dayton, O., Miss Nancy H. Kennard, daughter of John Kennard of Dover who survives. He leaves also a son, Rev. Clarence L. Eaton, of St. Johnsbury Vt., and a daughter, Miss Minnie L. Eaton of Dover.

WILLIAM W. BURBANK

William Wirt Burbank, born in Warner, September 13, 1842, died at Penacook, September 28, 1917.

He was educated in the public schools and at the old Elmwood Institute in Boscawen, and was engaged for most of his active life in the lumber business, with his father, and, later, with a brother, operating mills in Webster, although he was much interested in agriculture, and was long prominent and active in the Grange.

He was a Republican in politics and served as moderator in Webster twelve years, fifteen years as selectman, three years as town treasurer, and was a representative in the legislature in 1881. He was one of the originators of the Kearsarge Telephone Company, and had been its president since its incorporation. For more than a quarter of a century he served as one of the directors of the Merrimack County Fire Insurance Company. He joined the First Congregational church of Webster in 1858, and had been superintendent of its Sunday school for thirteen years, and clerk of the church since 1895. He had for many years been a member of Harris Lodge No. 91, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, of Warner, and was a past master of that body. He was a charter member of the Daniel Webster Grange and was its first master, serving five years in that position, and had also filled the lecturer's chair. He was a charter member of Merrimack County Pomona Grange, and a past master of that body. He was president of the New Hampshire Grange Fair Association two years, and was four years superintendent of its fair.

Mr. Burbank was married, September 26, 1865, to Ellen Maria Dow, daughter of Enoch Hoyt and Judith Walker (Chandler) Dow, of Concord. Three daughters survive, Mrs. S. H. Bell of West Derry; Mrs. W. B. Ranney, and Annie Florence Burbank.

HON. GEORGE E. ADAMS

George Everett Adams, born in Keene, June 18, 1840, son of Benjamin F. and Louisa Adams, died at his summer home in Peterboro, October 5, 1917.

He graduated from Harvard College in 1860, studied law and practiced many years in Chicago, where he was also prominent in politics as a Republican, and was several times elected to Congress, after serving several years in the Illinois legislature. At the time of his death he was a trustee of the Field Columbian Museum, the Newberry Library and the Chicago Orchestra Association. He had served at various times as President of the Union League Club, the Chicago Club and the Commercial Club. He was always a devoted Harvard man and the first western Overseer of the University.

While retaining his legal residence in Chicago, Mr. Adams spent most of the time in the later years of his life at his summer home in Peterboro, which was the old homestead of his wife's family, he having married, in 1871, Nancy S. daughter of Dr. John H. Foster. She died some years since, but two daughters, Mrs. Mason Bross and Mrs. Edward Clement of Chicago, survive.

HARLAN S. WILLIS

Harlan Simmons Willis, son of the late Rev. Lemuel Willis, long prominent in the Universalist ministry, born in Cambridge, Mass., July 16, 1843, died at his home in Warner October 2, 1917.

He was educated in public and private schools at Westmoreland and Warner and studied law in the office of Fowler and Chandler in Concord. He enlisted in 1861 in Berdan's Sharp Shooters and served until discharged for disability. After the war he engaged for a time in gold mining in the west and later was connected with the railway mail service for many years. In 1888 he was appointed United States postoffice inspector and held that position until he retired on account of impaired health in 1907.

Mr. Willis represented the town of Warner in the legislature of 1893. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Masonic fraternity. He is survived by his wife, Susan A. Sawyer Willis; a daughter, Mrs. Bertram L. Chilcott of Ashland; and a son, Edward S. Willis of Concord. Another son was the late Arthur L. Willis, state commissioner of motor vehicles at the time of his death.

WILLIAM W. CRITCHETT

William W. Critchett, born in Epsom, December 3, 1842, died at his home on Fruit Street, Concord, November 26, 1917.

He was a soldier in Company C, 11th New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War, and afterwards engaged in agriculture in Concord. He was the first Master of Capital Grange, No. 113, of Concord, and for many years interested in the order, and also in the G. A. R., being a charter member of E. E. Sturtevant Post of Concord. Politically he was a Republican, and had served in the

Concord Common Council, in the Constitutional Convention of 1876, and as a representative from Ward 7 in the legislature of 1903, and as door keeper and sergeant-at-arms of the Senate.

January 26, 1866, he married Joanna E. Stanley of South Tamworth, who survives him, as do five daughters.

REV. JOHN P. NEWELL

Rev. John P. Newell, long prominent in legal, educational and religious circles in this state, died in Litchfield, where he had been for some time pastor of the Congregational Church, on November 2, 1917.

He was a native of Barnstead, born July 29, 1823, son of William Hill, and Olive (Dennett) Newell. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1849 and was one of the oldest surviving graduates of that institution. He taught for some time after graduation, being principal of Pittsfield Academy and the Manchester high; read law and commenced practice in Manchester in 1853, but returned to teaching, as principal of the high school, and later became principal of Pinkerton Academy, Derry, serving in 1863 and 1864. Returning to Manchester, he was elected mayor of the city, and continued to reside there for many years. Late in life he entered the ministry, his last service in that line being in Litchfield where he died. He was long president of the trustees of Pinkerton Academy, and took great interest in the institution.

HERMAN A. DOW

Herman A. Dow, born in Warner, September 8, 1858, died at his home in that town October 3, 1917.

He was the son of the late Samuel H. Dow an extensive farmer and railroad stockholder, and was himself largely engaged in agriculture and stock-breeding, being one of the most substantial, generous, and public spirited citizens of the town. He was a trustee of the Simonds Free High School and interested in all matters pertaining to the general welfare. June 20, 1888, he married Miss Stella G. Wright, who survives him, as do two sons, Samuel H. and Harold W., the latter having entered the New Hampshire State College, at Durham just previous to his father's decease. He is also survived by his mother, Mrs. Emily R. Dow, and a sister—Mrs. Fred H. Savory.

J. SHERMAN RICHARDSON

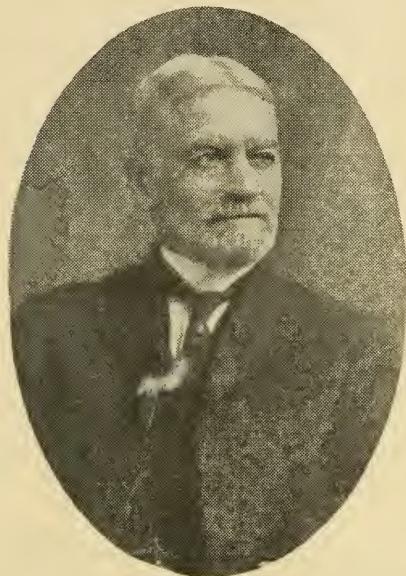
J. Sherman Richardson, a native of Gorham in the town of Rochester, born in 1865, died in Brookline, Mass., November 6, 1917.

Mr. Richardson was at one time principal of the Rochester high school, subsequently taught at Beachmont, and West Somerville, Mass., and for the last fourteen years had been principal of the Heath Grammar school in Brookline.

A. PERLEY FITCH

The state of New Hampshire, and the city of Concord in particular, lost an outstanding citizen in the death of Mr. A. Perley Fitch, October 24, 1917. Retiring in disposition and unostentatious in manner he nevertheless filled a large place in our community and was universally respected.

Mr. Fitch represented the best ideals and



traditions of our New England life. Possessing much more than ordinary business ability, scrupulously honest, of untiring energy, public spirited, benevolent, gracious, devout—during the almost half century Concord had been his home, he contributed to all that is best among us and distinctly lifted the ideals

of business practice and citizenship, as well as those of public and private morality.

He was perhaps known best as the organizer and directing mind of the A. Perley Fitch Company, one of Concord's most substantial businesses; but he had been associated with other enterprises here and elsewhere and had had a large part in the development of Lake Sunapee as a summer resort, and was manager of the Woodsum Steamboat Company. He was an attendant of the Unitarian Church of Concord, a charter member of the Wonalancet Club, and a Mason.

Mr. Fitch was born in Enfield, this state, October 24, 1842. He received his education in the public schools of Enfield, Lebanon and Hanover. He first came to Concord in 1855, and for four years was with Allison & Eastman. In 1861, he formed a partnership with George F. Underhill. Later, he travelled; but returned to Concord in 1874 associating himself with Charles Eastman with whom he formed a partnership. Later he purchased the interest of Mr. Eastman and continued the business in his own name—making it the leading drug business in New Hampshire.

He was married to Miss Annie A. Colby, a member of one of the old Concord families, October 24, 1863. Their one son died in infancy. Mrs. Fitch and two sisters survive him.

He was accustomed to celebrate the double anniversary of his birth and marriage in some special way and had planned to drive to Methuen with Mrs. Fitch to spend the day with relatives. The day before he had been active about the store, and apparently was in his usual health. The end came while he slept—a beautiful and untroubled going out, befitting a disciplined and composed life.

“How sweet the hour of closing day,
How peaceful and serene,
When the setting sun with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene.”

* * *

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THE GRANITE MONTHLY for 1918 will be published in four quarterly issues of 64 pages each, in the last months of each quarter—March, June, September and December—and will be sent to such subscribers as may desire it, for \$1.00 for the year, *payment to be made on receipt of the first issue, if it has not been made in advance.* This arrangement, which it is hoped will be only temporary, is made necessary at present on account of the greatly increased cost of publication resulting from “war prices.” All subscribers desiring to receive the magazine on these terms are requested to notify the publisher at once, as are all those who wish to discontinue. Those in arrears should remit the balance due before the first of January, without fail. The volumes for 1917 and 1918—Volumes 49 and 50 will be bound together for exchange, at the end of next year.

